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MEMOIRS

OF THE

POLITICAL AND PRIVATE LIFE OF

JAMES CAULFIELD,

EARL OF CHARLEMONT,

Knight of St. Patrick, &c. &c. &c.

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JAMES EARL OF CHARLEMONT, K.P.

Engraved by L. Schiavonetti, from an original Picture by H. Hone.

Published June 4 1810, by T. Cadell & W. Davies, Strand London.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

POLITICAL AND PRIVATE LIFE OF

JAMES CAULFIELD,

EARL OF CHARLEMONT,

Knight of St. Patrick, &c. &c. &c.

By FRANCIS HARDY, Esq.

MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, IN THE THREE LAST PARLIAMENTS OF IRELAND.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. I.

——Quem tu non tam citò rhetorem dixisses, (etsi non deerat oratio) quàm, ut Græci dicunt, Πολιτικον. Erant in eo plurimæ literæ, nec eæ vulgares, sed interiores quædam, et reconditæ; divina memoria, summa verborum et gravitas, et elegantia: atque hæc omnia vitæ decorabat dignitas et integritas.

CICERO, de Lucio Torquato.—BRUTUS.

London:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND;
By. G. SIDNEY, Northumberland-street.

1812.

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DEDICATION.

TO

FRANCIS-WILLIAM,

EARL OF CHARLEMONT,

&c. &c.

THESE MEMOIRS

OF

HIS MOST EXCELLENT

AND

ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER,

ARE,

WITH THE MOST ENTIRE GRATITUDE,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S TRULY OBLIGED,

AND

FAITHFULLY ATTACHED,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

I now venture, and with much diffidence, to give to the public some account of one of the most accomplished persons of his time, and certainly as amiable, as patriotic, and truly honest man, as ever yet existed in any age, or in any country.

Whether these Memoirs have any chance of being in the least approved of, time alone can declare; but I beg leave to state, that the merit of paying some tribute to the memory of the Earl of Charlemont, is originally to be ascribed to Mr. Lovel Edgworth.*

* Of Edgworth's town, in Ireland; so well known (as well as Miss Edgworth) by many most agreeable, and most useful publications.

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It was during one of the many tempestuous nights, whilst the question of Union was debated, that he expressed his wishes to me, in the House of Commons, that I should undertake to write the Life of Lord Charlemont, more especially as I had almost constantly acted with him in public, and had the honour of being known to him in private life.

Flattered, as unquestionably I was, by this suggestion, I felt my own deficiency too much not to hesitate at the undertaking:—I therefore begged leave to consider the proposition for a day or two. On my next meeting Mr. Edgworth, I ventured to acquaint him, that, after due consideration, I should not decline the task, to me a most grateful one in some respects, of giving the Memoirs of our noble friend to the world, provided that it was with the entire approbation of Lady Dowager Charlemont, and the present Earl; otherwise, I should totally relinquish it.

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Matters rested in this manner for some short time, and I have reason to know, that more than one gentleman, of talents far superior to mine, expressed an anxiety to celebrate the worth, and the genius, of the excellent Lord Charlemont, and do themselves honour by uniting their name to his. It is with pleasure I record this anxiety. Most creditable is it to this country, that no cold inertness, or indisposition, should be found, to give to posterity the most pleasing and instructive of all history, that of departed merit. However, it pleased Lord Charlemont to write to me on the subject, and in very polite, engaging terms, to declare his wishes, that the life of his illustrious father should be written by me. I consider it as a species of duty to state these particulars to the public. When a person, if not totally, at least but little known to the world, presumes to appear as an author, it has ever been my opinion, that some reason should be given by him, for appearing in

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such a character at all.—When I received this letter, and for a long time after, I was much indisposed. I wrote, however, or rather sketched, much of Lord Charlemont's political history; and, whilst engaged in it, I was, by the favour of my learned, and ever dear friend, the Reverend Edward Berwick,* indulged with the perusal of the entire correspondence between Lord Charlemont and the late Doctor Haliday,† of Belfast, which he received from that ingenious and worthy man's nephew, accompanied with his permission to me, to make what use of it I thought

* Rector of Leixlip, in Ireland. He has since given to the public a translation of Apollonius Tyaneus. A work which, independent of its merit, was at least necessary to dispel a heavy mist of stupid prejudice, and incurious, contented error. But, whatever justice he has done himself as a scholar, neither that, nor any work of such a nature, can in any way present an adequate resemblance of the author's mind; of that innocent gaiety, those social talents, and excellent heart, which have always enlivened the circle around him, and endeared him to his various friends.

† See an account of him in the Memoirs.

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proper. That correspondence commenced in 1780, and only closed some few months, or perhaps a shorter period, before Lord Charlemont's death. I have selected some parts of it, merely as I thought necessary to give to the public; and, towards the conclusion of the Memoirs, the extracts are very ample. However, I trust that they will not be considered as too much so. To William Haliday, Esq. (the doctor's nephew,) I now beg leave to offer my best thanks.

To the more early part of Lord Charlemont's life, I was as yet, however, except from some casual conversations with him, an entire stranger; and the part which I had sketched was as yet unfurnished with aught to which the name of biography could be at all applied. I therefore almost despaired of being able to give his Memoirs to the world: when, after an absence of several years from Dublin, I went there, in the Summer of 1807, and was then, by the particular desire of Lord Charlemont, who

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had just gone to England, and the most obliging attention of his brother, Mr. Caulfield, favoured with all such papers, letters, and manuscripts of the late Lord, as I desired to take. For this generous, and ample communication, retarded only by my involuntary absence from town, I cannot sufficiently express my obligations to Lord Charlemont. Mr. Caulfield will also be pleased to accept my very sincere and grateful acknowledgments. The late most amiable, and intelligent Countess Dowager of Charlemont was pleased also, sometime before this, to give me, in her own hand writing, several particulars of her excellent Lord's more youthful days, and many of those whilst he was abroad.

The papers, thus liberally consigned to my care by Lord Charlemont, consisted of some folios, written by the late Earl, and numberless letters, most of them, however, on private business, with which the public has, of course, nothing to do. There were,

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however, papers and letters enough, if I consulted merely what is termed book-making, to furnish another volume of Memoirs. But, Μέγα βιβλιον μέγα κακον. I always regarded a great book as a great evil; and I hope the public will not think that I have lost sight of my predilection for this ancient maxim, in the present voluminous publication.

The late Earl of Charlemont may be regarded, in his public capacity, as an author, a senator, and the chief, for several years, of a voluntary, and justly-celebrated, national military association. Had he exerted the same firmness of perseverance which, in every other instance of his life where intellectual fame was the object, he certainly displayed, I make no doubt that his success as an orator would have overpaid his efforts; I mean in the House of Lords; for in the Lower House he never sat; and, had his lot placed him there, so distinct are the formation and complexion of the two legislative

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bodies, that if his nerves could not sustain him in addressing his noble brethren, they would, I am afraid, have totally failed in presenting himself before the less tranquil, and less polished House of Commons. But, notwithstanding his extreme delicacy and sensibility, he would, as an upright senator, have been equally the object of their respect, esteem, and admiration. He was a man of uncommon industry. Though I believe that no slight portion of what he wrote has been lost, enough remains to establish his character in that respect.—His account of his residence in Italy cannot at present be found; that of his tour to the Greek islands, or a considerable portion of it, remains. He also wrote observations on the manners of the Turks, a nation to which he does not seem so adverse as other authors, and obtained much information on the subject. It forms a considerable part of a large folio. An essay, also, on the character of Sir Philip Sidney, is among

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his papers. Sonnets also, songs, and various epigrams, from Greek, Latin, or French Authors. His account of Italian poetry, though, I believe, his original plan was never completed, would alone make, perhaps, two quarto volumes, or rather more.*

Erudite, ingenious, and accomplished, however, as undoubtedly he was, his predominant excellence appears to me to have been the unbending integrity of his political character. For his native country he had ever the warmest affection; his love of England was also very great; and to preserve the connexion between both countries, was the point to which all his political labours uniformly tended. I have endeavoured to illustrate his Parliamentary conduct by every document in my power, and various are the memorandums, historical records, and papers, which he has left behind him. In

* His selections from the different poets, his criticisms, and translations of various sonnets, especially those of Petrarch, are, in my opinion, entitled to great praise.

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this part of my work, exclusive of his papers, my chief, I think I may say, only assistance, was that of Mr. Grattan,* who, from his consummate knowledge of the Parliamentary History of Ireland, was best enabled to give additional light to the subject, and furnish me with a variety of particulars, concerning several eminent men, whose characters I have interwoven with the History of Lord Charlemont. Fortunate indeed had it been for the reader, if my talents could have kept pace with his zealous respect for the memory of our venerable Earl, or his eloquence in illuminating whatever he touched on in private conversation. But I have lived too long in the world, and kept company with those who are far my superiors in talents and acquirements, not to be perfectly sensible of the mediocrity of my pretensions. I have often thought of

* Right Honourable Henry Grattan.

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the just taste, and feeling, which made Cicero exclaim: *Demosthenem igitur imitemur. O Dii boni! Quid, quæso, nos aliud agimus, aut quid aliud optamus? At non assequimur.* The superiority of a great author I can also feel, and wish, however vainly, to attain the simplicity of those whom the world has long cherished as models of artless diction. If, however, for the author of this work, some indulgence may be reasonably looked for, the subject of it stands in need of no apology. It would have been a reproach to Ireland, had merit like his remained unrecorded. This country will ever have reason to claim him, and the Earl of Ossory,* as the most illustrious of its nobility. But how has Ireland advanced since Lord Ossory lived, and how different from the days of the profligate Buckingham, who wished to wound Ireland through his

* Son to the Duke of Ormonde.

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Noble Father? There is no necessity, however, for going so far back, or sailing up the stream of time, to exhibit multiplied instances of personal, or national prejudice and illiberality. A great change has happened, even since my boyish days. When, as I well recollect, an Irishman was the standing jest of the Theatre, when England ever appeared the imperious, and not always enlightened mistress; whilst Ireland remained her humble, untaught domestic, to be dragged after her in war, or in peace, just as she thought proper. They were at some moments of harsh, indeed almost insane domination, on the part of England, if the similitude may be allowed me, exactly like the lady and her attendant in the Critic. Enter Tilburina, mad in white satin, and her maid, mad in white linen. England, clad in the commerce of the world, Ireland restricted to one solitary manufacture, and called on by her superior to weep when she wept, to smile when she smiled, or go mad

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when she did. But more equitable counsels have since taken place. They have forced illiberality to "limp, though most tediously, away," and awakened the energies of the country. I write for no sect, for no faction; political principles are ever the same, and mine were taught me, in my academical hours, by John Locke. *Nil me pœniteat sanum patris hujus.* To conclude. Without touching on the Legislative Union, I shall say, and were I of importance enough to bequeath a political legacy to my countrymen, it should be this: Indulge in no political retrospect, for the purposes of political ill humour; for ever assert your own honourable character, and for ever preserve your connexion with England.

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MEMOIRS

OF

JAMES, EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

PART THE FIRST.

From his Birth, to his return to Ireland from the Continent.

1728 TO MAY 1755.

IT is said, and I presume very justly, that the family of Caulfield is of great antiquity.—It appears to have been settled in Oxfordshire for many centuries previous to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Towards the middle, or rather the close, of that illustrious period, Sir Toby Caulfield, one of those knights who seemed to have been actuated, not less by allegiance to his royal mistress, than love of arms and chivalry, performed many deeds of renown, and contributed to the discomfiture of her enemies in the Low Countries, and in Spain. He afterwards came to Ireland, and for his notable services was, in

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the reign of her successor, made Baron of Charlemont, 22d December, 1620. It was intended to confer an earldom on him, but he either declined it, or died before he received that addition to his honours. He was favoured with ample grants in the county of Armagh, and elsewhere. At this time, or somewhat before it, several proprietors of large and extensive territories, in various parts of Ireland, were, from many causes, often good, and often the reverse, totally deprived of them. The attainder of the Earl of Desmond alone, was followed with the confiscation of 574,628 English acres.* Such enormous grants were to the utmost degree improvident, and contained in themselves the seeds of many rebellions; for it might be expected, that the power which they gave would not remain inert, but rather be employed in the aggrandizement of those to whom it was given, than that of the monarch from whom it was derived, or the tranquillity, and gradual improvement of the country where it was enjoyed.

* Independent of his vassals, he had five hundred gentlemen of his kindred and surname. In point of territory and power, he was, perhaps, one of the greatest subjects at that time in Europe.

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The English court seemed at last to open its eyes to this fatal policy; and the lands of one turbulent chieftain, like Desmond, formed the property of several young men of family from England, who undertook, as the phrase was, the settlement of the country, and held their estates at a certain moderate rent from the crown. Some of the conditions annexed to the grants were however impolitic, insulting, and injurious to the last degree. No English planter was permitted to convey to any meer Irish. Heirs females, were forbid to marry any but of English birth, and none of meer Irish to be maintained in any family whatever. The plan in other respects was well conceived; but, as in all such procedures, the base avidity of those who were employed in giving it efficacy, totally regardless as they were of many an innocent sufferer, frustrated, in various instances, the intentions of those statemen from whom the plan originated. But if the agent was avaricious, the politician was illiberal.* Such sufferers were, indeed, to

* It may be said, also, very unjust; for although the "Meer Irish," (such was the language of the grants,) were thus proscribed, the principal guilt of Desmond's rebellion arose from his own connections, which, as well as himself, were of English, or rather foreign extraction. Desmond was a Fitzgerald, and that family is descended from the Dukes of Tuscany.

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be lamented; for as to several of the Lords, whose authority was thus almost annihilated, their history may be comprized in one short sentence,—barbarous chiefs, contending for barbarous power. In truth, the system adopted almost from the invasion of Henry the Second, though in a great measure modelled on that which took place in England, after the Norman conquest, and such as ever will take place where a band of military adventurers subjugates any country, was the more inimical *here* to permanent tranquillity, as we were more distant from the seat of government, and that government always occupied in matters which engaged its constant and immediate attention. The moment that any considerable portion of territory was declared to be in subjection to, or in amity with the English monarch, it became a palatinate, and was resigned to the almost entire dominion of some great chieftain, or leader. Thus the De Burghs possessed Galway, the De Courcys Ulster, the De Lacys Meath, East and West; the Geraldines* Kildare; the Le Botelers, or Butlers, Tipperary. Those great lords, or their descendants rather, were, generally speaking,

* The Fitzgeralds, of which family the Duke of Leinster is the head.

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only known to the Sovereign by their rebellions; and if they were not found in arms against him, they were certainly to be found in arms against one another.

Century after century beheld the Geraldines and Butlers engaged in mutual hostilities. But acquisition of power was not always the sole object of their warfare. Not unfrequently their dissensions, or those of other chieftains, had the most ridiculous origin. The counties of Waterford and Kilkenny, were doomed to witness the sad array of Geraldines, Botelers, and Berminghams, against the De Burghs and Le Poers, and to be destroyed by fire and sword, because the Lord Arnold Poer, with the piteous insolence of an unlettered man, had called the Earl of Kildare a rhymer. This miserable quarrel was only terminated by the interposition of Parliament, which was summoned on purpose, says Sir John Davies, to quiet this dissension. Some people have called those times the heroic ages! We have seen something like it in modern Poland. The quarrels of the Radzivils, the Oginskis, the Sapiehas, were nearly similar to those of our Botelers and Geraldines, with this difference, that, in an age far less refined than the present, or that which

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has preceded it, the Polish castellans, or chiefs, almost invariably aspired to, and possessed an elegance of manners, and general knowledge, which formed a most singular contrast to the rest of the inhabitants of the country. In various parts of Poland, this is exactly the case still.

As to Ireland, the authority of Spencer is to be taken with some limitation. But, though a poet, he was no supine observer of the policy of States; and it is to be wished, that many of those who have succeeded him, as secretaries to our Viceroys, had known Ireland half as well as he did. If, however, he is to be credited, the house of the Earl of Ormonde was the only one in Queen Elizabeth's time, of those of our nobility, which was adorned by letters, or favourable to those who cultivated them.

"And in so faire a land as may be redd,
"Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone,
"Left for sweete muses to be harboured,
"But where thyselfe hast thy brave mansion:
"There indeede dwell fair graces many one,
"And gentle nymphes, delights of learned wits."*

* Sonnet by Spencer, to Thomas, Earl of Ormonde and Ossory; he was Knight of the Garter. An illustrious character. He was great uncle to James, the first Duke of Or-

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But the transfer, or the regulation of property, however politic in some cases, and mischievous in others, were altogether circumscribed in their effects, compared to that dismal policy which, for several years antecedent to the period when the first Lord Charlemont came to this country, issued from the councils of some of Queen Elizabeth's Ministers. The object of that policy, Alas! how was it afterwards pursued! was so to divide this country against itself, as gradually to govern the whole, with feeble, or no opposition whatever. Of this Statesmanship, if such it may be called, the execution was intrusted, or rather the continuance of it suggested, to Sir Henry Sydney, the Father of Sir Philip. A noble family! Which, as it opened in one century with Lettered Chi-

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monde. Carte has preserved an anecdote concerning both, which may be inserted here. He says, "that the Duke, when far advanced in life, used to speak of his being often carried, when he was three years old, to Carrick on Suir, where his venerable relation, Lord Ormonde, then lived; and he could remember distinctly the old Earl's caressing him in his arms, and upon his knees; and the several circumstances of his long beard, his being blind, and the wearing of his George about his neck, whether he sat up in his chair, or lay down in his bed." This, to me at least, appears a most soothing and interesting picture.

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valry, may be said, at the distance of another, to have closed its race of glory, though not its fame, with the most inspiring patriotism. Sir Henry acted as became him. He was a wise and upright statesman. With a lofty disinterestedness and fortitude, not always to be met with among the courtiers of that age, tinctured even as it was with romance, he desired his entire and absolute recall, if a system was persisted in which could give neither honour to the Viceroy, nor salubrity to the state. He speaks of it as more particularly operating at that time, in the provinces of Munster and Connaught, through which he was then making a progress. But its object was the whole kingdom, and began to be felt more or less every where. Sydney's words are remarkable: "But if that cowardly policy be still allowed of, to keep them in continual dissension, for fear, least through their quiet might follow I know not what; then mine advice to your Majesty, both is and shall be, to withdraw me, and all charge here. And so far hath that policy, or rather lack of policy, in keeping dissensions among them, prevailed, as now albeit, all that are alive would become honest and quiet." He touches on the characters of some of the great Lords who resided in the provinces above men-

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tioned, and represents them, as not at all qualified for the sufficient melioration of the country, nor indeed, considering the manner in which they were bred, could any improvement be reasonably expected from them. Their ancestors fought against each other from utter barbarism and ignorance; and when a more intellectual day began to dawn, it was determined, that those who succeeded them should be mutually hostile, from reasons of state, as such wicked nonsense is too often called. But Sydney was actuated by far different sentiments. His plan for gradually improving the kingdom was short, simple, and, had it been followed, permanently efficacious. "Your Majesty must plant justice here."* This he again and again repeats. Such are the counsels of the few who are wise and good. Counsels too often neglected, or too slowly adopted. It is curious to compare the politics which prevailed in this country when the ancestor of the Caulfields came here, with those (certainly not much more sublime,) which his illustrious descendant was destined to contend with for some part of his life. Much benefit has been derived to Ireland, from the

* See his dispatch to Queen Elizabeth, 20th April, 1567; it is of uncommon length.

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institutions of that great Princess, Elizabeth; but what is history, if it does not record defects as well as excellencies?

To pursue the genealogical course of Lord Charlemont's progenitors is unnecessary. They were honourable men, and useful to the state. I write not however their history, but his.

William, the fifth baron, was created a viscount, 1665. He was always known by the memorable epithet of the *good* Lord Charlemont.* His daughter was married to Lord Carpenter, by which marriage the late Earl of Charlemont became nearly related to Alicia, Countess of Egremont,† a lady of whom he always spoke with the truest respect, and whose beauty, and amiable qualities, have been poetically recorded by two very eminent noblemen, George, Lord Lyttleton, and the great Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. James, the third Viscount Charlemont, was married to Elizabeth, only daughter of Francis Bernard, of castle Barnard, in the county of Cork, and died in 1734, leaving four sons, and

* See Lord Carpenter's Life.

† Mother of the present Earl, and afterwards married to Count Bruhl.

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two daughters. William, the eldest son, died young; James, the second son, whose history I now presume to offer to the public, was born in Dublin, the 18th of August, 1728.

He was never at a public school. It appears that he had almost as many preceptors as the Regent Duke of Orleans had governors, but certainly, as to his morals, with very different effect. The first was Mr. Skelton, a respectable clergyman; then Mr. Barton; then another gentleman; and last of all came Mr. Murphy, a worthy man, and classical scholar, who published, among other things, an edition of Lucian. He was head master of a public academy, but was prevailed on to abandon that situation, and reside entirely with his pupil, whom he afterwards accompanied abroad, and was most cordially attached to. Lord Charlemont regarded him with affection; and, as it appears from Murphy's letters, acted towards him with unvarying generosity and kindness. At what year of his Lordship's life Murphy became connected with him I cannot say; but he felt his deficiency in school learning so strongly, when placed under that gentleman's care, that he read almost incessantly, and so much by candle-light, that his eyes were considerably weakened. For the last

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thirty years of his life, he could neither write nor read at night, not the least.

He went abroad in autumn of 1746, and first visited Holland, where, as he used often to relate, he attended the whole revolution, or tumult, which terminated in the establishment of the Prince of Orange as Stadtholder. From Holland he proceeded to the English camp, in Germany, and passed some time with William, Duke of Cumberland, who was not only extremely kind to him, whilst there, but through life. He had good sense, and firmness enough of mind to go at once from the English camp, and the agreeable military society which he met there, to Turin, where he directly entered the academy, and resided at it for one year, sometimes making excursions into other parts of Italy. The Prince Royal, who was also of the academy, was very cordial and friendly to his lordship; and from the king, and all the Sardinian family, he experienced every gracious attention. Whilst he continued at Turin, he read not only books, but men, with sedulous attention. The court, at that time, abounded with political,* and

* The Marquis St. Germain, who, in 1749, went Ambas-

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many eminent literary characters. Among others, whom he met there, was David Hume, the historian, whose society he was much attached to, though without the slightest deviation from those just and religious principles, which he had the good fortune to imbibe early at home. Indeed, that philosopher appears to have had as little influence over his young, and noble friend, in matters of religious faith, as at a subsequent period he had in politics; and to touch further on either subject is useless, as Lord Charlemont was ever a sincere Christian, and, from reading and experience, as unalterable a Whig as Hume was an inflexible Tory. Of this eminent man he has given an account so particular and exact, that I should be unpardonable if I did not present it to the reader.*

"The celebrated David Hume, whose character is so deservedly high in the literary world, and whose works, both as a Philosopher and as an Historian, are so wonderfully replete with genius and entertainment, was, when I was

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sador from Turin to France, was a particular intimate of Lord Charlemont's. He was also much connected with Comte Perron.

* Manuscript papers of the late Earl of Charlemont.

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at Turin, Secretary to Sir John Sinclair, plenipotentiary from the court of Great Britain to his Sardinian majesty. He had then lately published those philosophical essays which have done so much mischief to mankind, by contributing to loosen the sacred bonds by which alone man can be restrained from rushing to his own destruction, and which are so intimately necessary to our nature, that a propensity to be bound by them was apparently instilled into the human mind, by the all-wise Creator, as a balance against those passions which, though perhaps necessary as incitements to activity, must, without such controul, inevitably have hurried us to our ruin. The world, however, unconscious of its danger, had greedily swallowed the bait; the essays were received with applause, read with delight, and their admired author was already, by public opinion, placed at the head of the dangerous school of sceptic philosophy.

"With this extraordinary man I was intimately acquainted. He had kindly distinguished me from among a number of young men, who where then at the academy, and appeared so warmly attached to me, that it was apparent he not only intended to honour me with his friendship, but to bestow on me what was, in his opi-

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nion, the first of all favours and benefits, by making me his convert and disciple.

" Nature, I believe, never formed any man more unlike his real character than David Hume. The powers of phisiognomy were baffled by his countenance; neither could the most skilful, in that science, pretend to discover the smallest trace of the faculties of his mind, in the unmeaning features of his visage. His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating Alderman, than of a refined philosopher. His speech, in English, was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scotch accent, and his French was, if possible, still more laughable; so that wisdom, most certainly, never disguised herself before in so uncouth a garb. Though now near fifty years old, he was healthy and strong; but his health and strength, far from being advantageous to his figure, instead of manly comeliness, had only the appearance of rusticity. His wearing an uniform added greatly to his natural awkwardness, for he wore it like a grocer of the trained bands. Sinclair was a Lieutenant-gene-

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ral, and was sent to the courts of Vienna and Turin, as a military envoy, to see that their quota of troops was furnished by the Austrians and Piedmontese. It was, therefore, thought necessary that his secretary should appear to be an officer, and Hume was accordingly disguised in scarlet.*

"Having thus given an account of his exterior, it is but fair that I should state my good opinion of his character. Of all the philosophers of his sect, none, I believe, ever joined more real benevolence to its mischievous principles than my friend Hume. His love to mankind was universal and vehement; and there was no service he would not cheerfully have done to his

* "I cannot avoid mentioning here an anecdote, which was communicated to me by Sinclair himself. Being sent to command a body of troops, destined to invade the French Coast, and being wholly unacquainted with the country, where he had never been, he earnestly requested, from the War-Office, a set of accurate maps, by which he might direct his operations. The landing being made good, he was now to march into a country, of which he knew nothing, and, therefore, had recourse to his maps, which he had not before examined, and which, when unpacked, proved to be Sea-Charts! Such was the negligence of some of our official people in those days.

"CHARLEMONT."

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fellow creatures, excepting only that of suffering them to save their souls in their own way. He was tender-hearted, friendly, and charitable in the extreme, as will appear from a fact, which I have from good authority. When a member of the university of Edinburgh, and in great want of money, having little or no paternal fortune, and the collegiate stipend being very inconsiderable, he had procured, through the interest of some friend, an office in the university, which was worth about forty pounds a year. On the day when he had received this good news, and just when he had got into his possession the patent, or grant entitling him to his office, he was visited by his friend Blacklock, the poet, who is much better known by his poverty and blindness, than by his genius. This poor man began a long descant on the misery, bewailing his want of sight, his large family of children, and his utter inability to provide for them, or even to procure them the necessaries of life. Hume, unable to bear his complaints, and destitute of money to assist him, ran instantly to his desk, took out the grant, and presented it to his miserable friend, who received it with exultation, and whose name was soon after, by Hume's interest, inserted instead of his own. After such a relation it is needless that I should

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say any more of his genuine philanthropy, and generous beneficence; but the difficulty will now occur, how a man, endowed with such qualities, could possibly consent to become the agent of so much mischief, as undoubtedly has been done to mankind by his writings; and this difficulty can only be solved by having recourse to that universal passion, which has, I fear, a much more general influence over all our actions than we are willing to confess. Pride, or vanity, joined to a sceptical turn of mind, and to an education which, though learned, rather sipped knowledge than drank it, was, probably, the ultimate cause of this singular phænomenon; and the desire of being placed at the head of a sect, whose tenets controverted and contradicted all received opinions, was too strong to be resisted by a man, whose genius enabled him to find plausible arguments, sufficient to persuade both himself and many others, that his own opinions were true. A philosophical knight-errant was the dragon he had vowed to vanquish, and he was careless, or thoughtless, of the consequences which might ensue from the achievement of the adventure to which he had pledged himself.—He once professed himself the admirer of a young, most beautiful, and accomplished lady, at Turin, who only laughed at his passion. One day he addres-

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ed her in the usual common-place strain, that he was *abimè*, anéanti.—'*Oh! pour* anéanti,' replied the lady, '*ce n'est en effet qu' une operation très naturelle de vôtre Systême.*'" Hume will be mentioned afterwards in the course of these memoirs, as Lord Charlemont often met him in England, and always preserved an intimacy with him.

His lordship left Turin on Tuesday, October 27, 1748, on his way to Rome, by Bologna. He remained that winter at Rome and Naples, but in the subsequent April, he, with Mr. Francis Pierpont Burton, Mr. Scott, Mr. Dalton, and Mr. Murphy, sailed from Leghorn, on their voyage to Constantinople and the East.—Mr. Pierpont Burton, afterwards Lord Conyngham,* was, on his return to Ireland, member for the county of Clare. He was beloved by every one who knew him; and Lord Charlemont, by whom, in the course of their travels, he is always familiarly called, Frank Burton, having occasion to mention him particularly at Constantinople, says, "that "he was endowed by nature with every en- "dearing faculty which could render a friend "amiable; with every perfection of heart which

* Father to the present Lord Conyngham.

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" constitutes the best, and surest foundation for " friendship, and secures its duration; the dear, " and agreeable companion of his travels." His countenance was benign, his figure tall, and remarkably large and corpulent. He was well known and esteemed by men of rank, and letters too, in England, particularly Sterne, who highly valued and esteemed him.

Mr. Dalton went with Lord Charlemont as his draughtsman. It has been stated to me, that as an artist he was miserable, but exact and faithful: and that his etchings of religious ceremonies, and customs of the Turks, with explanations, though indifferently executed, are remarkably clear and satisfactory. Murphy has been already mentioned. " On the 6th of May, 1749," says Lord Charlemont, " we approached the city of Messina, having securely passed the poetical dangers of Scylla and Charybdis. We were exceedingly struck with the beauty and magnificence of this city, when viewed from the sea. The sun was newly risen, and richly illuminated a splendid theatre of palaces, occupying the space of a full mile, which is regularly built round one-half

* MS. papers.

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of that beautiful, and extensive bason of clear and unruffled water, which forms a harbour at all times commodious and safe. Between the magnificent crescent, or semicircle, and the water, is a level space, at least one hundred feet in breadth, bounded on one side by the buildings, and on the other, by a handsome parapet of hewn stone, opening regularly into several wharfs for the convenience of landing. The palaces are all exactly similar, and the governor's palace, a building of considerable extent and grandeur, stands alone at one extremity. The entrance into the city, which extends itself behind this superb quay, is through noble and spacious arches, placed at proper and regular intervals, and forming a most striking part of the general plan. Opposite to the quay, and near the entrance into the port, stands the citadel, a fortress of considerable strength, and massive magnificence, which, with the castle of St. Salvadore, another strong fortification in view, adds greatly to the beauty of the prospect.

"A boat was now sent alongside of our ship to inform us, that till we had passed a proper examination by the officers of health, appointed for that purpose, we must not enter the city; and a naked and uninhabited part of the beach, at a considerable distance, was pointed out to us,

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where alone we could be permitted to land. In obedience to these directions, getting into our boat, we rowed on shore, and here we were detained above three hours, before any one came near us. At length the officers approached, keeping however a due distance, and examined us respecting the port from whence we had taken our departure, which being found to be Leghorn, a place perfectly unsuspected of contagion, they began to be a little more familiar. Our bills of health were now produced, and found to be perfect, and we were desired to enter a sort of house, or square cottage, erected for the purpose of further examination. As soon as we had all crowded into this wretched inclosure, a bar of wood was put across the door, at about three feet in height from the floor, and we were ordered to shew our health, and agility, by leaping over this bar, a feat which was easily, and merrily performed by all of us, Burton only excepted, whose corpulent unweildiness was ill adapted to the exercise of leaping, and had well nigh prevented his getting *pratick*.—After several ineffectual trials, and some oaths, his efforts were, at length, attended with success, and we now proceeded to the last probation, being ordered to strike ourselves violently on our groins, and on the insertion of our shoulders, being the parts of the body which

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are liable to pestilential tumours. Here also my friend Burton was not a little embarrassed; for, though perfectly free from the plague, and, at that time, from any other disorder, his groin was by no means in a situation to bear any rough treatment.

"Such was our whimsical probation, which, as may easily be imagined, afforded us no small entertainment. But our merriment was of short duration, giving way, as soon as we had entered the city, to ideas of a nature opposite indeed. Here every thing we saw induced us not only to excuse, but to applaud that caution, which had detained us so long, and given us so much trouble. Every object too plainly indicated the miseries which had been lately felt. This noble city, not long since one of the finest in the world, and the pride of Sicily, was now the seat of ruin and desolation! Scarcely a passenger in the streets, where grass had covered the pavement; and the Jews, that were to be seen, wretches in whose pale countenances were clearly to be traced sickness, famine, despair, and, sometimes, guilt and violence; the shops shut up, and only here and there a miserable stall open for vending some necessary, but trifling commodities. The noble palaces, heretofore seats of triumph and fes-

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tivity, were now involved in silence and desolation, stripped of their inhabitants, presenting to the saddened mind the shocking idea of the final wreck of mortal beauty, when the animating soul is fled." —Thus did Messina appear, when Lord Charlemont visited it; and such were the dreadful consequences of a plague, equal perhaps in horrors, to that of Athens, or Florence, as described by Thucydides, and Boccacio. It raged with violence for three months, during which time it swept away, in Messina *alone*, the population of which was estimated at sixty thousand inhabitants, not less than forty-seven thousand. This calculation Lord Charlemont took at a medium, and was certain that it was rather under, than above the truth. He must have been very accurate, as he consulted the best-informed persons, our consul, Mr. Chamberlayne, other gentlemen of the English factory, and the governer of Messina, the last of whom entered particularly into the subject with him, and all were on the spot during the plague's melancholy continuance.

A Genoese Tartar, under Neapolitan colours, laden with wool, bale goods, and corn, first introduced it. The plague had raged in the Morea, and this vessel came directly from Patras to Messina. But the captain pretended that he had

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come from Brindisi, and counterfeited sound bills of health from that port; but his death in the Lazzaretto, (for he was ordered to perform quarantine) and that of some of his sailors, first awakened suspicion. The Messinese however, were not sufficiently attentive, till it was too late; but the English factory happily took the alarm, shut themselves up in their houses, and by absolutely declining all intercourse with the inhabitants, (fortunately their warehouses were all well stored with flour, and various provisions) entirely and providentially escaped. Not one of that respectable body of merchants, or their servants, caught the infection, except a Sicilian boy, who, tired of confinement, jumped out of a window, went into the city, and died the next day. It is remarkable, that the departure of this dreadful visitant was as sudden as its first invasion; but its horrible effects were felt for several years afterwards. Lord Charlemont concludes his account of this memorable calamity with the following just observations.—" The chief, and real source of this evil, must be looked for in that cause, which has often been assigned, the absurd and wicked doctrine of predestination, which is strongly inculcated in the Coran, and firmly believed by the generality of Mahometans. Relying on this rooted opinion, they suffer the contagion

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to take its course, unchecked, unopposed, freely conversing with those who are infected, and never scrupling to inhabit the dwellings, and even to wear the clothes of those who have died of the disorder. A striking instance in proof of this incontrovertible maxim; that whatever may be the reason, why evil is necessary in the general system, and whatever ills may, in consequence of this moral necessity, be inflicted on mankind by an all-wise Providence, they are almost universally multiplied and aggravated by our own obstinate vice or folly."

It may be concluded, that Lord Charlemont did not remain long at Messina. He arrived at Malta the 20th of June following, which, as will appear shortly he afterwards, re-visited. In this voyage to Constantinople, he stopt at one or two of the Greek islands; Smyrna, the Dardanelles, Tenedos, which he examined carefully, and, the ever-interesting Troade. Whilst in this country, or rather at Constantinople, he became of age, and wrote the following ode, or rather imitation of Horace, to Mr. Richard Marlay, afterwards Lord Bishop of Waterford, with whom he preserved an uninterrupted friendship during life. The bishop was son of Lord Chief Justice Marlay, and to the most engaging manners added the

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most agreeable talents. An excellent prelate, and universally esteemed and regarded. He lived in much intimacy with Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Doctor Johnson, Mr. Malone, and Mr. Boswell, in whose agreeable life of Johnson he is frequently mentioned. He was also maternal uncle to the right honourable Henry Grattan, and died a very few years since, at his seat in Cellbridge, in Ireland.

My Birth-Day Ode, written August 22, 1749.

To Richard Marlay.

'Ehu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni.

1.

My Marlay! see the rolling years
With certain speed, our lives devour;
Each day its due proportion bears,
And nearer brings the fatal hour.

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2.

'Tis one-and-twenty years, this day,
Since first I drew my vital breath;
So much the nearer to decay,
So much have I approach'd to death.

3.

He well has liv'd, who, when the sun
Departing yields to silent night,
Can say, my task this day is done,
And let to-morrow seize its right.

4.

How many minutes, days, and weeks,
My soul recalling finds mispent;
T'excuse the loss, in vain she seeks
Of time, for other purpose lent.

5.

Oh! could I but recal that time!
Could I but live those years again!
What then? Perhaps the self-same crime,
Regret again, and double pain.

6.

The price of time, like that of health,
Is seldom known till each is lost:
By want, we learn to value wealth,
And wish for summer, chill'd by frost.

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7.

'Tis past three years—'twill soon be four,
Since last I saw my dearest friend:
So much is lost! and now they're o'er,
Who knows if fate three more will lend.

8.

"Cease! reason, cease! This festal day
In harmless pleasures let us pass:
One bumper toast—I'll shew the way;
'Tis Marlay's health;—fill up the glass."

He continued at Constantinople not much more than a month; but it appears that, whilst there, though occupied by constant and necessary visits to the prineipal personages among the Turks, he was indefatigable in his researches as to the customs, manners, and real character of that people. His investigation was greatly aided by Dr. Mackenzie, who had resided many years in that capital, as physician to the English Ambassador, and English factory. This gentleman was highly valued by the Turks, who placed uncommon confidence in his skill, and frequently consulted him. Lord Charlemont acknowledges peculiar obligations to this learned and ingenious

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man. The following letter from him to his lordship is merely given, as alluding to what I have stated.

MY DEAR LORD,

I send your lordship inclosed an answer to the questions you were pleased to leave in my hands; but I am still in doubt about two or three answers, as I have marked, though they are from very good hands.—I hope your lordship has had great satisfaction in your travels, which must have been attended with no small trouble; but the way to virtue and knowledge is represented to be difficult, and is certainly so. *Difficilia quæ pulchra.* However, they are pleasant upon reflection, and make sufficient amends for all sufferings. We have had no changes here since you left us, only that the ladies,* then with child, are all safely delivered of daughters. I beg the favour of your lordship to make my compliments to all your fellow-travellers; and if I can be any way of use to your lordship, whilst I remain in

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* At the Seraglio.

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this country, there is none more ready to serve you, than,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and most devoted, humble Servant.

MORDACK MACKENZIE.

Pera, November 1st, 1749.

Lord Charlemont proceeded from Constantinople to Egypt. In his voyage thither, he visited Lesbos, Chios, Micone, Delos, and Paros, from which island he sailed to Alexandria. Having seen every thing that was worthy the curiosity of an enlightened traveller in Egypt, that land of wonders, as he termed it, on the 22d October, 1749, he left Alexandria, with an intention of visiting Cyprus, which he came in sight of; but continued contrary winds, and violent gales, forced him, after a seven days' voyage, to anchor in Rhodes. He sailed from thence for Athens. The wind not being fair on the day that he left Rhodes, he continued tacking between that place and the mountainous, rocky coast of Caria, now called Carimania. On the morning of Novem-

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ber 9th, being within about three miles of the point of the promontory of Doris, which forms the south-east side of the Sinus Ceramicus, now called the Gulf of Stanco, perceiving, as he came near land, considerable ruins on the declivity of the mountain, and the situation of the place agreeing with that of Cnidus, he, with his fellow travellers, took their boat, and rowed ashore. The first object that struck them on landing, was a most noble theatre, all of white marble; the breadth in front 190, and the depth 150 feet. They counted thirty-six steps, or seats, all entire and joined with the most perfect accuracy. Above the theatre were the beautiful remains of a magnificent temple, of the whitest marble, perhaps Parian, from its purity and grain;—this, Lord Charlemont presumed, was the temple of the Cnidian Venus, which Praxiteles enriched with the famous statue of that goddess, the perfection of his art, in the estimation of the ancient world of taste. The architecture being Corinthian, which order, with the Ionic, was usually appropriated to the temples of goddesses, Minerva excepted, as the Doric was to gods and heroes, induced him the more to indulge this conjecture. Altogether he was delighted with what he saw here, and blest the contrary winds that afforded him that pleasure.—He then visited Stanco, the

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ancient Cos, or Coos. "It contains," he says, "little worthy a traveller's notice." He then crossed over to the continent, and came to a place called Bodromi, nearly opposite to the island of Stanco. Bodromi is wretched, but it presented such noble ruins, marbles, and every remains of a great city, that, with the scite, confirmed him in the opinion of its being the famous Halicarnassus, the capital of Caria. "It enriched us," says Lord Charlemont, "with drawings of the finest basso relievos, the most precious remains of ancient Greek taste and workmanship, that our travels have as yet afforded us."

Cythnus, now Thermia, was then visited by him; and, on the 23d of November, he was opposite to Egina. Soon after, he and his companions entered the Piræus, where they staid one night, waiting for the return of their druggerman, whom they had sent with their firman, to be laid before the Governor of Attica, and the next morn proceeded to that city, which must ever surpass all other cities in renown, Athens.

At this place, the very mention of which must, I think, fill a refined mind with delight,

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Lord Charlemont remained, as we may suppose, for some time. As he came near Athens, he was particularly struck with the temple of Theseus, "Which," says he, "alone merits a voyage to Greeee." The Morea was visited by him; Thebes, Corinth, and the ancient Eubœa; of the last-mentioned places his Lordship has given a most accurate, and pleasing account. It is alike replete with erudition, and with taste. To abridge, would be to injure it, and it is far too extended for these memoirs.

He returned to Athens on the 14th of December, 1749, from the harbour of Aulis, that renowned haven, which the genius of Homer, and the muse of Euripides, have clothed with a portion of their never-dying fame!*—He had visited almost every island in the Egean; some of them on his way from Italy to Constantinople, or from that city to Egypt. In his voyage from Alexandria to Athens he touched at Rhodes, as I have already stated; but it appears that he was there a second time. What his exact course was, I am not able to ascertain;

* See the Chorus at the conclusion of the first and second acts of Iphigenia in Aulis. The opening of the Chorus in the second act is exquisitely elegant; "Μάκαιρα σὺ μετρίαις Θεῶν," &c.

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however, this is certain, that on his way from Rhodes to Malta, Lord Charlemont, with his companions, encountered a storm of the most terrific kind, which he has well described. "After a few days of tolerable, though dark and threatening weather, we were overtaken, on the 20th of January, by one of the most violent hurricanes that ever was known in those seas. The storm, which was at south-east, the most dangerous of all winds in the Mediterranean, dreaded by sailors under the name of Levanter, began about noon, and continued all day, gradually increasing. Whilst we had day-light to assist, and to comfort us, we put ourselves before the wind, and bore away with what little sail we could carry. Night came on, and the storm redoubled. Ignorant in what part of the sea we then were, for the darkness of the weather had for some days past prevented us from taking any observation, we guessed, as in cases of this kind we are always prompt to guess, the worst, that we were driving up the Adriatic, the sea of all others most feared by mariners; and therefore, dreading the consequence of a lee-shore, destitute of harbours, and afraid any longer to leave ourselves at the disposal of the wind, we put the helm about, and lay too, under our courses double reefed. Now was but the beginning of

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horror. The tempest raged with tenfold fury. The gloom of night was unnaturally horrid. The scudding clouds at times divided, affording faint, and transient gleams of brassy light, far more dreadful than the deepest darkness. The waves rose mountain high; and to me, who, supported in the gang-way, stood gazing at the magnificent ruin, the whole ocean appeared in flames, through which the vessel ploughed her desperate way. Sometimes perched on the giddy brow of the stupendous accumulation, and again plunging, precipitate into the flaming abyss. The motion was now grown so violent, that I could no longer support it; and I was unwillingly preparing to go down into the cabin, when a squall of wind, to the fury of which the settled tempest became a calm, laid the ship down almost on her side, and broke three out of her five main shrouds. The cannon broke loose, and, together with all our loading, and a great part of the ballast, rushed at once to the lee-side of the vessel with such horrible crash, that the ship seemed to have burst in pieces. If the whole globe should, by sudden explosion, be rent asunder, I question whether the shock would be greater to each individual, than what was now felt in our little world. Every heart quaked with fear, and horror appeared in every countenance. Nor,

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even after the immediate shock was over, did the consequences seem less terrible. The ship, weighed down by the shifting of her ballast, &c. was unable to right herself, and lay, gunwale under water, at the mercy of the billows, which seemed, every instant, ready to devour her. Our captain now, a brave and experienced seaman, addressed the sailors, in words to this effect: 'My lads, you see the situation to which we are reduced. The vessel is old, and not much to be depended on. If we should spring our main-mast, she would, undoubtedly, go to pieces, and that must be the consequence of another such squall. I know of no resource, but to make fast the buoy rope to the mast-head, which, being belayed at the ship's side, may serve as a false shroud, and may possibly preserve the mast. I well know the difficulty of the attempt. To go aloft in such a situation is more than I can venture to order. I am an old sailor, and should fear to attempt it. But it is our only means of safety, and if there be a fellow among you, brave enough,'——Here he was instantly interrupted by *Tom Sillers*, (I never shall forget his name) who stood next to him; this truly, and I may add, philosophically, brave fellow, taking from his cheek the plug of tobacco, cried out, 'by G—, master, if we must die, 'tis better to die doing

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something.' His words accompanied his action, he was presently at the mast-head,—the buoy-rope was made fast, and the mast belayed; and thus, by the astonishing bravery and activity of one man, that danger, which seemed imminent, was at least postponed. Such are British sailors!

"We now retired to our beds, dreading the worst, yet not without hope; when, after about an hour's horrid uncertainty, the captain entered our cabin, and told us, that he feared all was over. That, though at sea from his infancy, he had never seen such a night. That the ship indeed might possibly ride it out. Yet, that he would recommend it to us to prepare for the worst. How this sentence was felt, may be easily judged. A dead silence ensued, which lasted for some minutes, but was finally broken by my friend, Frank Burton, who lay next bed to me. 'Well,' exclaimed he, and I fear, with an oath, 'this is fine indeed! Here have I been pampering this great body of mine, for more than twenty years, and all to be a prey to some cursed shark, and be damned to him!' The unexpected oddity of such an exclamation at such a time, the profound seriousness, and consequent comicalness, with which it was uttered, toge-

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ther with the character and figure of the man, for Frank was a Bon Vivant, almost as conspicuous for size and corpulence, as for the excellent temper of his mind, were motives of mirth too strong to be resisted, and, in the midst of our fears, we burst out into a loud laugh. Neither let this incident, this comic break in our tragedy, appear unnatural. Nature and Shakespeare, both inform us, that character will prevail in the midst of distress.

"Our merriment, however, was but of short duration; and now the ship-carpenter entered our cabin. This fellow, who was an excellent seaman, had been a great favourite of our's, and consequently was our friend. 'Masters,' said he, 'the captain has, I find, been with you. But never fear—the ship is a tight one—I have examined her thoroughly. There is not an inch in her carcass with which I am unacquainted. She is strong and good. There is, indeed, one *rotten plank* and that a principal one—let that hold, and we are all safe.' This consolation, as may easily be guessed, was not exactly fitted to relieve us; forgetful of the strength and tightness of the vessel, our minds, as may be supposed, ran on the *rotten* plank. In this situation we passed the tedious night; shut up in a

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noisome and agitated dungeon, the gloom of which was made visible by the dim twinkling of a swinging lamp, and which had but too much the semblance of a tomb already prepared for us. Scarcely able, with all our strength, to keep ourselves in our beds; and bruised in every part of our bodies, by our continued efforts, and by the violence of the agitation; wet by the sea-water, which dashed in through every crevice, and gave us a melancholy foretaste of the final wetting which we expected and dreaded; we seemed cut off from all hope but that of a speedy period to our lives and tortures; yet still we hoped,— the principle of religion was active in our souls, and despair fled before it. Woe to the wretch who, in such a situation, is destitute of this comfort! Our prayers were heard: day at length appeared: the sun arose: the storm abated: soon we were able to quit our dungeon. The tempest now subsided into a steady gale, and no effect remained but that uneasy swell,—the certain consequence of a violent storm. Still, however, our situation was disagreeable: our shattered vessel still lay with her gunwale close to the water's edge; and, utterly ignorant where we were, we knew not what course to steer, or where to seek protection.

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"A man was now sent up to the mast-head to discover land; a second, a third, went aloft; still no land was to be seen.—At length, one cried out from above, in a voice which seemed to us, indeed, from heaven, that he saw land! The captain himself went up, and verified the discovery. Land there was directly before us, and we were hastening towards it; gradually it grew more and more visible, and we could now discern it from the deck; but what was our joy, when we found that this land was the identical island of Malta, the end and purpose of our voyage. It is impossible to describe our feelings: I shall not attempt it. All happiness is more or less perfect, as it is more or less contrasted by misery; and here was a sudden transition from fear to hope, from danger to security, from misery to joy, from impending death to life!

"A few hours now brought us into the harbour, one of the safest and best in the world. We were presently surrounded by a multitude of boats, laden with every kind of refreshment; and particularly, what to sea-faring men is most of all things agreeable, with plenty of fruit, and garden-stuff, which, in this happy climate, was now in the greatest perfection; and, to give

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additional relish to this pleasing circumstance, nature had now re-assumed her functions, and our stomachs were importunate for food, having fasted for near two days, as it had not been possible to dress any victuals, even after the storm had abated, on account of the violent swell. Every thing now concurred to delight us; past misery is present comfort; and to reflect on our distress was happiness: to have had so near a view of that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns; to have peeped securely into the cave of death; to have tried our hearts at the approach of dissolution, were circumstances which afford us the highest satisfaction. All nature now smiled upon us. To view the crowd of idle mortals who gathered on the shore to gaze upon the vessel, which had weathered the storm, was a new source of exultation to those who had so lately feared never more to behold their fellow-creatures. Our sailors were to us objects of admiration, of gratitude, and of love; nay, our ship, which had so bravely held out in such a trial, inspired us with affection, insomuch that, though we found ourselves condemned to forty days imprisonment in her, as we were now obliged to perform quarantine, we were, I suppose, the happiest mortals on the globe. We had, besides, a thou-

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sand things to do: our ship to set to rights; our papers to settle; the journals of our long and curious voyage to look over, and to put in order.—In short, we did not suppose, that the forty days would be more than sufficient for our several projected occupations; yet such is the restless nature of man, ten of them had scarcely elapsed, when we grew weary of our situation; and we were more than rejoiced, when, upon our petition, accompanied by sound bills of health, the time of our confinement was, by the kind grand master, shortened.

"On the three and twentieth day after our providential escape, we were permitted to go on shore, and took up our abode at our consul's house, in the city of Malta. Here we were received with the most cordial affection. Having before called at this island, on our way to the Levant, we found ourselves among old acquaintance. Every day was a new festival;—the knights of the several nations into which the order is divided, gave us splendid entertainments. The grand master, Don Emanuel Pinto, an old and very respectable Portuguese nobleman, was peculiarly kind to us.—We dined at the palace, with his high chamberlain; and, though the etiquette would not permit him to

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eat in company with us, as soon as dinner was removed, he joined our society, and remained with us the whole evening; nay, so far did he push his civility, that masked balls, though for some years discontinued, and prohibited by positive edict, on account of some unlucky riots, were again allowed; and it was specified, that this was done on our account, and for our entertainment. And here I must not omit to mention a singular ceremony observed at my introduction to this prince.—All grandees of Spain, peers of France, British and Irish lords, are, it seems, by long prescription, allowed to be presented with their hats on. In consequence of this privilege, I entered his chamber alone, with my head covered, and he received me in the same situation. After the first compliments were passed, he pulled off his hat, and I did the same, when the remainder of the company was presented. Thus agreeably did we pass our time in this hospitable island. Our mornings were spent in excursions through the country, for which purpose the grand master provided us with horses from his own stables: great dinners were every day given to us.—In short, it was happy for us that we had not much time to reside here, since our constitutions, however young and vigorous, could not long have resisted the

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continued riots of this Circæan region, where there is no intermission to festivity of every sort, drinking not excepted, which, though to the last degree dangerous in this hot climate, is but too much the fashion here, especially among the German knights.

" It may be well conceived, that a multitude of gentlemen, in the prime and vigour of youth, cooped up in a small island, with little or no occupation, but what they can provide for themselves, should naturally fall into dissipation. And so it is; there is not I suppose, in the world, a set of men, so thoroughly debauched as these holy knights, these military monks, defenders of the faith against infidels!—Obliged by their vows to celibacy, they make no scruple to take, without bounds, illicitly, that which is denied them in a lawful way. The town of Malta is one vast brothel. — Every woman almost is a knight's mistress, and every mistress intrigues with other men. Hither flock, as to an established mart for beauty, the female votaries of Venus from every distant region,— Armenians, Jewesses, Greeks, Italians! The few virtuous women, natives of the island, are retired to Medina, an inland city, about eight miles from Malta, and here they live tolerably

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free from solicitation, not so much on account of their distance, as because the Maltese blood has too much of the Moor in it, to be exceedingly tempting.

" With respect to the constitution, the rules, and administration of the order, I shall say nothing concerning them; the subject has been too often treated, and is too well known, to admit of any farther information from me. I shall only mention, that, whatever they may formerly have done, the knights of Malta are, at present, of little annoyance to the Turks; their gallies and two or three very large men of war, make frequent cruizes; and the knights, who are yet in their noviciate, perform aboard them, what they call their caravans, without a certain number of which they cannot be received into the order of professed knights.—But they seldom meet any Turkish ship of war, and usually content themselves with picking up a few straggling traders, the greatest part of which belongs to the poor Greeks. I will add one circumstance more, as I can mention it with pleasure. As at their primitive institution, the knights of Malta were Knights Hospitalers, in order to keep up the charitable institution, attendance upon the sick is still made a principal

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part of their duty; and one of the principal buildings in the city is a vast hospital, where the diseased, from every part of the world, are received and nobly treated. The knights constantly attend in rotation, and themselves administer to the patients. Nothing can be more pleasing to a feeling mind, than the generous, kind, and affectionate manner in which these poor wretches are treated; and such is the magnificence of the institution, that every culinary vessel belonging to the hospital, is made of solid silver.

"The wonderful extent and strength of the fortifications, which have rendered this place, to all appearance, impregnable, and which are daily increasing, a very large revenue being annually appropriated to their augmentation, is also a matter of too great notoriety to be insisted on by me: I shall therefore conclude this part of my subject, with mentioning a fact, not wholly uninteresting, which came to my knowledge during my residence at Malta, and was related to me by the most credible eye-witnesses.

"Towards the end of that war with France, so generously undertaken, and so vigorously carried on, by England, in defence of the House

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of Austria, there happened to be, in these parts, an English privateer of some force, and commanded by a captain of such skill and bravery, that he reigned paramount in the Mediterranean, daily sending into the port of Malta French prizes of considerable value. It may easily be conceived, that, in a war circumstanced as this was, parties must necessarily have ran high in an island, were the principal inhabitants were composed of young gentlemen, collected from all the several belligerent powers. The Austrian and Piedmontese knights on the one hand, and the French and Spaniards on the other, maintained a perpetual warfare. The French knights, irritated by the successes of our English captain, and not chusing to bear any longer the consequent taunts of their adversaries, wrote to their correspondents at Marseilles an account of the hazard to which their trade was exposed; and prevailed on them to fit out a privateer, which might be able to cope with the Englishman. In consequence of these representations, an armed vessel speedily arrived at Malta, well equipped, of force almost double to that of its intended antagonist, and commanded by an officer of the highest character for courage and naval knowledge. The captain was received with acclamations. At length he sailed out of

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the harbour, in search of the devoted Englishman, as to a certain victory. The French party now exulted in confidence of sure and brilliant success; but, after a sufficient time, began to be impatient for the return of their hero, and the ramparts were constantly crowded with his expecting friends. At length two ships appeared in the offing, one apparently having the other in tow. As they approached, French colours, on the foremost ship, were seen with transport. Nothing could equal the exultation of the Gallic party. The ships still drew nearer, with a favourable gale; and now they turned into the harbour, saluted by triumphant shouts, when, to the amazement of all the spectators, the French colours were suddenly hauled down, and the English hoisted in their stead. The fact was, that, after a long conflict, in which his ship had been exceedingly shattered, the English captain had, at length, prevailed; but finding his own ship too much impaired to make sail, he had boarded the prize, and taken the conqueror in tow, choosing to come in under French colours, in order to enhance the disappointment of his enemies, and the consequent surprize, and joy of his friends."

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When Lord Charlemont returned to Italy,* he became, after a certain time, so accurately versed in its language, that he was, on that account, as well as the variety of his accomplishments, truly acceptable to all persons of rank and fashion, and especially to the eminent Italian literary characters. At Turin he renewed his connection with the Prince Royal, then recently married to a Princess of Spain, and at whose marriage Lord Charlemont, by the particular request of the Prince, was present. They were nearly contemporaries as to age; and, when his Royal Highness became King of Sardinia, he desired more than one illustrious English traveller to tell Lord Charlemont, that if he returned to Turin he would find Victor Amadeus unchanged, except in station. He made excursions to Sienna, Lucca, and other places, with Lord Bruce, now Earl of Aylesbury; a nobleman to whom, during his life, he was

* Lord Charlemont wrote an account of his tour through, or residence in Italy, which, as the present Earl informed me, cannot be found, though most carefully searched after. Such particulars as I have been enabled to give, are from the best information that I could procure. What I have stated here, relative to the Duc de Nivernois, the late Lord frequently mentioned to me, as also his dislike of Monsieur de Choiseul.

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invariably attached, and ever spoke of with the most affectionate regard. Whilst at Verona, the Marchese Scipione Maffei, so deservedly mentioned by Lady Wortley Montague, as "having the happiness of giving his countrymen a taste of polite pleasure, and shewing the youth how to pass their time agreeably without debauchery," distinguished Lord Charlemont by every kind attention. The Marquis was then far advanced in life, and died soon after. He gave his Lordship a copy of the celebrated tragedy of Merope;* and not only at the literary society which met in the Maffei Palace, but in almost every erudite assembly, in the great towns of Italy, Lord Charlemont held a principal seat. Of some of them he was not only solicited, but even courted to become a member.

Next to Athens, Rome was the object of his travels; he continued there almost two years, and was one of the earliest examples amongst the English, of keeping house for himself, and his friends, whilst in that metropolis. Murphy

* See the Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy, by J. Cooper Walker, Esq. Among Lord Charlemont's memorandums from Turin, there is the following: "To send a set "of Grecian and Egyptian prints to Marchese Scipione Maffei."

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was of great assistance to him; he not only superintended the whole business of house-keeping, but read, or walked with him a considerable part of the morning. Murphy went out prepared, not only by general, but particular reading, for their almost daily investigation of antiquities; and the Cicerone who attended them, told Lord Charlemont that, where history was to be consulted, he learned as much as his Lordship could, from Murphy. Lord Charlemont went in the evening, like other young men, to concerts, and converzationes. Murphy seldom attended on such occasions; he was engaged with his books, or the company of some quiet, literary friend. But from his long residence at Rome, and unremitted intercourse with Lord Charlemont, he was, at last, much noticed; his learning, his simple manners, his character altogether, procured him real esteem, and it was suggested to him that, if he went abroad, he would be well received; but he would not venture into splendid company.

Lord Charlemont was a kind benefactor to several young artists then at Rome. Sir William Chambers, whose fortune, at that time, was very limited, and his friends, or acquaintance, not many, he particularly distinguished, and was of

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signal service to him. It is proper, also, to state, that Sir William, to the last, preserved the utmost gratitude and affection towards his Lordship.* He patronised Parker, and two or three painters, whose names I do not distinctly remember. Piranesi he endeavoured to encourage, but that eminent artist was self-willed, and often violent in his temper. He took something amiss of Lord Charlemont, (what, I know not, nor is it now of any consequence;) but, after he had dedicated three or four of his prints to his Lord-

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* The following inscription, to the memory of Sir Wm. Chambers, is in Lord Charlemont's hand-writing.—

Sir William Chambers, Knight, &c.
Fellow of the Royal Academy,
And Professor of Architecture.
The best of men, and the first of
English Architects.
Whose buildings, modelled
From his own mind,
Elegant, pure, and solid,
Will long remain the lasting monuments
Of that taste,
Whose chastity could only be equalled
By the immaculate purity of their author's heart.
James, Earl of Charlemont, his friend,
From long experience of his worth and talents,
Dedicates this Inscription
To him and friendship.

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ship, he struck the name out, and inserted that of the two Adams's. Not content with that, he published an abusive letter to Lord Charlemont; some copies were sold, and dispersed, before any one had heard of the quarrel; but several persons in authority at Rome were extremely angry with Piranesi, when they read his pamphlet, and he would have been treated with some severity, had not Lord Charlemont's usual good nature interfered. Piranesi made an apology, the pamphlet was suppressed at Rome, and the belligerent parties were again on amicable terms.

To mention the various persons of rank and estimation at Rome, to whom Lord Charlemont was well known, would be to give the names of the most respectable of the Roman or Neapolitan nobility. Some may be touched on,—Cardinal Albani, Cardinal Passionei, who was librarian of the Vatican, an eminently learned man, and, like Lord Charlemont, a great collector of books and manuscripts. He was also a politician, and often engaged in affairs of state, as nuncio or plenipotentiary. Lord Charlemont visited him sometimes at Frescati, where he had a variety of rooms or cells, as he called them, in which he lodged some of his particular friends, and distinguished them by the name of saints.

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Those saints were of both sexes, whose rank and agreeable estimable qualities, not their years, or severity of manners, entitled them to the honour of canonization. Whether Lord Charlemont's name was enrolled in their calendar, I cannot say, but he was much valued by his Eminence, who, at that time, was far advanced in life.

It may be almost superfluous to notice, that Lord Charlemont cultivated and enjoyed the friendship of, it may be said, all the English of worth and condition at Rome. He corresponded with several then on their travels in Italy, or different parts of Europe, and their letters to him, (such, at least, as I have seen) breathe, not only affection for, but, indeed, admiration of him. To his honour, also, it can be recorded, that the friendships, thus early established, never gave way, but survived all the tempests and shocks of political differences, which the best connections are too often exposed to, and become in consequence, disjoined, or are no more heard of. With some his attachments encountered no such hazard, for the same harmony reigned in their political as private sentiments. The Lords Cavendish might be adduced as instances of this; and the Marquis of

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Rockingham was as dear to him at London, in 1782,* as he had been at Rome, in 1751.

By one very eminent, and very accomplished man, Lord Charlemont was much noticed whilst in Italy; and, through the course of a long life, most cordially esteemed and regarded. This was the French ambassador at Rome, the Duc de Nivernois. I shall have occasion to mention him more particularly in the progress of these memoirs. Lord Charlemont at first considered him merely as an elegant gentleman, and one who carried the fashion, and the *bel air* of Paris, to the utmost extremity. But a nearer connection soon developed in him considerable erudition, a refined taste, soundness of judgment, and, far better than all, an excellent heart. Towards the end of autumn, and the close of 1753, Lord Charlemont was confined at Rome, by a long and very severe indisposition, during which the Duke paid him several visits, and soothed many a weary hour by the amenity and agreeableness of his conversation. That amiable, and, perhaps, that best of all the Pontiffs, Benedict the 14th, may be said to have been the

* The Marquis died, deeply lamented, in July, 1782.

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mutual friend of both. With the ambassador his intercourse was necessarily far more frequent than with Lord Charlemont; but, to the latter, he not only paid all the civility and attention that could be expected from an old Pope to a gay young Lord, but even regarded him, as his knowledge of Lord Charlemont increased, with a kindness and benevolence that was almost parental. On the part of his Lordship, no one could carry every sentiment of respect and gratitude farther than he did, to the venerable, good man; and, when the Duc de Choiseul, (who succeeded Monsieur de Nivernois in the embassy at Rome,) under the pretence of asserting some wretched prerogative of his station, behaved towards the Pope in a manner peculiarly offensive, no one was more indignant than Lord Charlemont when he heard it. He had not long bid adieu to Rome, at the time the interview, or rather interviews, alluded to, took place; and it has been suggested, that this was probably the original cause of his dislike to Monsieur de Choiseul, whose talents he greatly admired, but whose name he could scarcely bear the mention of. Of the virtues, amiableness, and agreeable good sense of Madame de Choiseul, he had the most exalted opinion.

Lord Charlemont, on quitting Rome, re-

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visited Turin, and continued between that city and Florence from the begining of March to the end of July, 1754. He visited Spain, but what parts of that kingdom does not appear, except Barcelona, from which place he obtained a passport to go, with his faithful Achates, Murphy, to France. The passport was granted by the Marquis de Las Minas, and contains an enumeration of that nobleman's titles, and places of honour or trust, almost equal in length to that of the last Duke of Ormonde's, which I venture to mention, as it may now be regarded almost as a curiosity.*

The reader shall not be detained by any account of the amphitheatre, or the *Maison Quarrée*, at Nismes, which Lord Charlemont, of course, visited, whilst in the South of France. Exquisite as his taste was for the noble remains of Roman, and still more Grecian, architecture, he was of the same opinion with that person who said, that a truly eminent man was more an object of refined and liberal curiosity, than the most renowned edifice. It chanced that, during his residence in that part of France, an

* See Appendix, No. 1.

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opportunity was afforded him of giving this sentiment entire scope. But as he has himself expatiated fully on the subject, the reader, no doubt, will be more pleased to attend to him, than to his biographer.

"Of all the enjoyments of which the human mind is susceptible, I know of none that is more universally delightful, than the pleasure of travelling; and when we search into the cause of this delight, the gratification of curiosity, that passion with which, for the most salutary purposes, almost every man is plentifully endued, immediately occurs as a motive, fully adequate to account for all our feelings upon this occasion. Yet is there another motive, which, indeed, is known to mix itself in almost all our pursuits, and which, in this also, must, I think, be allowed to have a considerable share. The motive I mean is vanity; the pride of doing what others have not been able to do; of seeing what others have not seen, of being able to relate the perils we have passed, and the wonders we have beheld, contributes not a little to give an edge to our curiosity, and to prompt us to endure every hardship, to dare every danger. If this be true, it must necessarily follow, that every object affords pleasure to a traveller in proportion as he

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esteems it adapted to procure him the delight of future narration, and the respect of those to whom he shall narrate; and surely there is nothing in the power of travel to procure us, which more eminently conduces to this desired purpose, than the acquaintance of such men as are renowned for their virtue, and for their abilities. As the productions of the Divinity must infinitely transcend all the works of human skill, surely a great and virtuous man, the noblest work of God, must ever be the first object of curiosity; and an intimate acquaintance with such a man must more essentially flatter our pride, than all the other wonders which travelling can afford. Whether all travellers think in this matter as I do, I cannot tell, but this I know, that my vanity is infinitely less flattered by my having viewed the pyramids of Egypt, than by my having had the honor of an intimacy with president Montesquieu;—and for this reason, as well as because every anecdote which relates to a person of his eminence is always acceptable, I shall recount the manner in which I became acquainted with him, and whatever circumstances, be they ever so trivial, I can recollect concerning him, during the time of our acquaintance.

"In travelling through France I happened,

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luckily for me, to get acquainted with Mr. Elliott,* a gentleman of Cornwall, whose excellent understanding, cultivated and improved by the best education, and animated by a mind of the most pleasing cast, rendered him the most agreeable of companions. We travelled together for some time, and finding ourselves not very far from Bourdeaux, we determined not to miss the opportunity of going there, not so much prompted thereto by the beauty of the town, and the adjacent country, as by our ardent desire of seeing, and of knowing, the president Montesquieu. Arrived at Bourdeaux, our first enquiry was concerning the principal object of our journey; but how great was our disappointment, when we found that he had left the city, and was gone to reside at a country seat, four or five hours distant. To leave our longing unsatisfied was truly mortifying to us; and yet what could be done? At length, after a long deliberation, we determined to strike a bold stroke; and, getting the better of all timidity, perhaps propriety, we sat down and wrote a joint letter, in which we candidly told the president our reasons for visiting Bourdeaux, our sad disappointment, our eager

* Edward, afterwards Lord Elliott.

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wishes for the honor of his acquaintance, which, as English subjects, we most particularly desired; concluding by begging pardon for our presumption, and leave to wait on him at his villa. Neither did we languish long for an answer; it quickly arrived, in every respect as we would have wished, and consisted of modest acknowledgments for the honor we did him, assertions of the high esteem in which he held our country, and the most hearty, and pressing invitation to come to him as soon as our occasions would permit. The first appointment with a favourite mistress could not have rendered our night more restless; and the next morning we set out so early that we arrived at his villa before he was risen. The servant shewed us into his library, where the first object of curiosity that presented itself was a table, at which he had apparently been reading the night before, a book lying upon it open, turned down, and a lamp extinguished. Eager to know the nocturnal studies of this great philosopher, we immediately flew to the book; it was a volume of Ovid's works, containing his elegies, and open at one of the most gallant poems of that master of love. Before we could overcome our surprize, it was greatly increased by the entrance of the president, whose appearance and manner was totally opposite to the idea which we

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had formed to ourselves of him; instead of a grave, austere philosopher, whose presence might strike with awe such boys as we were, the person who now addressed us was a gay, polite, sprightly Frenchman; who, after a thousand genteel compliments, and a thousand thanks for the honour we had done him, desired to know whether we would not breakfast, and, upon our declining the offer, having already eaten at an inn not far from the house, 'Come then,' says he, 'let us walk; the day is fine, and I long to show you my villa, as I have endeavoured to form it according to the English taste, and to cultivate and dress it in the English manner.' Following him into the farm, we soon arrived at the skirts of a beautiful wood, cut into walks, and paled round, the entrance to which was barricadoed with a moveable bar, about three feet high, fastened with a padlock. 'Come,' said he, searching in his pocket, 'it is not worth our while to wait for the key; you, I am sure, can leap as well as I can, and this bar shall not stop me.' So saying, he ran at the bar, and fairly jumped over it, while we followed him with amazement, though not without delight, to see the philosopher likely to become our playfellow. This behaviour had exactly the effect which he meant it should have. He had observed our awkward timidity at his first accosting us, and was

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determined to rid us of it: all that awe with which, notwithstanding his appearance, his character had inspired us, and that consequent bashfulness which it must have occasioned, was now taken off; his age and awful character disappeared; and our conversation was just as free and as easy as if we had been his equals in years, as in every other respectable qualification. Our discourse now turned on matters of taste and learning. He asked us the extent of our travels, and, as I had visited the Levant, he fixed himself particularly on me, and enquired into several circumstances relative to the countries where I had been, in many of which I had the good fortune to satisfy him. He lamented his own fate, which had prevented his seeing those curious regions, and descanted with great ability on the advantages and pleasures of travel. 'However,' said he, 'I, too, have been a traveller, and have seen the country in the world which is most worthy our curiosity—I mean England.' He then gave us an account of his abode there, the many civilities he had received, and the delight he felt in thinking of the time he had spent there. 'However,' continued he, 'though there is no country under Heaven which produced so many great and shining characters as England, it must be confessed, that it also produces many singular ones, which renders it the

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more worthy our curiosity, and indeed, the more entertaining. You are, I suppose, too young to have known the Duke of Montagu:* that was one of the most extraordinary characters I ever met with; endowed with the most excellent sense, his singularity knew no bounds. Only think! at my first acquaintance with him, having invited me to his country seat, before I had leisure to get into any sort of intimacy, he practised on me that whimsical trick which undoubtedly you have either experienced, or heard of; under the idea of playing the play of an introduction of ambassadors, he soused me over head and ears into a tub of cold water. I thought it odd, to be sure, but a traveller, as you well know, must take the world as it goes, and, indeed, his great goodness to me, and his incomparable understanding, far overpaid me for all the inconveniences of my ducking. Liberty, however, is the glorious cause! that it is, which gives human nature fair play, and allows every singularity to show itself, and which for one less agreeable

* John, Duke of Montagu married, to one of the daughters of the Duke of Marlborough. From every account, his Grace was just as Montesquieu has represented him; but his eccentricity was, in this instance, carried very far indeed.

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oddity it may bring to light, gives to the world ten thousand great and useful examples.'

"With this, and a great deal more conversation, every word of which I would wish to remember, we finished our walk, and having viewed every part of the villa, which was, as he had told us, altogether imitated from the English style of gardening, we returned to the house, were shewn into the drawing room, and were most politely received by Madame La Baronne, and her daughter. Madame de Montesquieu was an heiress of the reformed religion, which she still continued to profess. She was an elderly woman, and, apparently, had never been handsome. Mademoiselle was a sprightly, affable, good-humoured girl, rather plain, but, at the same time, pleasing; these, with the president's secretary, whom we afterwards found to be an Irishman, formed our society. The secretary spoke nothing but French, and had it been possible that Elliott and I, in our private conversation, could have uttered any thing to the disadvantage of our hosts, we might have been disagreeably trapped by our ignorance of his country, but nothing of that kind could possibly happen; every thing we said was to the praise of the president, and the politeness shewn us by his family.

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Our dinner was plain and plentiful; and when, after having dined, we made an offer to depart, the president insisted upon our stay; nor did he suffer us to leave him for three days, during which time his conversation was as sprightly as instructive, and as entertaining as possible. At length we took our leave, and returned to Bourdeaux, whither we were escorted by the secretary; who now, to our great surprize, spoke English, and declared himself my countryman.

"The Baron, though still styled president, had lately resigned that office on the following occasion: The intendant of the province, a man whose ideas were far more magnificent than merciful, had taken it into his head that he would make Bourdeaux the finest city in France, and, for that purpose, had caused to be delineated on paper, the plan of a new quarter, where the streets were laid out in the most sumptuous manner, of great breadth, and in lines directly strait. This plan, with the approbation of the court, he had now began to execute, and that without the least consideration that the streets which he was laying out, not only cut through gardens, vineyards, and the houses of citizens and gentlemen, which, if they happened to stand in the way, were instantly levelled with the ground without

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any determined indemnification to the owner. The president saw this tyranny, detested, and resisted it; and, by his influence and authority, for a while suspended the execution. Both parties appealed to Versailles, where the affair was examined into, and where the good president made use of all his influence in behalf of his countrymen, he himself not being in the smallest degree interested. But the intendant prevailed; and orders were issued that, at all events, the plan should be pursued. The president, justly discontented, obtained leave to part with his office, and Bourdeaux is now the most magnificent city in France, built on the ruins of hundreds. Consider this, ye degenerate Englishmen, who talk without abhorrence of arbitrary power!

"Having remained at Bourdeaux a competent time, Elliott and I parted, and I set out for Paris, where I was no sooner arrived than Monsieur de Montesquieu, who had been there some days before me, most kindly came to see me, and, during the time of my abode in that metropolis, we saw each other frequently, and every interview increased my esteem and affection for him.

"I have frequently met him in company with

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ladies, and have been as often astonished at the politeness, the gallantry, and sprightliness of his behaviour. In a word, the most accomplished, the most refined *petit-maître* of Paris, could not have been more amusing, from the liveliness of his chat, nor could have been more inexhaustible in that sort of discourse which is best suited to women, than this venerable philosopher of seventy years old. But at this we shall not be surprised, when we reflect, that the profound author of L'Esprit des Loix, was also author of the Persian Letters, and of the truly gallant Temple de Gnide.

"He had, however, to a great degree, though not among women, one quality which is not uncommon with abstracted men, I mean absence of mind. I remember dining in company with him at our ambassador's, Lord Albemarle, where during the time of dinner, being engaged in a warm dispute, he gave away to the servant, who stood behind him, seven clean plates, supposing that he had used them all. But this was only in the heat of controversy, and when he was actuated by that lively and impetuous earnestness, to which, though it never carried him beyond the bounds of good breeding, he was as liable as any man I ever knew. At all other

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times he was perfectly collected, nor did he ever seem to think of any thing out of the scope of the present conversation.

" In the course of our conversations, Ireland, and its interests, have often been the topic; and, upon these occasions, I have always found him an advocate for an union between that country and England. 'Were I an Irishman,' said he, 'I should certainly wish for it; and, as a general lover of liberty, I sincerely desire it; and for this plain reason, that an inferior country, connected with one much her superior in force, can never be certain of the permanent enjoyment of constitutional freedom, unless she has, by her representatives, a proportional share in the legislature of the superior kingdom.'

" A few days before I left Paris to return home this great man fell sick, and, though I did not imagine, from the nature of his complaint, that it was likely to be fatal, I quitted him, however, with the utmost regret, and with that sort of foreboding which sometimes precedes misfortunes. Scarcely was I arrived in England, when I received a letter from one whom I had desired to send me the most particular accounts of him, communicating to me the melancholy

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news of his death, and assuring me, what I never doubted, that he had died as he lived, like a real philosopher; and what is more, with true christian resignation. What his real sentiments, with regard to religion, were, I cannot exactly say. He certainly was not a Papist; but I have no reason to believe that he was not a Christian: in all our conversations, which were perfectly free, I never heard him utter the slightest hint, the least word, which savoured of profaneness; but, on the contrary, whenever it came in his way to mention christianity, he always spoke of its doctrine and of its precepts with the utmost respect and reverence; so that, did I not know that he had too much wisdom and goodness to wish to depreciate the ruling religion, from his general manner of expressing himself, I should make no scruple freely to declare him a perfect christian. At his death the priests, as usual, tormented him, and he bore their exhortations with the greatest patience, good humour, and decency; till at length fatigued, by their obstinate and tiresome pertinacity, he told them that he was much obliged for their comfort, but that, having now a very short time to live, he wished to have those few minutes to himself, as he had lived long enough to know how to die. A day or two before his death,

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an unlucky circumstance happened, by which the world has sustained an irreparable loss. He had written the history of Louis the Eleventh, including the transactions of Europe during the very important, and interesting period of that prince's reign. The work was long and laborious, and some, who had seen parts of it, have assured me, that it was superior even to his other writings. Recollecting that he had two manuscripts of it, one of them perfect, and the other extremely mutilated, and fearing that this imperfect copy might fall into the hands of some ignorant and avaricious bookseller, he gave his valet de chambre the key of his escrutoir, and desired him to burn that manuscript which he described to him. The unlucky valet burned the fair copy, and left that from which it was impossible to print.

"There is nothing more uncommon than to see, in the same man, the most ardent glow of genius, the utmost liveliness of fancy, united with the highest degree of assiduity and of laboriousness. The powers of the mind seem in this to resemble those of the body. The nice and ingenious hand of the oculist was never made to heave the sledge, or to till the ground. In Montesquieu, however, both these talents were

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eminently conspicuous. No man ever possessed a more lively, a more fanciful genius. No man was ever more laborious. His Esprit des Loix is, perhaps, the result of more reading than any treatise ever yet composed. M. de Secondat, son to the president, has now in his possession forty folio volumes in his father's hand writing, which are nothing more than the common-place books, from whence this admirable work was extracted. Montesquieu, indeed, seems to have possessed the difficult art of contracting matter into a small compass, without rendering it obscure, more perfectly than any man who ever wrote. His Grandeur et Decadence des Romains is a rare instance of this talent; a book in which there is more matter than was ever before crammed together in so small a space. One circumstance with regard to this last-mentioned treatise has often struck me, as a sort of criterion by which to judge of the materialness of a book. The index contains nearly as many pages as the work itself."

Whilst Lord Charlemont continued at Paris, he frequented Lord Albemarle's, and many of the houses of the principal French nobility. Monsieur de Nivernois renewed the acquaintance which his lordship had so happily formed

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with him at Rome, and presented him not only to his father, the Duc de Nevers, a most pleasing, venerable old nobleman, but to several of the French academicians, and men of letters,—St. Palaye, Helvetius, the marquis de Mirabeau,* and others. At count d'Argenson's, but more particularly the duc de Biron's, (afterwards marshal,) he met a great variety of characters, French and English. It should be mentioned, that at Lord Albemarle's he first saw the Count Poniatowski, with whose manner she was fascinated. Happy it had been for that amiable young man, if he had continued at Paris, or, at least, never re-visited Poland, whose throne, tottering as it was, he rendered more unstable, and at last overset, by his own imbecility, and piteous submission to the malign connection which raised, and ruined him. Lord Charlemont's acquaintance, in short, was very general; but his residence, at that time, in the French metropolis, was of no long continuance. He hastened on to London, where he had then such a number of

* Father of the late count de Mirabeau, so distinguished in our days. The marquis was also a man of talents, but very singular. He wrote "L'ami des Hommes," and other things. The œconomists regarded him as an oracle.

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friends; and after some stay there, proceeded to Ireland, which he was most anxious to re-visit.

We must now bid adieu to the continent, and view Lord Charlemont in a situation totally different from that in which we have hitherto been accustomed to regard him. The general statement of his conduct henceforward, will, I trust, be his best panegyric. But to appreciate that conduct justly, a very slight sketch of Irish politics for some years antecedent to his return to Ireland, may be in some measure necessary.

Circumscribed, depressed, and insignificant as Ireland was towards the middle of the reign of George the first, it began even then, though languidly, to raise its head. Wood's patent, apparently so inconsequential at first, but which, from some circumstances that accompanied it, very nearly overset the administration of lord Townshend and Sir Robert Walpole, excited a flame which, though fiercest in the metropolis, began to extend itself over Ireland. So alarmed was Primate Boulter at its progress, that he declares, in one of his dispatches, the general dislike to Wood's halfpence would have a most unhappy effect on the nation by *uniting it !!* by (to make use of his own words) bringing on

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intimacies between papists and jacobites, and the whigs, who before had no *intimacy* with them. Such are sinister and crooked politics, and such their effect on the mind of a reverend prelate, in other respects a most humane and charitable man, that he dreaded nothing so much as that Irishmen should lay aside their fierce animosities, and love one another, because it might be fatal to the English interest! But to proceed. Exaggerated as the Commons representation was, of the loss which the nation would sustain by the patent, and mistated as Wood's coinage was by Swift, and proved to be so by Sir Isaac Newton, the discussion which it produced in the Cabinet, the Castle, and in both Houses of Parliament, kept alive the public mind, which, two or three years before, had been partially awakened by the removal of the final jurisdiction, in matters of property, from the Lords of Ireland, to those of Great Britain; when to this was added, during Lord Carteret's administration, the strange effort to continue the supplies for twenty-one years, (defeated only by one voice,*) that portion of the people, which, in

* Colonel Tottenham's;—he deserves to be recorded; a very trifling circumstance marks the exactness, and gravity of dress, at that time insisted on in the House of Commons. He

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truth, could then alone act in politics, was still more agitated. Such legislative proceedings furnished abundant matter to the informed and contemplative; whilst the energetic sound sense, and illustrative familiar wit of the Drapier's Letters, delighted, interested, and animated the whole kingdom. A mass of political intelligence, political zeal, and indisposition to the domination of the English legislature was thus tacitly, though tardily formed, and it only required entire national aid to give it that motion which, in some years, might be formidable. Limited, however, as it was, it was not inoperative; and Walpole, by timely concessions, such as the surrender of Wood's patent, and the recall, or discountenance of arbitrary Viceroys, and their advisers, kept Ireland, during his time, in tranquillity. There was discontent often, disturbance never. It required, however, his superior good sense, conciliating wisdom, and the result of that wisdom, his pacific system, to

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was called *Tottenham in his boots*; because having just come to town, and hearing of the important question then under discussion, he hurried down to the House without giving himself time to take his boots off. The members stared, and the older ones, as I have been well assured, muttered sadly, and loudly, at this crying innovation, as they termed it. What would they say now, 1808?

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effect what he did, and it is a plain proof that he well knew, and duly estimated, the understanding and spirit of those on whose regards Ireland, at that time, rested. It also proves this: that the English character had undergone no change in Ireland. Those of our sister country who settled here, were no way dissimilar from those whom they left behind them; they liked dominion, but they also liked liberty; too much, indeed, did they wish, at certain periods at least, to confine liberty to themselves. But though property may be monopolized, freedom, after some time had passed away, never can. The acquired knowledge that elevates one man, will soon illuminate, and animate his neighbour; to circumscribe such knowledge is, God be praised, beyond our power, and all authority that does not rest on that basis, must eventually cease to exist. But to the pride of domination, mingled with the spirit of liberty, our English ancestors here added, also, perpetual anxiety for their newly-acquired possessions. Hence arose the penal code against the catholics, which, in truth, the history of the human heart alone, can easily account for the origin of. No sooner was that code firmly established, than its framers turned their thoughts towards securing some liberty for themselves, and all their annals,

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and the annals of their successors, till the American war gave the Irish tongue utterance, exhibit nothing but indistinct murmurs in favour of liberty, and the awkward dread of such murmuring, giving offence to that nation which alone could extend their privileges, and guarantee their property.

It is recorded of Agricola, that his principal object in meditating the subjugation of Ireland, was to present one uniform dread display of Roman domination to the humiliated Britons, and banish even the appearance of liberty from their sight. But when, in the course of revolving ages, the reverse of this was exhibited, and the aspect of British freedom was perpetually contemplated by Ireland, it demanded no prophetic powers to state, that the Irish would echo, however faintly in their first essays, that voice of rational liberty which awakened their neighbours, on the other side of the channel, to cheerful industry, and harmonized tranquillity. They did so, and if aspiring statesmen led the way, sometimes from ambiguous, and sometimes prouder motives, such statesmen knew that the notes thus raised by them would be prolonged, not by a blind and ductile people, as impertinent servility always insinuates, but a discriminating

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community. The question, which either their parliamentary dexterity might find out, or ministerial imbecility throw in their way would, they were well aware, if abstractedly right, be not the less sedulously maintained without the doors of the House of Commons, because its principal supporters within were suspected, or even known to be interested, or ambitious men. Admitting that all Hume's cold-blooded doubts of the purity of Hampden's motives in opposing ship-money, were but too well founded, that imposition was not the less formidable to the liberties of England.

Freedom must be sustained by public principle, but, in controlling the march of despotism, a temporary, or even doubtful auxiliary, cannot always with entire convenience be rejected. Such is human nature.

The contest between Primate Stone, and Mr. Boyle,* was merely for power; but in that contest Stone sought the aid of the crown, and Boyle, who was a Whig, sought the aid of the people. It involved a question of vital magni-

* Henry Boyle, Speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland, afterwards Earl of Shannon.

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tude to the prosperity of this country; for, in these kingdoms, without constitutional liberty, where is prosperity to be found, or, if found, how long can it exist? The question regarded the right of the Commons to superintend and control the expenditure of the public money. From the augmented resources of the country, there was a surplus in the treasury, of somewhat more than £200,000, the free gift of the people through their representatives. If the public exigency, the sole object of all such gifts, was more than answered, I confess I know not what worse precedent could be established, than that which would allow the executive power, (a trustee merely) to dispose of the overplus, as that power, or in other words, ministers, thought proper. They would take care that, if possible, there should always be a redundancy. Neither the king's letter, which, in taking the money notwithstanding the contest, was arbitrary, though applied to the reduction of the public debt, nor the disposal of any revenue in subsequent sessions by the Commons, in jobs, (grossly exaggerated, however, by some writers) have any thing to do with the principle of this celebrated question. It communicated life and heat to the House of Commons of Ireland;—so rapid was the importance which it gave to that assem-

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bly, that a Borough sold, in 1754,* for three times as much as was given in 1750. Supposing the speculation a corrupt one, it proves the rising consequence of the popular branch of the legislature, when such a speculation could be made at all. More money was also expended in county elections. Whoever looks into Davenant's Political Tracts will find something similar to this springing up directly after the Revolution. There was much private corruption, but there was also a lofty public principle, and liberty altogether predominant and progressive.

Thus matters stood in Ireland, when Lord Charlemont returned there.

* Private Letters.

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1755.

WE must now turn our eyes almost entirely to England, or to Ireland. After a long absence of more than nine years, Lord Charlemont returned to his native country. The period at which he arrived here was, if not so interesting as the two preceding years, still peculiarly critical, and sufficient to engage all the attention of a young nobleman like him, who, though enamoured of the fine arts, and enjoying the society of those on the Continent, and in England, whose taste and habitudes were congenial to his own, still never lost sight of Ireland, or his duty to his country. Whilst abroad, amidst the gaieties of youth, and all the fashion of that day, his character was in some measure, already established here. It is certain, that he was very generally talked of, and splendid hopes were entertained of his being one day an ornament to Ireland. Lord Chancellor Jocelyn, a

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grave and excellent magistrate,* whose panegyric was never idly bestowed, spoke of him, on all occasions, as a young person of whom he entertained the best expectations. He had seen several of Lord Charlemont's letters, as well as the letters of many persons which related to him. Other distinguished personages held the same language. These were testimonies of real value, and required no slight exertion of acquirements, just propriety, and, in some measure, brilliancy of conduct to support. Nor were the Muses silent on this occasion. Many congratulatory verses were addressed to him, by those who cultivated literature and poetry, who seemed rather to indulge the effusions of their own sensibility, or re-echo what was said by others, than to scatter any venal incense before him. I could produce some specimens of such poetic offerings, not inaptly delineating his character, and in point of composition far above mediocrity. With Irish poets, or artists, he had then little or no acquaintance; for, most singular is it, that he, whose residence was afterwards more fixed in Dublin, or near it, than that of almost any nobleman in this country,

* Private letters.

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and whose society was so cultivated, not only by the members of both Houses, but such a variety of persons in Ireland, should, for many years, feel himself almost a stranger to it. He often said, that his residing principally in Ireland, when he returned from Italy, was no small effort of patriotism; for, in no part of Europe had he so few acquaintances, or friends: and it may with truth be added, that in no part of Europe was an assembly of nobles, at that period, of so little consequence in their senatorial capacity. His particular friend, Lord Powerscourt, resided, at that time, more in England, or France, than Ireland; and the only person with whom he lived in habits of strict intimacy, on his return to this kingdom, was Mr. Richard Marlay, who has been already mentioned. But he, as his Lordship observed, was worth a million. All his other connections, Lord Powerscourt's excepted, and Mr. Pierpont Burton's, were confined to Englishmen, Irish gentlemen who spent their time chiefly in England, or foreigners: but with the latter his friendships were not many. Few persons who read these Memoirs, are, I presume, totally unacquainted with the famous political contests which so agitated this kingdom in 1753. The particular question which became the trial of strength

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between the belligerent powers, Primate Stone, and Mr. Boyle, afterwards Lord Shannon, was decided in favour of the latter. The professions, or declarations of both, were, in truth, *Re inania, aut subdola.* For, after all the tempests which shook Ireland to its centre, the King's letter drew at once all the money out of the treasury; and the Chiefs, from whom all the ferment rose, acted the same deceptive scenes which have been so often played in politics. Yet, firm and authoritative as the English ministers were in their rapid disposal of this contested public money, it is certain that they were extremely alarmed, and some of them at least, entered deeply into this self-interested quarrel. The Duke of Newcastle particularly, who, wherever he had an opportunity, was most particularly sedulous in procuring some partisans; and, as appears from authority that deserves respect, through channels the most circuitous and unexpected. Much, perhaps the most important part of the political transactions of that day, is now well known; but no inconsiderable portion of the same period still remains a secret; and could it be fairly written, a most singular political history might be given to the public. In composing these differences, however, the English cabinet acted a wise and moderate part. There were not wanting then,

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as since, politicians of firmness, as they are called by the grosser and servile part of mankind; but men, in fact, of a mischievous levity, or a stupid and sanguinary spirit. Nothing can be more salutary, or becoming, than proper resolution, at proper seasons; but the true statesman knows when to advance with a determined step, and when to recede with consistency and dignity. Several adherents of Mr. Boyle had been dismissed from their situations, but the English cabinet stopt itself in mid career. The members of that cabinet saw the difficulties with which they were surrounded; and, though perfectly convinced of the obliquity of many who opposed, they dreaded the too great success of those who combated even on their own side. Primate Stone was made use of in supporting what was fatally termed the English interest; but his intriguing and aspiring temper gave much umbrage, and cause of suspicion, to those who co-operated with him. It was in contemplation to give him an admonitory hint, that his presence, and even continued residence at his diocese, would be more agreeable to a superior personage;—other councils, however, again prevailed, and it was again suggested, that his enjoyment of a plenitude of power would be the best security of English power in Ireland. But an Ecclesiastic, in-

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vested with all the authority of the state, could not be agreeable to a Whig monarch, or a Whig administration. Mr. Boyle had given much offence to ministers, but they felt and acknowledged the superiority of his understanding. He was a Whig, allied to some of the first families of that connection, and though, on some occasions, and in a recent transaction, (the Dublin election) particularly, he had overstepped the limits of moderation, such flights were not common on his part, and it was with truth believed, that in those instances he yielded to others, and felt his error, though too late. His peculiar sphere was the House of Commons, not as an orator, but director. The management of contested elections, he took almost entirely to himself, and with such a high and firm hand, that few country gentlemen would continue a canvass, in their particular counties, without a certainty of Mr. Boyle's support, if petitioned against. He was a warm, sincere friend, and undisguised enemy; so that he was for many years relied on by ministers; for those of the most sound and comprehensive intellect preferred him to Stone, and thought that Ireland would be far safer in his hands, and give them less molestation, than in those of the Primate. To these considerations was added another,

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which, as it affected Ireland, had, perhaps, for the first time, its due weight with an English cabinet. The question with regard to the surplus, though brought forward by interested men, was, taken in the abstract, a question of much importance, and peculiarly interwoven with the privileges of the House of Commons. It made no small impression in St. Stephen's chapel, and ministers were not without apprehensions, that some members of the old Tory interest, as it was then called, would, in some shape or other, bring forward the question in the British House of Commons. That they would have been defeated by a triumphant majority, there can be no doubt; but such a victory, on such a question, could be no subject of congratulation to wise ministers. To lull the public mind to rest on such points, not to awaken it beyond perhaps the possibility of composure, was the object of their just deliberations. The right of the English Parliament to tax Ireland was then, and long after, most strenuously maintained; but to exercise that right was most wisely avoided. Even during the Tory administration of Queen Anne, when the English cabinet was defeated by the Whig interest in this kingdom, the ministers, though incensed by the opposition which they met here, and willing enough to embark in perilous and unconstitu-

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tional adventures, seemed to have shrunk from the encouragement of any such project as that of wresting the right of taxation in Ireland from the representation of Ireland. Indeed Lord Bolingbroke in one of his letters to the Duke of Shrewsbury talks ambiguously, and darkly, of what might be done by the English cabinet, if further opposed in the Irish House of Commons. Yet, in another of his letters to the same nobleman, he positively disclaims all intention of exercising any right of taxation in Ireland. The question of 1753, though it did not in any shape directly touch the privilege of taxation, was still a question that regarded the public money, and public privileges. It was not sufficient for English ministers to avoid a discussion, which even their obnoxious predecessor Bolingbroke retired from, but to go further, and, by a benign and healing policy, to close at once this dangerous and invidious question, and bring back their old coadjutors in Ireland, to the old ministerial standard. Under the influence of such sentiments, they determined to send over a nobleman, who, from the hereditary veneration attached to his name, from the love which the people of Ireland bore to his excellent father, who had preceded him not many years in the lieutenancy, his family connections with the

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Whig leaders in Ireland, and, above all, his own probity, candour, and sweetness of disposition, was most likely to compose all parties, and reconcile all differences. This was the Marquis of Hartington, son of the Duke of Devonshire. Private friendship had some share, also, in his promotion; for Mr. Fox, then in strict terms of intimacy with Lord Hartington, principally induced his Lordship to come over to Ireland, and evinced his usual good sense by such a selection. Mr. Pitt indeed seemed dissatisfied at the appointment, as it displayed his rival's preponderancy in the cabinet at such a critical and interesting juncture.

The viceroy came. Smiles and good humour resumed their influence in the drawing-room and levee, accompanied with what is not always to be found there, good faith and sincerity. That the two great political opponents should be, in some measure, brought together and obliged to coalesce, was absolutely necessary, otherwise Lord Hartington's mission was fruitless.

Lord Charlemont, though then, as it were, a stranger to Ireland, not much experienced in the ways of men, and certainly not at all in those of old, intriguing statesmen, undertook, with the

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approbation of the Lord Lieutenant, to be the mediator between them. Notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, he carried his point. He reconciled them, and the wheels of government moved on as before. That Mr. Boyle should admit him as a negotiator, can be easily accounted for; he was his relation; and, what was of far more consequence in Mr. Boyle's eyes, than all the ties of consanguinity, though himself a good-natured kinsman, Lord Charlemont had even then expended no small sums of money in his political cousin's cause. Whilst absent from Ireland, his brother, Mr. Caulfield, was set up by a gentleman, connected with his Lordship, as candidate for the county of Armagh, avowedly in Mr. Boyle's interest. That election alone cost Lord Charlemont £7,000. In the present day such an expenditure may be laughed at, but it was then regarded as extremely prodigal. As to the Primate, Lord Charlemont was acceptable to him from his manners, his accomplishments, and the accounts which he had received of him from his Grace's friends in England. He was, indeed, under no obligation to his Lordship as Mr. Boyle was, but he hoped to render Lord Charlemont under obligations to *him*, and trusted to his own knowledge in the

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arts of deception to captivate a young nobleman, or, in other words, to outwit him, as he did others, whenever an opportunity offered. His Grace's blandishments, however, did not succeed. Lord Charlemont never became tributary to him or his rival, though his interposition had united them as firm as politicians usually are. He saw through them both; but he was anxious that the tranquillity of Ireland should be restored, and that both chieftains should join in every aid to the Lord Lieutenant, whose sole object was the public utility. By raising the power of the Viceroy, he hoped to depress theirs, or circumscribe it within a proper and beneficial channel.

In the restoration of harmony to the Castle, to the House of Commons, and to Ireland, Lord Charlemont had accomplished the ends of his negotiation; but another negotiation was clandestinely pursued and effected without the least knowledge of it on his part. The articles of the negotiation were, that the Primate should have his due share of power, though not at that time, yet at no distant period; and that Mr. Boyle should be raised to the rank of Earl, with a pension of £3,000 per annum, for thirty-one

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years. "And this," says Lord Charlemont,* "was the first instance that occurred to me among many thousands to which I was afterwards witness, that the mask of patriotism is often assumed to disguise self-interest and ambition, and that the paths of violent opposition are too frequently trod as the nearest and surest road to office and emolument." His Lordship justly adds, "these frequent apostacies have been used by the corrupt as an inexhaustible source of ridicule, and even of argument, against true patriotism; the same species of false wit and false reasoning has been repeatedly urged against religion itself. But such flimsy prattle does not merit a serious confutation. As well might we say, that because there are many hypocrites, men ought not to be moral or religious."—It may not be unnecessary to remark here, that this question, however originating from motives not justifiable, first called forth the Irish mind, if I may be allowed the phrase, from that stagnant, torpid state, in which it had for so many years lain buried. The genius of one man had indeed excited such a ferment in the reign of George the First, as required all the sound sense, and superior wis-

* Private Letters.

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dom of Walpole to allay. But though the Drapier's Letters were the vigorous offspring of an exasperated, but most energetic mind, and their influence embraced every part of Ireland, still that influence predominated more in the city of Dublin than elsewhere; and the grievance which they combated seemed to be regarded in some measure as a municipal one, or more to be dreaded by the metropolis than any other portion of the kingdom. Wood's halfpence were in truth, as has been already stated, not so formidable as Swift thought proper to represent them; but the demolition of that man's patent, or any usurpation far more terrific, was not half so salutary to the commonweal as the eternal lesson which those letters read to princes and statesmen; that, although a country may be kept in thraldom, as Ireland then certainly was, and the powers of its senate circumscribed, the prerogatives of the people can be largely sustained by the writings of an individual, if that individual is supported, as Swift was, by the liberal spirit of the people. But liberty is one thing, faction another. Let then the people maintain their just rights, and proscribe sedition. But the question of 1753 did not rest on the efforts of any pen however excellent; it was dicussed in full Parliament, with every aid which talents, or

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knowledge, no matter whether generously, or invidiously exerted, could afford it. The fire which was then kindled did not, indeed, partake of vestal purity, but it has borrowed, I trust, somewhat of vestal permanence. For, unquestionably, from that hour, the people regarded political questions more deeply; and as they respected themselves, by gradually adding to their knowledge, they were of course more attended to, and respected by their rulers. The rejection of the bill for appropriating the surplus, did not escape the sagacity of that singular, and surely very able man, Bubb Dodington. "A measure," says he, "productive of more mischiefs than I shall live to see remedied." When Lord Melcombe wrote that sentence, he saw the future in the instant; he beheld the temper of the Irish people rising into more dignified action, and their subsequent contests for national freedom crowded on his mind. He beheld the door for that freedom opened by the political obliquity of their rulers. They opened, certainly; but to shut, exceeded their power. Lord Melcombe, indeed makes use of the word *mischiefs*, for Lord Melcombe was a consummate courtier; and there are many who, with him, will adopt the word, for all contests with power, be they what they may, are regarded by some persons as

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mischiefs. But sense and spirit will discriminate.

Lord Charlemont was well acquainted with the Marquis of Hartington, and still more with his brothers, especially the late excellent Lord John Cavendish, whom he had long known when abroad. He renewed his friendship with him here, for the Marquis was accompanied by his brothers to Ireland. With them, as well as General, afterwards Marshal Conway, who was Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Charlemont lived in terms of perfect intimacy; so that, according to his own account, "the outset of his politics gave room to suppose that his life would have been much more courtly than it afterwards proved to be." From this intimacy, founded on a general congeniality of sentiments, and the promptitude and success of his negotiation with Lord Shannon (Mr. Boyle) and the Primate, his interest at the Castle was not inconsiderable, perhaps more substantial, had he exerted it, than at any subsequent period of his life. But it lay dormant in his hands. He solicited nothing for himself or his connections. His brother had chosen a military life, and the Lord Lieutenant, without the intervention, or any request whatever, of Lord Charlemont,

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presented him with a cornetcy;--the only favour, to which any stipend was annexed, which his Lordship received from government, in the course of a long life. The administration of Lord Hartington he considered as perfectly benign, and well disposed to Ireland. But truly, and even fervently, attached as he was to the Viceroy, and the House of Cavendish in general, as a public man he preserved his independence sacred and untouched. When he thought that administration was wrong, he considered it his duty, however reluctantly, to oppose it. But opposition in the Lords, feeble at any time during this period of Irish affairs, was as nothing during Lord Hartington's administration. A small band presented itself in the House of Commons, of which it is said Primate Stone was the leader; sometimes open, sometimes occult, as he chanced to verge more or less towards a restoration of power. As in the division of a spoil on a ministerial revolution, many worthless persons, or such as over-rate their services, will be disregarded, some gentlemen, who had gone every length with former administrations, and *only* joined Mr. Boyle, when they augured more favourably of his ascendancy than the Primate's, immediately joined the latter, when they found that Lord Shannon's advancement availed them

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nothing, and endeavoured to embroil administration, by bringing forward questions, which they themselves had uniformly discountenanced. But the majority of the House did not act from venal motives, when they laid aside some popular motions. They thought it best to discourage any new political combination of parties, whatever specious and decorated banners they might advance with; and thought themselves justified in postponing, not finally rejecting, measures, some of which had not been adopted in England till after long and repeated discussion, whilst othe s of a similar tendency had never been acquiesced in there, without any diminution either of public liberty, or the ancient and just reverence due to Parliament. Such were the preponderating sentiments of the leaders of the Irish House of Commons, during the Viceroyalty of Lord Hartington.

The conduct of the leaders in 1753 made a deep impression on Lord Charlemont's mind; and, from the moment of his interviews with the Primate and Lord Shannon, he most wisely resolved to be a Freeman, in the purest sense of the word. He had firmness enough to adhere to his resolution; for, though he opposed the court, he also opposed the people, whenever he perceived

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them adopting erroneous or mischievous opinions. But the bias of his mind was strongly in favour of the popular sentiment. And that this early predilection might, at some casual moments, have led him into error, though certainly not of any moment, cannot be denied: but it was a generous and patriotic feeling, untinctured with any sordidness whatever. He conceived, contrary to the opinions of many statesmen, that a liberal opposition was more necessary here than in England. The imbecility, the general depression of the kingdom, the neglect of ministers at some periods, their contempt of the country at all times—contempt not confined to them, but then diffused through every class of society in England—made it more particularly incumbent, as he thought, for some persons here to display a vigilance in favour of Ireland, as patriotic as unsubdued. When to these considerations we add the prejudices, passions, and grovelling selfishness of the commercial and manufacturing interests, more deadly to our prosperity than any English cabinet, as ministers were only controlled by such interests, when they wished to be liberal towards Ireland; such a combination of hostility against this country, not to mention our own religious feuds, too often nurtured by that hostility, may perhaps lead us to an opinion, that Lord Charlemont was by no means erroneous in

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this respect. As one, therefore, who possessed rank and property, he determined to remain independent, and, in that character, to hold out a standard, to which, if emergencies rendered it necessary, men of public spirit, and honourable principle, might, if they thought proper, resort. Commanding talents in the Senate he did not lay claim to, and therefore did not presume to guide such persons; but he could strictly say, that he would not deceive them, or the state. As an Irish nobleman, he particularly felt the subjugated state in which the House of Lords was placed, by the statute of George the First, which deprived that assembly of its rights of final judicature.

Whether it was precisely at this period, I know not, but, most certainly, in the early part of his political life, he had determined, if engaged in any law-suit, the decision of which might have been unfavourable to him, or even by a fictitious one, to bring an appeal before the Lords. He conceived that they, who had, in truth, not acquiesced in, but resisted, as far as in their power, this violent measure, were bound to, and would, receive the appeal. But a severe and continued illness prevented him from engaging in this business.—When more advanced in years,

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he used to speak of this illness as rather a fortunate one; for the House of Lords, as he discovered, would not have entertained his suit; and therefore his efforts, instead of removing, would have established the usurpation. The times also fought against him. "Neither Grattan nor Flood," as his Lordship said, speaking on this subject, "were then in Parliament, nor, if they were, would Parliament have encouraged them. My splendid, but boyish, scheme, therefore, fell to the ground." The anecdote is, however, recorded here, as a proof how long, before the year 1782, he entertained those sentiments in favour of the liberty of his country, which that illustrious period so embodied and established.

Lord Chesterfield thought proper to term the House of Lords in England, an hospital of incurables; but by what appellation he would have distinguished the Irish House of Lords at this juncture, I cannot well conceive. However, it reflects no discredit on their lordships, that, borne down as they were by a power which they could not resist, their journals, session after session, present nothing but one unvaried waste of sterility, or provincial imbecility. The proceedings of many a solemn day, in the first assembly of the kingdom, are recorded in the following brief

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chronicle: — "Prayers. Ordered, that the Judges be covered. Adjourned." But, whatever their unimportance, they seem, in the shreds and patches of their political capacity, to have been the most versatilely civil, obsequious noblemen, that could possibly exist. On the approaching departure of the Duke of Devonshire,* in 1756, they address his Grace in the following manner:—"We shall esteem ourselves greatly favoured by his Majesty, (whom God long preserve) in the continuing of your Grace in that high station you now so eminently fill. For, we are fully convinced, that your *frequent* appearance in that office will add new lustre to the reign of our royal sovereign, stability to our peace, &c." with several compliments of the like nature. The next year, 1757, the nation was engaged in war, and his Majesty had, according to their account, "an unnatural conjunction of powers to contend with." What was their Lordships' consolation? Let us attend to their address to his Majesty:—"When such formidable designs are laid to deprive us of all our constitutional rights and liberties, it must

* Lord Hartington's father died whilst the Marquis was in Ireland, and he had now become Duke of Devonshire.

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raise the *highest* and *greatest* confidence, as well as the warmest returns of gratitude and loyalty, in every Protestant bosom, to know that they are committed, by his Majesty's great wisdom and goodness, to the care of—" not the Duke of Devonshire, whose *frequent* appearance among them was to add such lustre to the throne—but the Duke of Bedford; a most respectable nobleman certainly; very dissimilar however in many points to his predecessor. But any Viceroy would at that time, or indeed long after, have been equally complimented. Such varying adulation can excite no levity, it inspires far other sentiments; it shews the malignant effect of overbearing power, degrading all within the influence of its fatal touch, and sinking the loftiest natures to one sad level of piteous servility. The ancient Greek, when enslaved, so complimented a succession of Roman proconsuls; and the modern Athenian, from his abyss of thraldom, secretly murmurs against, and publicly adulates, the chief officer of the seraglio.

John, Duke of Bedford, whose family, at the revolution, was united by blood, as well as political principle, to that of the Cavendishes, did not always, nor, I believe, often co-operate with them in Parliament; but his Grace was, like the

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Duke of Devonshire, a whig. He possessed much quickness of parts, real goodness of disposition, great warmth, and great facility of temper, which rendered him accessible to some who were totally unworthy of his confidence. Lord Charlemont lived on cordial terms, but not of such strict intimacy, with his Grace, as with the late Viceroy. The Duke's excellent qualities were always acknowledged by his Lordship; "but no wonder," he used to add, "that a secretary like Rigby, and a minister like Stone, often rendered such qualities of no avail, and tinctured them with the colour of their own peculiar habits." As an instance of this, the first session of his administration had scarcely opened, when it was stated in the House of Commons, and agreed to, "That the pensions and salaries placed on the civil establishment of Ireland, since the 23d of March, 1755, amounted to the annual sum of £28,103; that several of such pensions were granted for long and unusual terms, and several to persons not resident in the kingdom; that granting so much of the public revenue in pensions was an improvident disposition of the revenue, an injury to the crown, and detrimental to the kingdom."

It was ordered, that the House should attend

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the Lord Lieutenant, and request his Grace to transmit these resolutions to the King. The Duke's reply was, "That he could not suddenly determine whether it would be proper to transmit them or not." This was on the 12th of November, 1757; and the House, on the 14th of the same month, resolved, by a majority of twenty-one, "That all orders should be adjourned until an answer was received from the Lord Lieutenant." Rigby, alarmed at this procedure, acquainted the House, next day, "That he was desired by the Lord Lieutenant to state, that their resolutions of the 1st of November should be transmitted forthwith." Such were the early embarrassments into which the sinister advice of Stone, and, more particularly, the violent councils of Rigby, uniformly adverse to all public-spirited proceedings, precipitated the Duke. His Grace spoke frequently afterwards of his hasty refusal, in terms of unqualified regret, and with great emotion: but the same councils almost generally prevailed. Lord Charlemont was totally incapacitated, by illness, from attending Parliament in 1757; but, by the aid of Doctor Lucas, whom he always regarded, he in some measure recovered his health before the year 1760, when his attendance in the House

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was constant, and his opposition to Rigby's measures almost uniform.

A rumour very generally prevailed, during part of the Duke of Bedford's Vice-royalty, that a legislative union of both kingdoms was in contemplation. Whether any foundation for such a report existed, I know not; but it was productive of much riot, dissatisfaction, and disturbance, and contributed, for some time, to render his Grace extremely unpopular. It is not unlikely that Rigby, a man of great political shrewdness, a boon companion, and living altogether in the joyous circles of the principal men of wit and Parliamentary leaders in Ireland, should at once follow the dictates of some statesmen and his own inclinations, in recommending, at particular convivial hours, the necessity, and, according to some politicians, wisdom of such a measure. Any discourse of that nature would have been soon known in Dublin, and, from thence, throughout the kingdom. But Ireland was completely adverse to any proposition which had such a tendency. It was not however, the prospect of a union, but the general state of politics, and, to do justice to the Duke of Bedford, his own benign, generous disposition, corresponding with the enlarged views of

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some of his connections in England, which opened a more liberal communication between government and the Catholics, than had, till then, been at all experienced.

When the Lords, in their first address to the Duke, told his Grace, "That his Majesty's loyal subjects of Ireland had long wished to see the government of this kingdom delegated to the heir and descendant of the great person (Lord Russell) who had paved the way (such was their phrase) for the late glorious revolution," there was certainly the usual superabundance of court breeding in this; but it was by no means void of foundation. Many loyal persons did wish to see the descendant of Lord Russell here; but there was also too many who desired to see such an illustrious personage the Viceroy of Ireland, not with the expectation, or least wish, of meeting a more exalted protector, a more magnanimous opponent to headlong, arbitrary power, if it again reared its head, but one who might possibly display those antipathies to the very name of Catholics, which, in the hour of furious party, Lord Shaftsbury, for his own purposes, infused into the mind of Lord Russell. Undoubtedly, such antipathies gave no additional grace or strength to that illustrious patriot's just opposition to Charles the second, and his

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profligate proceedings. Greatly therefore, were such persons disappointed in the conduct of the Duke of Bedford; and equally, though agreeably, disappointed were the Catholics, in feeling the first rays of a more expanded protection beam on them, from a quarter where they least expected it.* Amidst all the profusion of Lord Bolingbroke's splendid declamation, and paucity of genuine facts, or sober reasonings, there is one circumstance as to Ireland, and some of its politicians, which is strictly true. "Without breach of charity," his Lordship observes, in his correspondence with the Duke of Shrewsbury, "it may be said, that there is a good deal of the spirit of Cromwell's agitators in the Irish Whig leaders." Too often has it been fatally felt here, to the exclusion in general, of the comprehensive policy of king William, though the most proscriptive acts against Irish Catholics are strangely sanctioned, or rather attempted to be so, by his resplendent name.

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*"Via prima salutis,
Quod minimè reris, Graiâ pandetur ab urbe."

How often does this occur in our progress through life!

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Whilst the Duke of Bedford continued here, France meditated an invasion of this country, which, as is well known, was completely baffled by the skill and bravery of Lord Hawke. His victory over Conflans prevented 12,000 men from being landed in the south of Ireland; and of five frigates, carrying twelve hundred men, destined for the invasion of our northern coasts, and to divert the attention of government, three frigates only, with about six hundred men, entered the bay of Carrickfergus, on the 21st of February, 1760. The rest was dispersed by storms. This small force was commanded by Monsieur Thurot, a very brave and intelligent man, who, sometimes as a naval officer, but much oftener as a smuggler, visited the coast of Ireland, and was perfectly acquainted with it. Thurot, in a council of war, advised, that without attending to Carrickfergus, they should immediately sail up to Belfast, a large, commercial, and very opulent town; but Monsieur de Flobert, who was at the head of the whole embarkation, differed from his colleague, and insisted, that to leave behind them such a *fortified* place as Carrickfergus, (an old half dismantled castle) would be against all military rules and precedents. Thurot adhered to his opinion. Flobert poured forth all his mi-

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litary learning, and concluded with invoking the manes of Vauban! Thurot gave way at last, and Belfast was saved from complete plunder by theories, and misplaced eloquence. A word or two, as to the French commander, may be permitted here. This Monsieur Flobert seems to have been a singular character. In bravery, simplicity, sufficiency of reading to lead him totally astray, and fancy similitudes where there were none, added to an eternal talk of the disciplines of wars, he was not unlike Fluellen, in Shakespear's Henry V. Lord Charlemont's kindness and polite attention to him had entirely engaged his affections, and when, after much difficulty, he obtained leave to go to London, he requested Lord Charlemont (who was also going there) to permit him to accompany his Lordship. When they arrived at Chester, he heard there were robbers on the road, and immediately consigned whatever money he had to the care of Lord Charlemont, being satisfied that they would not venture to attack *so great a man.* He happened to be with his Lordship in London, when some one came in and mentioned that it was positively fixed that Earl Ferrers should suffer death. Flobert was all amazement.—"Mais, mon Dieu!" said he, with the utmost eagerness, to Lord

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Charlemont, " est ce vraiment, *un mi lord,* qu'on va pendre pour avoir tuè un pauvre diable! Un maître d'hotel! un petit bourgeois."—" Oui, vraiment," replied Lord Charlemont, " et non seulement un milord, mais parent du roi."—" Parbleu!" cried Flobert, shrugging up his shoulders, " cela est assez singulier, mais, après tout, très-beau. Oui. Trés-beau en verité."

Lord Rothes, the commander-in-chief, was sent forward to the north, and the Duke was determined to follow him, as he assured Lord Charlemont, who, as governor of the county of Armagh, immediately waited on his Grace to receive his commands. From the Castle Lord Charlemont proceeded directly to Belfast, which he found as well defended as the time and circumstances would permit. " The appearance of the peasantry," said Lord Charlemont,* " who had thronged to its defence, many of whom were my own tenants, was singular and formidable. They were drawn up in regular bodies, each with its own chosen officers, and formed in martial array; some few with old firelocks, but the greater number armed with what is called

* Private papers.

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in Scotland the Loughaber axe, a sithe fixed longitudinally to the end of a long pole,—a desperate weapon, and which they would have made a desperate use of. Thousands were assembled in a small circuit; but these thousands were so thoroughly impressed with the necessity of regularity, that the town was perfectly undisturbed by tumult, by riot, or even by drunkenness." The country had poured forth its inhabitants with such rapidity and spirit, (for more than 2000 of the militia, as it was termed, but armed and clothed at their own expense, had been brought from the different northern counties) that when Lord Charlemont arrived at Carrickfergus, the enemy's forces had reimbarked, and was only waiting for a favourable wind. Flobert, and some of his officers and men, were left behind wounded. Lord Charlemont, with his usual humanity and politeness, visited them; and, by his influence and assistance, procured such accommodations, and necessaries, as, in an exasperated town, might not otherwise have been obtained. They were delighted to find a man to whom they could pour forth their complaints in their own language, and their loquacity was unlimited. A few ancient matrons of the place assured him, in terms at least as positive as querulous, that

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the violation of their property was not the only species of violation which they had to lament. He condoled with them; but to remedy their complaints was, of course, beyond his power. His presence, however, added not a little to the gallant spirit which prevailed. Though the inhabitants had sustained some loss, their invaders had not gained much; and, in a short time, the general course of affairs assumed its ordinary aspect. The incidents, therefore, on this, his first military expedition to Belfast and Carrickfergus, which he afterwards visited as the commander of thousands, were but trifling. But what he then was witness to, made a deep impression; he beheld several hundreds of peasantry rushing directly from their fields, submitting to military discipline, exposing themselves to every inconvenience, as if they had been veterans; and whilst they remained at Belfast, protecting it, without riot, without irregularity of any sort. All that had been related by various authors of the military spirit of the Irish, was recalled to his memory; whilst the appearance of the men confirmed the testimony of Spencer,* as to the gallant bearing and military port of Irishmen. Their native ardor, at that moment,

* See his View of the State of Ireland.

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proved to him how capable such men are of defending their country, if they are in peace nursed under the wing of civil wisdom, and, in war, led on to the field, by a fortitude and frankness similar to their own.

If this French force had landed in the south of Ireland, where Catholics were predominant, there is, on the whole, just reason to imagine, from respectable cotemporary evidence, that it would have been equally repelled there. It is due to the memory of Lord Chesterfield to state, that the effects of his lenient and wise administration were felt even after the period I now treat of; and the Duke of Bedford, as has been mentioned, regarded the Catholics with a benignity unknown to most of his predecessors. The despicable policy of exciting one religious sect against another, though too long familiar to Irish statesmen, was, at that moment, most happily, not practised. Irishmen were not, if I may so express it, goaded into loyalty. Uncoerced by domestic malice, and unappalled by foreign levies, they bravely seconded a brave English navy, and Ireland was saved.

The Duke of Bedford, when alluding to this invasion, in his speech from the throne, showed

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a generous, becoming candour, and did justice to his own feelings, and those of his royal master. "The spirits of his Majesty's subjects in the north of Ireland was so effectually applied, as to prevent any considerable damage to be done by the enemy, till the regular troops, which were at a distance, could be brought up, whereby the enemy was intimidated from advancing beyond the walls of Carrickfergus. This his Majesty sees, with great pleasure, and approves the spirit exerted on that occasion." On a subsequent day, the Duke proved himself not unmindful of Lord Charlemont's conduct at this critical period. When Lord Northumberland, before he set out for Ireland, was desired, in council, to offer Lord Charlemont an earldom, the Duke of Bedford took that opportunity to expatiate on his merits, and particularly dwelt on the alacrity and loyal spirit which his Lordship displayed on the landing of the French troops, in 1760. This evinced much nobleness of mind; for Lord Charlemont had opposed many of his Grace's measures in Parliament. It is also to be recorded, to the honour of the Duke's memory, that when public credit had sunk almost to the lowest depth, in the first year of his administration, he obtained a King's letter for £20,000, and relieved the distresses of the poor of the metropolis, as far per-

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haps as any Viceroy, in a similar situation, could possibly have done.

His Grace returned to England in the summer of 1760. On the 25th of October following, died his Majesty George the Second, a prince justly entitled to the respect, and grateful veneration, of his subjects. The first Lord Lieutenant appointed under the new reign, was Lord Halifax, who came to Ireland in October, 1761. It cannot be altogether uninteresting, or useless, to touch briefly on the characters of those noblemen who have successively filled, during Lord Charlemont's time, the very high station of Viceroy of Ireland. Lord Halifax was great nephew to the famous Earl of Halifax, who is perhaps, equally well known by the name of Charles Montagu; a man most servilely applauded as a poet, and most justly as a statesman. Swift insulted his memory, although he declared, that Lord Halifax was the only Whig in England whom he loved, or had a good opinion of; and Pope, having complimented him in prose, abused him in verse, too pointed, and too malignant, to be easily forgotten by the generality of mankind. Such is the candour of professed satirists. His successor, the Viceroy now alluded to, inherited no small portion of his abilities, as

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well as his ambition. He was a nobleman of great elegance of person, and of manners; in short, thoroughly versed in the trade of a refined, eloquent courtier, and an intelligent, useful man of business. He was attended to Ireland by a gentleman who derived no celebrity from his ancestors, however respectable, but was the founder of his own fame and fortune. This was Mr. Gerard Hamilton—eminent for his very singular talents, and as much distinguished by his speech, as his silence in the House of Commons. The uncommon splendor of his eloquence, which was succeeded by such inflexible taciturnity in St. Stephen's Chapel, became the subject, as might be supposed, of much, and idle speculation. The truth is, that all his speeches, whether delivered in London or Dublin, were not only prepared, but studied, with a minuteness and exactitude of which those who are only used to the carelessness of modern debating, can scarcely form any idea. Lord Charlemont, who had been long and intimately acquainted with him, previous to his coming to Ireland, often mentioned that he was the only speaker, among the many he had heard, of whom he could say, with certainty, that all his speeches, however long, were written and got by heart. A gentleman, well known to his lord-

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ship and Hamilton, assured him that he heard Hamilton repeat, no less than three times, an oration, which he afterwards spoke in the House of Commons, and lasted almost three hours As a debater, therefore, he became as useless to his political patrons as Addison was to Lord Sunderland, and, if possible, he was more scrupulous in composition than even that eminent man. Addison would stop the press to correct the most trivial error in a large publication; and Hamilton, as I can assert, on indubitable authority, would recall the footman, if, on recollection, any word, in his opinion, was misplaced or improper, in the slightest note to a familiar acquaintance. Painful pre-eminence! Yet this weigher of words, and balancer of sentences, was most easy and agreeable in conversation. He passed his time, except with unnecessary anxiety as to his literary fame, unembarrassed and cheerful, among a few select friends of either sex; (to the fair sex he rendered himself peculiarly acceptable,) intriguing statesmen, and grave philosophers. Johnson highly valued him, and was never slow or reluctant in acknowledging the superiority of his talents, or the generosity of his disposition, towards those whom he valued and admired. Lord Charlemont was the person who first introduced Edmund Burke to Hamilton, an introduc-

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tion which, I believe, led to Burke's subsequent fortune. These extraordinary men were afterwards at variance, and Lord Charlemont, being a friend to each, was chosen mediator in their whimsical quarrel, as his Lordship termed it. But whence that quarrel arose, or what was its conclusion, I know not.

It happened that at the time Lord Halifax was appointed Chief Governor of Ireland, Lord Charlemont was in London, where he resided constantly, when the Irish Parliament was not sitting. An event took place at this period, which, though seemingly unimportant at first, involved, as Lord Charlemont conceived, to a certain degree, the honour of Ireland, as the prerogatives of its nobility must always be connected with the national rank and character. The Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh had been happily chosen as the consort of his Majesty, and was daily expected in London. A number of the Irish Peeresses was there just at that time, and as a matter of course, they were prepared to walk in the procession at the royal nuptials; when a short time before the Queen landed, the Duchess of Bedford received orders to acquaint them, that they were not to walk, or form any part of the ceremonial whatever! That they were most justly mortified at such an uncourtly, and unexpected

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mandate, even the most rugged philosopher must allow. To bid fair ladies "lay their costly robes aside," on such an occasion; to exclude the noble-women of Ireland from sharing in the honours of an august ceremony, which equally interested both nations, was exposing them to ridicule, and Ireland, whose Peeresses they were, to contempt and degradation. They applied therefore, to Lord Charlemont, to interest himself in their behalf, and vindicate the rights and privileges of the Irish Peerage. Too young then, and too well bred at any period of his life, not to obey the commands of ladies, had any thing been wanting to ensure such obedience, their bright eyes, of course, rained influence, and decided him as to the business. So forth he issued, their proclaimed and adventurous champion. To such of the nobility as were then in town he immediately addressed himself; but, alas! his chivalrous ardor was most miserably, or rather not at all, seconded. That, from long habitude, depressed, and neglected, they should cease to feel as patriots, or even for their own body, was nothing extraordinary; but that, as Irish gentlemen, they should not feel, when the rights of ladies, and their own countrywomen too, or the wives of their countrymen, were concerned, is passing strange. Whether they did not chuse

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to give offence, or whether any of them might unfortunately have recollected, that some of their predecessors had been once maliciously told, that they could not expect to walk at any royal procession, except a funeral, as they would *then* be in their proper station, as Irishmen, and might *howl* as much as they pleased; but, in short, they declined all interference, all tilts, and joustings whatever on the occasion, and left Lord Charlemont to enter the lists alone. Such is servitude! Let Irish ladies, therefore, (as, to do them justice, they are ever most patriotically inclined) always exert their just influence in preventing their lords from deviating from political rectitude; as this instance alone must prove, that slaves are unworthy their regards, and that those who are timid, and negligent of the best rights, or any rights of Ireland, will be equally supine, equally neglectful, of theirs.

At last, however, Lord Charlemont found one nobleman, Lord Middleton, whom this piteous torpor did not reach. He attended Lord Charlemont to Bushy Park, (the residence of the Earl of Halifax) and stated the matter to his Lordship. The Viceroy met their wishes with a politeness equal to their own, and immediately waited on his Majesty, to whom he hum-

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bly submitted this claim of the Irish ladies. His Majesty's answer, as might be expected, was most gracious and condescending. But the note of Lord Halifax, which stated the King's benignity as it deserved, stated also, that a council was ordered to be summoned next day, before whom precedents, to establish the claim, should be laid; and Lord Charlemont was, to his great astonishment and distress, ordered to furnish such precedents. A young nobleman of fashion is generally not very conversant with the Herald's office; precedents, and all the solemn records of similar pageantries, were terra incognita to him. The time drew near; his embarrassment was extreme. To desert the women he could not think of; but how to produce these tremendous precedents, he knew not. At last Lord Egmont came into his recollection. That nobleman, whom he had long known, could, he was well convinced, give him notable assistance.—Early the next morn was the grave Earl of Egmont's bedchamber besieged by Lord Charlemont; when, after a thousand apologies, (Lord Egmont was not out of bed) he stated his errand. Never were errand or communication, more acceptable. Lord Egmont had, as is well known, excellent talents, and well adapted to the discharge of the highest public duties; but

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they embraced a variety of objects; and in the genealogy of several British, or Irish families, he was as particularly conversant, as Atticus is stated to have been in that of the great Roman houses, the Marcelli, the Claudii, and others. His heraldic knowledge was also singularly minute and circumstantial; and, on points of precedence, or adjusting the slow and solemn steps of exalted personages, at public ceremonials, neither Mowbray, nor Lancaster Heralds, Blue Mantle, or Rouge Dragon, could venture to approach his Lordship.

He entered immediately into the subject, panegyrized Lord Charlemont for the part he had taken, and added, that he hoped he might without vanity say, that he was as fit a person as his Lordship could apply to, as he had written an essay, or book, on the rights of the Irish Peerage. He arose, furnished Lord Charlemont with the desired precedents, which, as the council met early, were transmitted to Lord Halifax, most miserably, and ill-favouredly written.

It will be scarcely credited, but it is most strictly true, that the claim was not only opposed, but even with virulence. The old Lord Delawar was furious against it. Lords Halifax

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and Talbot were for it. Such were the debates, and so balanced were the parties, that the council broke up, and decided nothing. Lord Egmont's precedents could not, in truth be set aside; but the pertinacity of some Lords was invincible. At last his Majesty most generously put an end to the unworthy contest, and issued his order, that, at the ensuing ceremonial, the Irish nobility should walk according to their respective ranks; that is, Irish Marquisses, or Earls, after British Marquisses, and so on.

Lord Charlemont, disgusted at the opposition to a claim so reasonable, resolved, as far as in him lay, that it should be above all cavil in future, and by his interference, several Irish nobility of every rank walked, and their names were inserted in the ceremonial. This business made a great noise in London; and, whilst it was depending, Lady Hervey, to whom Lord Charlemont had the honour of being known, as all the celebrated men of rank and talents in London or Paris then were, assured him, that Lord Bute conversed with her frequently on the claim which had been instituted; that he considered it as perfectly well-founded, and highly applauded Lord Charlemont's conduct throughout the whole of the negotiation. Some pro-

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positions, but rather indistinct, were then made by the minister to Lord Charlemont, as to the Irish nobility walking at the ensuing coronation; they underwent some discussion, but were afterwards dropped. This contest, according to Lord Charlemont, clearly evinced the propensity of some English statesman, in those days, to dispute the rights of Ireland in every instance, even in comparatively unimportant matters. The recollection of it was never effaced from his mind, and had some influence on his Parliamentary conduct at a subsequent period. If, therefore, some persons frown at the length of this detail, I can only endeavour to propitiate them, by observing, that the unwise opposition to so slight, but just claim of the Irish Peeresses, was thus, in some measure, the foundation of the independence of Ireland. It is not the first time that the claims of ladies, whether ill or well founded, and their dissatisfaction at being excluded from honours and distinctions, which others of their sex, or of birth not more illustrious than their own, were in possession of, have caused no slight changes in the countries to which they belonged. When the young Fabia, as we learn from Livy, accidentally discovered that, though married into a noble family, she was not permitted to enjoy distinctions and rank, similar to those of her

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sister, her mortification was only terminated by a most considerable change in the Roman state —the admission of Plebeians to the consulate: and thus have great alterations often arisen from events not the least likely, at first sight, or to a common observer, to be any way capable of producing them.

The door of communication between a Lord-Lieutenant and the Catholics, too long, and inauspiciously closed, had, as already stated, been partly opened during the late Viceroyalty. It was now proposed to open it somewhat wider. A measure was brought forward in the House of Commons, which plainly evinces that the English government was resolved to do *something* with regard to the Catholics, and the Irish legislature, at that time, was resolved to do nothing. As it is well known that Lord Charlemont differed from many of his friends, on what may be generally termed the Catholic question, and did not change his sentiments in that respect till late in life,—in truth, he never abandoned them altogether—it may be matter of curiosity to trace the course of his feelings in this momentous business. Fortunately I am enabled to give his own opinion in his own words, not merely of the measure immediately

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to be touched on, but also of the state in which the Catholics then stood; the disinclination of far the major part of the Protestants to concede any thing to them, the furious and malignant hostility of some of the Irish leaders to their countrymen, and the mistaken policy of a powerful English administration, in not opposing that hostility. It is to be observed, that Lord Charlemont continued, as usual, perfectly independent: and though, as to regular opposition, if it may be so termed, there was none, still there were a few in both Houses who resisted some parliamentary measures, not without success, and prevented government, in some instances, from doing mischief.

—"One measure, proposed by the Earl of Halifax's administration," says Lord Charlemont, "was not, I confess, so disagreeable to me as it* certainly was to the majority of Irish Protestants. The situation of the Catholic gentry of Ireland was, at this time, truly deplorable. The hostile statutes enacted against them, however their necessity may have ceased, were still unrepealed; and, respecting devise and

* Private Letters.

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inheritance, they laboured under the greatest hardships. In time, however, it might be hoped that these difficulties would be palliated, or perhaps removed; but they were subjected to one inconvenience, which seemed to be so interwoven with the existence of a Protestant interest and government, that sound policy, and, indeed, necessity, must for ever prevent its being remedied. Their sons were destitute of profession; the only occupation left them was foreign service, and of this they availed themselves; but as the French service, in which a national brigade had been formed for their reception, was that to which they most frequently resorted, they often found themselves compelled to fight against their king and their country, and to exercise their native valour to the destruction of that soil from whence it was derived. At this time, when we were involved in a war with Spain, the Portuguese, then esteemed the natural allies of Great Britain, had warmly solicited some effectual and permanent aid from the English court, and a plan was formed to comply with their request, by suffering them to raise, among the Catholics of Ireland, six regiments, to be officered with Irish gentlemen of the same persuasion, and taken into the pay of Portugal. To this effect a

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motion was made in the House of Commons, by Secretary Hamilton, and supported by a torrent of eloquence which bore down all before it. Never had such an oration been uttered within those walls; and if, in the more attic times of our rising state, it may have been surpassed, the superior dignity and importance of the subjects have assisted our more modern orators full as much as their superior abilities. The measure, however, was warmly opposed; the danger was alleged of suffering so great a number of Catholics to be arrayed, armed, and disciplined, who, though in a distant and friendly service, might, at some unforeseen, but possible crisis, return to their native land, to the manifest danger of the Protestant interests in church and state. It was also said, that Ireland could not spare so many of her inhabitants; that the south and west, where these recruits would principally be raised, were thinly peopled; and that the cultivation of those countries would be checked, if not entirely annihilated. Though I felt the weight of these arguments, the liberality of the plan was so pleasing to a youthful heart, free from prejudice, and deeply impressed with the wretched situation of my Catholic countrymen, that I could not help wishing its success; and the bigotted zeal, which evidently appeared to

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be the real basis of the opposition, undoubtedly added strength to my wishes. The force of the first argument was lessened by the consideration that, of these intended regiments, the officers, at least, would be no very considerable accession to the Popish array, since it was more than probable, that the majority of them would consist of gentlemen already disciplined, who would willingly quit the Irish brigades, for a friendly and legal service; and thus far the measure would operate favourably, as we should be enabled to recal our brave countrymen from the service of our enemies; and, at least, to direct the course of that valour which our unfortunate circumstances forbad us to employ in our own behalf. The loss of inhabitants was not much; the defalcation of three thousand men could scarcely be supposed capable of annihilating the cultivation of two great provinces; neither did *they* seem well entitled to the benefit of this argument, by whose oppression double the number was annually compelled to emigration; and it was but too evident that a principle of the most detestable nature lay hidden under this specious mode of reasoning. The Protestant Bashaws of the South and West, were loth to resign so many of those wretches, whom they looked upon, and treated, as their slaves. When abroad I

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had been intimately acquainted with many of my countrymen in foreign service, and never knew one who did not regret the horrid necessity of bearing arms occasionally against his country. My most particular friend, the brave, and truly amiable general O'Donnell, when speaking on this subject has often wept.

"These circumstances may certainly have biassed my judgment; and, though contrary to my wishes in some degree, it was not, perhaps, imprudent or impolitic, that this measure, which undoubtedly might have been carried, was finally given up by government. Yet, whatever may have been the prudence of a concession so unusual in Irish administration, I cannot give them much credit for it, since the real cause of their forbearance most certainly was, that, of the great undertakers for government in the House of Commons, some of the most powerful were Southern Bashaws, whose prejudices were to be respected, and whose wishes were not to be controverted."

Such was Ireland at that time; but I must observe, that many who took the lead then in Parliament, and the Irish councils, were by no means tinctured with this sad malignity. Mr.

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Malone, and others, were too wise, too liberal; and it really must excite some astonishment that they were enabled to uphold the English government at all, with that government not always disposed towards them, the mass of the people generally dissatisfied with them, and English councils; whilst the Provincial Bashaws, as Lord Charlemont justly calls them, lent to a sanguinary code new severities of their own, and almost gave to the battles of more than half a century past, all their concomitant terrors. It is impossible not to contemplate, with satisfaction and gratitude, the change which has since taken place; the almost entire abolition of that iron code, and those iron manners which it necessarily engendered; for, surely, till the united Irishmen began their sad work of desolation, a most beneficial metamorphosis had taken place in the public mind of Ireland, and we did not regard each other with that hereditary scowl, and descendible mien of disgust, and alienation, which so long deformed the countenances of Irishmen. As the rebellion which lately took place did not owe its rise to any relaxation of the great penal code against Catholics, so neither would the restoration (as some basely and foolishly counsel) of that code prevent its recurrence. But the most salutary laws must have

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time to take root; and if that wise melioration of the Catholic system was too newly adopted to withstand a revolution, which, in its course, (such is the will of Providence) crumbled potentates, princes, and principalities to atoms, who can be surprized? Who does not know, with what slowness and reluctance, prejudice and ignorance give way even to the most enlightened benignity? and that, however gratitude may take place in our bosoms, for benefits at length conferred, the quickness of its growth will not always equal the keen remembrance of our oppression, especially if that oppression has at some periods, been uncouthly, or awkwardly removed.

When an English administration attempted, in the manner we have described, to break, not the chain, but the slightest link of that chain, which separated Irishman from Irishman, and Ireland almost from Great Britain, it was an effort of unmixed policy and benignity. Political necessity, or a deplorable vicissitude in our affairs, had no share in it whatever. The preeminence of England was then at its height. Allied to America, which she had so well defended, France every where humbled, and even tremblingly anxious for a close of hostilities; to a nation covered with the spoils of war, and re-

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echoing only the songs of triumph, the depressed and subjugated Catholic could not give one anxious or uneasy moment. Superior political sagacity, regarding the brilliancy of that day with the glow of transport, but provident of the future, might indeed contemplate a possible change of scene with emotion, and look for no slight support in such a change, from a countenance of favour to the catholics, and gradual union of all ranks, or classes in Ireland. But such political prescience, and wary conduct, are not often to be found, and, least of all, in the hour of great prosperity. Some dawnings however of that light, appear in the measure proposed, and it is to be lamented that they were so soon obscured. But England for a century past, and indeed much longer, seems not to have known, or wished to know, much of the real situation of Ireland, or the principal characters who, whether of more or less importance, presided in it. With some resemblance to persons who read merely for occasional company and conversation, without drinking deep of the springs of any knowledge whatever, the acquaintance of her ministers with this country seems to have arisen from gleams, and snatches, from the casual report of the day, some temporary, and too often, time-serving, distorted dispatch. It sprung up with,

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and was adapted to, the pressure of the moment, and with that pressure it soon faded away. When England rose to superior greatness and splendour, too many of those ministers superciliously and ungraciously turned themselves from us; when it was overwhelmed with calamity, they precipitately and ungraciously conceded. "We never had leisure to think of that country, (Ireland) when we were in power," says Swift in one of his letters to Lord Bolingbroke. A sentence which, as far as it goes, is no unfaithful portrait of most English ministers since his time.

A new scene has now opened to England; she has lost America, much of her influence on the continent, and expended, in her wars with France, sums, of which our ancestors could not form any idea whatever. But she has framed a legislative union with Ireland, and France seems resolved, notwithstanding that momentous event, to separate the two countries, if ever it is in her power so to do. Baffled, as I trust all such efforts will be, it is now more particularly the bounden duty of England to look to Ireland. Every circumstance with regard to our civil or religious polity should be attended to. Our domestic manners, our domestic history. To form an exact and comprehensive judgment of such subjects,

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a knowledge of the present fleeting hour, or the actors now on the political scene, will be totally inadequate, without some acquaintance also with what has already past, and the eminent men who for the last half century, have taken the lead in the legislative councils of Ireland.

The voice indeed of the Irish senate was seldom heard on the continent, and, it is to be lamented, but too feebly and indistinctly in Great Britain. Beyond the precincts of this kingdom, any record, however brief, of the transactions of that parliament, or those who were most conspicuous in it, will, in all probability, be rather uninteresting. If debates on the most important subjects at Westminster, soon fade from the memory, or cease to be objects of particular regard; if, as Mr. Burke has justly observed, most of the deliberations in Sir Robert Walpole's time, compared to those of the present day, are mere parochial discussions, how little can the history of local and limited politics occupy or engage the attention of the generality of readers? Yet the politics of Ireland have now, for many centuries, been interwoven with those of Great Britain, and its best interests. Even to those, whose solicitude for the general welfare of the empire is not augmented by any legislative duty, it may be

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matter of historic, certainly of liberal curiosity, to acquire some knowledge of the eminent men, who, with the aid of British statesmen, often without it, and under too many discouragements of every sort, domestic or external, influenced the deliberations of the Irish Parliament, and, in truth, preserved the connection between the two countries. Many of them were men of such experience, of intellect so seasoned, so wary, so provident, so mixed with political knowledge, and improved by exertion, that an entire delineation of their characters would be more suited to the writer of Irish affairs in general, than Memoirs like these. But to sketch some of the most prominent features of their minds, their habits, their political qualifications, and parliamentary history, may not be altogether uninteresting. Such parts of this work can scarcely be called digressions, or if so, they must, I think, be rather approved of than condemned. They will enable the reader to form a more accurate idea of the period in which Lord Charlemont lived, and he will be known much better, when we view, at the same time, many of those who are thus placed around him, whether statesmen, personal or political friends, or political opponents. Their history will, sometimes, best elucidate his.

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At the time that Lord Halifax visited Ireland, with Mr. Hamilton as his Secretary, eloquence, or at least the higher species of it, that faculty which whilst it instructs, animates, and impels the mind almost as it pleases, was, in general, disregarded. A certain degree of political ferment is necessary to the existence of oratory, and when the state becomes torpid, oratory will soon be equally so. The blaze which had been excited in 1753 was no more seen. The Chiefs who fanned that flame were completely gratified by the court, and had not the least inclination to indulge the public with such spectacles longer than suited their own sinister ambition. At this memorable period, Anthony Malone* had taken a part, such as might be expected from the pre-eminence of his intellectual powers; but, as it was the greatest, so it was, I believe, the last of his oratorial triumphs. Happily for the public, who derived such benefit from his forensic labours, the vigor of his mind remained unbroken almost to the hour of his dissolution; but though he sometimes spoke in the House of Commons, no occasion presented itself, or, in his opinion, a similar exertion of his unrivalled

* Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. &c. in Ireland.

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talents was not requisite. It is to be observed that, though an excellent scholar, educated at Christ-church, Oxford, where he distinguished himself, he always spoke with more force than elegance. Refinement of language was not to be found in parliament at this time, nor for many years preceding. So far from it, that an unlettered style, almost approaching to coarseness and vulgarity, was the only one permitted by the House of Commons. Some of the old members, (such is the force of habit) insisted, that business could not be carried on in any other, and the young members, till Mr. Hutchinson appeared, would not venture to contradict them. The *genuine business* of the House will always remain in the hands of a few, but parliamentary *speaking* was, in those days, confined also to a *few;* the Secretary, the leading commissioners of the revenue, the attorney-general, and one or two grave serjeants at law. Men of sterile, and almost interminable rhetoric. If a contested election, or some such question, called forth the exertions of the gentlemen last mentioned, they never thought of closing their speeches, till repeated hints from their party obliged them so to do. If, to the dismay of the House they rose near midnight, they were as certain, though sad harbingers of day, as " the

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bird of dawning" ever was. The House was astonished at the laborious constancy of such men, and often resigned all speaking to them, in a kind of absolute despair.

John Hely Hutchinson, father to the Earl of Donoughmore, and Lord Hutchinson, introduced a classical idiom into the House of Commons. No member was ever more extolled, and more in fashion than he was on his first appearance there. He opposed government upon almost every question, but his opposition was of no long continuance.—As an orator, his expression was fluent, easy, and lively; his wit fertile and abundant; his invective admirable, not so much from any peculiar energy of sentiment, or diction, as from being always unclogged with any thing superfluous, or which could at all diminish the justness and brilliancy of its colouring. It ran along with the feelings of the House, and never went beyond them. He saw what the House could bear, and seemed to take the lead in directing their resentment rather than in pointing his own. On such occasions he sunk, as it were, into a temporary oblivion of his own disposition, (for he was naturally very irritable) and appeared free from all unseemly impetuosity, indulging the keenest wit, equally within the

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rules of the House, and the limits of decorum. The consequence of this assumed calmness was, that he never was stopped. The House was paid such deference to, that it could not, and received so much entertainment, that it would not interfere. The members for a long time remembered his satire, and the objects of it seldom forgave it.

In his personal contests with Mr. Flood, (and in the more early part of their parliamentary career they were engaged in many,) he is supposed to have had the advantage. The respect which he uniformly observed towards the House, and the style of his speaking, might have contributed somewhat to this. His oratory was of that gayer kind which captivates an Irish auditory, and incorporated itself more easily with the subjects which, at that period, engaged the attention of the House of Commons. It was therefore, without derogating at all from his talents, the contention of Demosthenes and Hyperides, on points where we may justly conclude, from the character of those two eminent Athenians, Hyperides must have been superior. To Flood's anger, Hutchinson opposed the powers of ridicule, to his strength he opposed refinement, to the weight of his oratory, an easy, flexible

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ingenuity, nice discrimination, and graceful appeal to the passions. As the debate ran high, Flood's eloquence alternately displayed austere reasoning, and tempestuous reproof; its colours were chaste, but gloomy; Hutchinson's, on the contrary, were of "those which April wears," bright, various, and transitory; but it was a vernal evening after a storm, and he was esteemed the most successful, because he was the most pleasing.

In every thing that he said in the House of Commons, he seemed to have a great sense of public propriety; he was not tedious, but he sometimes enlarged on subjects more than was necessary, a defect which his enemies criticised with peculiar severity. But Mr. Gerrard Hamilton, (than whom a better judge of public speaking has seldom been seen,) observed, that he was that speaker, who, in his support of government, had always something to say which gratified the House, "He can go out in all weathers," continued Mr. Hamilton, "and as a debater is therefore inestimable."

He had attended much to the stage, and acquired a clearness and propriety of intonation, that gave what he said great impression. In his

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younger days he lived in great habits of intimacy with Quin, who admired his talents, and improved his elocution.

From some of his coadjutors he differed in one respect particularly; he never recommended a bad measure, that he might display an obtrusive and vulgar zeal for government, nor appeared a champion for British interest in preference to that of his own country. He always spoke of it with respect and affection; and as in the course of time questions came forward, which, when he first engaged in business, Parliament would have shrunk from, he was not awed into silence, but supported them all. The Octennial bill, the Free Trade, the Catholic bill, in which he was followed with hereditary talents and spirit, and latterly the Parliamentary reform. On the last-mentioned subject he spoke with no diminished powers; time had, indeed, changed his manner, but it was the placid manner of dignified age, and the House seemed to listen to him with peculiar and grateful satisfaction. His acceptance of the provostship of Trinity College was an unwise step; injurious to his peace, and almost clouding every prospect in his profession, the highest honors of which he would, in all probability, have otherwise attained. After

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a long enjoyment of Parliamentary fame, it was then said, that he was no speaker; and after the most lucrative practice at the bar, that he was no lawyer. But the public ultimately decides with propriety and candour. All the force of wit and talents arrayed against him in his academical quarrels, could not authenticate these supposed discoveries of his want of knowledge and ability; his country thought far otherwise, and his reputation as a man of genius, and an active, well-informed statesman, remained undiminished to the last.

He was a man of high spirit; when he left opposition in 1760, and took the prime serjeantcy, some of his enemies attempted to attack him in the House of Commons; but he asserted himself with such a lofty and firm tone, that it was thought prudent to attack him no more. In private life he was amiable, and in the several duties of father and husband, most exemplary.

Sir Richard Cox, one of the commissioners of the revenue, took a lead in the House of Commons at this time,—a man of sound sense, and who always spoke with a perfect knowledge of his subject. A late under-secretary of state

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in England, (Mr. William Knox)* who was bred under him, speaks highly of his talents and aptitude for business. As a public speaker, he was particularly fluent, but inelegant, setting the graces perpetually at defiance, never, as an eminent person once said of him to me, at a loss for a word, and that word always a bad one. But good sense, in whatever homely garb it may be dressed, will eventually find its way, and establish, though late, its just authority over the minds of men. Many harmonious triflers, who were his contemporaries, and whose natural presumption, augmented beyond all bounds by the silly plaudits of some of their auditors, made them regard Sir Richard as a Scythian compared to themselves, soon beheld a long night of oblivion close over their heads, whilst the clear understanding, and profound, though unadorned, knowledge of Cox, are still remembered with respect.

* A most intelligent well-informed gentleman, who for many years served the public, in his official situation, with equal zeal and ability. His correspondence in 1778, with Sir Lucius O'Brian, Lord Pery, Sir Richard Heron, &c. &c. in which he displays a perfect intimacy with Irish affairs, and an honest anxiety for the advancement of the commercial interests of Ireland, has been published.

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Francis Andrews, Provost of the University of Dublin, and one of the Privy Council in Ireland, is entitled, from the superiority of his talents, and the conspicuous part which, for several years he acted in the politics of this country, to particular notice. He was elected Fellow of Trinity College in 1741, and succeeded Dr. Baldwin, as provost, in 1758. It is pretty generally known that, in the more early part of his life, he was the friend and admirer of Mrs. Woffington, that celebrated woman, who, when we reflect on her beauty, her acquirements, the fascinating powers of her conversation, and the influence which she possessed over the minds of some men of the most exalted understandings, may be justly considered as the Aspasia of these kingdoms. This connection is merely alluded to, as the popular prints of that day insisted, that Andrews owned his advancement to the successful exertion of her interest; an assertion than which nothing had ever less foundation. Baldwin was a Whig. As Toryism predominated in the University at the time of his appointment, the statesmen of that period, in order to eradicate Jacobite principles, supported him in all his academical proceedings, and it is certain that he ruled over that respectable seminary with almost unlimited sway. But though an absolute, he was a deco-

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rous sovereign; and, some few instances excepted, did not abuse his power. The same may be said, and at least with equal truth, of his successor. Doctor Duigenan, who knew him well, and was a fellow of Trinity College during part of his provostship, has told us, and justly, that he governed the university for many years with great reputation.

He represented his native city of Derry in Parliament, and soon became a leading member; for he spoke often, and always with unquestioned ability. He was devoted to the court system. *Principibus placuisse viris*, was the avowed maxim on which he acted, and with peculiar success certainly, for few men ever rendered themselves more acceptable to the great; not merely to statesmen, or those who had it in their power to serve him, but to the gay, and fashionable part of the higher orders; and such was the versatility of his talents, that when in Italy he no less charmed, and almost astonished, the learned professors of Padua, by his classical attainments, and the uncommon quickness, purity, and ease, with which he addressed, and replied to them in the Latin language, than he captivated our young men of rank, then resident at Rome, by his lively and accommodating wit,

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his agreeable, useful, and miscellaneous knowledge.

Yet his manners were not refined; Sir Robert Walpole would have relished them more than Lord Chesterfield; but they were frank and open, accompanied with so much good humour, good nature, and real benevolence, that he had few, if any, personal enemies. He was fond of, and indulged in the pleasures of the table, but he added to the number of his friends; and, when the chair of the House of Commons was vacant, by the resignation of the late Mr. Ponsonby, in 1771, he displayed the extent of his influence, in that assembly, by the election of his friend Mr. Pery to the office of Speaker, who, though eminently qualified for such a station, was much indebted to Andrews for his just promotion. Two men of more dissimilar habits perhaps never existed; yet the most cordial union subsisted between them from their earliest days to the year 1774, when Lord Pery witnessed the last mournful scene of Andrews' life at Shrewsbury. He was deeply regretted; and Rigby, who loved him, who was delighted with his colloquial powers, as his own were pre-eminent,* wept like a child at the intelligence of his death.

* The loss of this gentleman's society and conversation was,

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For some time before he died, he grew weary of politics. To an intimate friend he expressed his concern that he had relinquished his profession, (the law,) for the Provostship. It is equally certain that he considered his necessary academical engagements as totally incompatible with those of a political nature, and lamented the ardor with which he had engaged in the latter. In the disposition of his property he shewed an unfeigned respect for the University, bequeathing a considerable sum for the foundation of an observatory, and the cultivation of astronomical science.

He first sat in Parliament for Midleton, in the county of Cork, and was sworn in as member for that borough, 29th October, 1759. That most amiable and excellent young nobleman, Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, father of the late and present Duke of Bedford, took his seat in the Irish House of Commons on the same day, as representative of Armagh. It is but a just tribute

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a few years before, and on a very different occasion, lamented by his former friend, the good-natured, and unsuspecting Lord Holland.

"But, Rigby, what did I for thee endure?
"Lost converse!—Never thought on without tears!
See Lord Holland's verses on his return from Italy.

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to departed worth, to add here, that during the residence of the Marquis in Ireland, he engaged the affections and esteem of every one who had the honor of being known to him, by the politeness and sweetness of his manners, and uniform propriety of his behaviour. His father was, at that time, and in the year 1757, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Tavistock, as is well known, died by a fall from his horse in hunting. During the autumn of the following year, (1768,) the Duke of Bedford visited Dublin, and was installed Chancellor of the University with much solemnity and magnificence, in the old hall of Trinity College. Dr. Andrews, then Provost, made an inaugural speech on the occasion, which was much admired, especially that part of it where he alluded, with a generous and affecting tenderness, to the melancholy event of the preceding year; it was short, and mingled with that respect to the feelings of the Duke, which his presence, and the moment naturally required. I remember it well; and the very different sentiments with which I soon after read that part of the letter of Junius, which, with a cruelty, I believe, unparalleled, brought before an aged parent his lost and only son, to grieve still more his wounded heart. To describe such atrocity as it deserves, even the language of Junius himself

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would be inadequate. The Duke's journey to Ireland was, as I have been well assured, in a great measure undertaken to afford some relief to his mind, though his satirist says, that he addressed him because he felt nothing; but, to the malign coldness of a determined party-writer, nothing is venerable or sacred; nor truth nor sorrow.

Philip Tisdall, Attorney-General, cannot be omitted in a work of this kind. The singularity of his talents and temperament demand a more peculiar delineation of his character. He came into Parliament in the year 1739, as representative of the University of Dublin. This respectable situation he occupied, though* not without some trouble, and much personal obloquy, at every election, to the time of his death, in 1777.

He had an admirable, and most superior understanding; an understanding matured by years,

* He was opposed at his first election by Mr. M'Caulay, a good lawyer, and respectable man. Dean *Swift* supported M'Cauley, who on the casting up of the poll, had a majority of votes, but the court-party set his election aside, and declared Tisdall the sitting member.

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by long experience, by habits with the best company from his youth; with the bar, with Parliament, with the state. To this strength of intellect was added a constitutional philosophy, or apathy, which never suffered him to be carried away by attachment to any party, even his own. He saw men and things so clearly; he understood so well the whole farce and fallacy of life, that it passed before him like a scenic representation; and, till almost the close of his days, he went through the world with a constant sunshine of soul, and an inexorable gravity of feature. His countenance was never gay, and his mind was never gloomy.

He was an excellent politician, equally able to draw government into difficulties, and bring it out of them again, though it must be allowed, that he never abused the confidence of government. Far from it. But when ministers here found themselves embarrassed by neglecting to consult him, which was sometimes the case, he enjoyed their distress with peculiar complacency, and with a face of Erebus, no lover was at that moment more pleased, nor stoic more immoveable. He seemed to have acquired an entire power over his senses, and when his mind was most impregnated, and his passions most engaged, he

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looked, if, in his opinion, the measure required it, as if he had almost ceased to see, to hear, or to speak.

He was an able speaker, as well at the bar, as in the House of Commons, though his diction was very indifferent. He did not speak so much at length as many of his parliamentary coadjutors, though he knew the whole of the subject much better than they did. He was not only a good speaker in Parliament, but an excellent manager of the House of Commons. He never said too much. He had great merit in what he did say, for government was never committed by him. He plunged into no difficulty, nor did he ever suffer his antagonist to escape from one.

To liberty, or the people, he was no enemy. He was too well acquainted with the laws not to respect the constitution. He knew his own abilities too well, not to be convinced that, in a free country, government could not go on without him; and that, whilst he was consulted by administration, it never would overset the liberties of the people. To form a just estimate of his principles, it is necessary to know what government did not do. This was the case with Mr. Malone, and one or two eminent men. They

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differed from the patriot not in principle, but as to the place where such principle might, *at that* time, be most efficaciously displayed. They struggled for the country in the Cabinet, as the orator often did, or said he did, in the House of Commons. This mode of conduct may appear strange, but it arose from the situation of Ireland, which those most able men did not wish to see engaged in quarrels with England. Their desire, therefore, was to do things calmly and quietly. They moderated parties, checked the too forward zeal of courtiers, and tempered the ardour of patriots. They postponed, but never thought of attempting to extinguish, any question relating to public liberty. "You may observe," said Mr. Tisdall to one of his friends, who was with him at his villa of Stillorgan, within a few miles of Dublin, which commanded a view of the sea, "that the taking the embargo off corn has improved my prospect. You now see some ships. I signed the proclamation for taking off that embargo; but the proclamation for laying it on, I took care not to sign that." He was the first person who omitted, in the revenue bill, the clause, providing that the act should continue till the end of the next session. It was, on his part, a patriotic and provident measure. The English council re-

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stored the clause, which was afterwards a subject of debate in the House of Commons, and in that debate, Mr. Tisdall was the only person who was personally attacked, though he alone, of the Irish Cabinet, had any merit on the question. But parliamentary hostility is often misplaced, and, from the nature of a popular assembly, such errors are unavoidable.

On some miserable, ill-advised contest of government with the city of Dublin, the crown lawyers marshalled themselves in sad and painful array, to support the nonsense of administration. "I shall leave my ragamuffins where they will be well peppered," said Tisdall, to a gentleman of the bar, who stood near him, and walked out of court.

He was a profound lawyer, and his opinion was frequently resorted to from England. In domestic life he was social and agreeable. His table was remarkably splendid and magnificent, and often, as the public prints said, subservient to political purposes. But with what truth the observation was made I know not. When abroad, particularly at Spa, he lived with almost equal splendour. Take him all in all, he was, in some respects, one of the most singular, as unquestion-

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ably he was, by far, one of the most able statesmen, whom Ireland ever beheld.

Mr. Henry Flood spoke, for the first time in Parliament, during Lord Halifax's administration. He was fired by Hamilton's success, and complimented by Hutchinson who opposed him. Every one, in short, applauded him, Primate Stone excepted, whom he abused, and who was not sufficiently politic, or magnanimous, to pass over the invective of the young orator. During the first part of Mr. Flood's speech, his Grace, who was in the House of Commons, and did not know precisely what part the new member would take, declared, that he had great hopes of him: when Flood sat down, his Grace asserted, with some vehemence, that a duller gentleman he had never heard. I shall have occasion to touch on Mr. Flood's character more fully in the course of these Memoirs. Lord Charlemont, who thought highly of his talents, was, at various periods of his life, closely connected with him.

Mr. Edmund Pery, afterwards Lord Pery, came into the House of Commons in the year 1751. The subsequent session of 1753 was remarkable for the first great parliamentary contest in Ireland. The Duke of Dorset, son of

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the celebrated and amiable Lord Dorset, was then Lord Lieutenant; government was led on by Primate Stone, a man of unbounded ambition. Lord Charlemont, who knew him perfectly, often assured me, that the temper and genius of the English people, and English constitution, averse to all ecclesiastical interference, or domination, (which the Primate was well aware of) alone prevented him from aspiring to a distinguished place in the councils of Great Britain. He was brother to Andrew Stone, who possessed considerable knowledge and ability, a principal figure in the court of Frederic, Prince of Wales. Mr. Pery at first acted with government, or, what was then called, the primate's party; and afterwards, in the session of 1755, rendered himself conspicuous, by opposing, though with a small minority, colonel Conway,* then secretary to the Marquis of Hartington. Party-writers said that this opposition was merely in compliance with the wishes of his friend, the Primate. But, if history in general is to be read with caution, the political history of the day should ever be regarded with particular distrust. Mr. Pery could little brook such subjugation. He was,

* Afterwards Marshal Conway.

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sometime after, the leader of what was called, the Flying Squadron; a party attached neither to the court nor the opposition, and occasionally joining both. When acting with administration, he was offered the place of Solicitor-General, but he did not chuse to be their servant, and disdained to clothe himself in the spoils of his friend, Mr. Gore, (Lord Annaly) who then held that place.—He was master of his profession; and not only that, but an admirable Member of Parliament. It may be justly said, that there was scarcely any great public measure adopted in Ireland, whilst Lord Pery engaged in business, which had not its seminal principle in his comprehensive mind. The corn laws, the free trade, the independence of the Irish Parliament, the tenantry bill, were framed with his assistance, and would not have been carried without it. The tillage of Ireland may be regarded as his child.

The superiority which a certain rectitude of mind and understanding has over talents and pertinacity, is sometimes evinced in no small degree. During the discussion of a question, which Mr. Pery had favoured, and distinguished himself by its support, he was answered by Secretary Hamilton, in a speech of unexampled eloquence. He rose directly after Hamilton had

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sat down, not, he said, to reply, but at once to declare, that he was convinced.

Whoever is well acquainted with the House of Commons, knows, that there are too many persons of mere talents, who would have displayed no such ingenuousness; for, to combat at all events, and concede no point whatever, seems to be an established maxim with the leaders of debate in general. Mr. Pery, by acting in a contrary manner, divided the glory of the day with Hamilton; the latter carried the palm of genius, and Pery that of wisdom. In truth, he saw further before him than almost any man of his time. In good sense he was inferior to none; in fortitude, superior to most men. He delivered the boldest sentiments in the calmest manner, so that fortitude did not seem the effort of his mind, but its ordinary temperature. He spoke with peculiar gravity and dignity, and feeling. His arguments, or their principal points, were fully, but briefly stated. On no occasion were his speeches declamatory. He sometimes rose above others, not less by the firmness of his temper, than his disdain of mere rhetorical flourishes. When the right of England to make laws for Ireland was mentioned in the House of Commons, (some years previous to Mr. Grattan's

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address on that subject) a general disposition prevailed to decline giving any opinion on the question. There was certainly much speaking, but the claims of England were alluded to in similies and metaphors, the result of habitual subserviency, and false or illusive eloquence. But Pery said, "that he saw no reason for making use of any indistinct, or figurative language. He would speak out,—the Parliament of Great Britain had no right to make laws for Ireland." In these days some persons may smile at such an instance being adduced of political courage. But, to judge of other times by our own, is the characteristic of a mind, presumptuous and superficial.—He was master of that great science of a genuine statesman, the doctrine of non-interference. He knew that legislation, like every thing else, had its limits, and that much was to be left to the unrestricted sense of mankind. He never was a minister, nor wished to be one. Perhaps he knew some of his countrymen too well, to be either their idol, or their minister; but he often instructed, often controlled, or checked, the members of administration; and, it is no disproportionate language to say, that he was frequently resorted to, by different classes of men in public life, almost as an oracle. He was,

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perhaps, one of the best Speakers that ever sat in the chair of any House of Commons. His mind seemed to keep pace with every question, and follow the debate in all its various forms. It was not an anxiety for a particular motion, but a general parental care of, and solicitude for, the well-being, the dignity of the House of Commons, and wisdom of its deliberations. Hence, though always remembering that he was the servant of the House, not its dictator, it was perfectly easy for those, who were accustomed to him, and took a part in the business, to know at once, from his looks, whilst they were speaking, whether their speeches, in his opinion, gave an additional light, or interest to the debate.

There was no interruption, no impatience; but, to make use of a dramatic allusion, he so blended himself with the entire business of the scene, that an intelligent debater, by observing him, almost instantly felt where he was most right, or discovered where he was most wrong. He preserved order, without encroaching on the popular nature of the House of Commons. He suffered no usurpation, or ministerial legerdemain, from the treasury bench. The old members were respected, the young were encouraged, all

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were attended to.* In private life, notwithstanding his grave and serious demeanour, no man was ever more friendly, more benign, and, to the young people, more accommodating, or more pleasing, instructive, and indulgent.

To transmit his, or any man's name to after ages, these imperfect pages are, I am perfectly sensible, totally inadequate. But, as long as Ireland retains any memory of its Parliament, or those who, from the best motives, swayed its deliberations, it must venerate the name of Lord Pery. Such were the principal men at this time, 1761, in the House of Commons.—Mr. Malone had now passed his sixtieth year, and did not take the lead, which he formerly did. However, he occasionally spoke, and on particular occasions, with such superiority of clear, unaffected, and almost irresistible eloquence, as convinced Mr. Gerard Hamilton of the justness of that eulogium, which his prede-

* When Mr. Fox was in Dublin, during part of the winter of 1777, he was, as I have been assured, much struck with, and spoke in the most favourable terms of, Mr. Pery's conduct in the chair of the House of Commons, which he considered almost as a model.

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cessor in office, Lord George Sackville, had pronounced on his talents, in the year 1753. There were also several most respectable members of the Lower House, who were excellent Parliament men, paid the utmost attention to the business of the House, and, on all occasions, supported the character of independent, useful country gentlemen; Mr. Robert French particularly, Mr. Brownlow, the unvarying friend of Lord Charlemont, and his country, through life, and whom I shall mention hereafter, Sir Lucius O'Brien, and others. Of the lawyers, Mr. Dennis, afterwards Lord Tracton, Mr. Fitzgibbon, father of the late Lord Chancellor Clare, men, eminent for their professional knowledge and ability, and who would have been respected in any free enlightened assembly in Europe;—Mr. Harwood, most deservedly celebrated for the acuteness of his understanding, his pleasantry, and original wit and humour. There were other gentlemen who, as has been always the fashion in Ireland, were bred to the bar, but did not pursue it as a profession, or if they did, not ardently, and were much better known in society, or the House of Commons, than in the courts of law. I shall mention Mr. Robert Fitzgerald particularly, as he was one of the few gentle-

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men in Ireland, who at that time cultivated polite literature, and the fine arts, and was much respected by Lord Charlemont, whose taste, in some measure, corresponded with his, though their political sentiments were different. Mr. Fitzgerald was descended from the ancient houses of Desmond and Kildare, confessedly one of the most illustrious families in Europe. The particular branch, from which he claimed his descent, has been for centuries distinguished by the appellation of Knights of Kerry.* He came into Parliament at a very early period of life, and was afterwards judge of the Admiralty in Ireland, a place which, at that time at least, required but little attendance.

In the year 1755, being a man of a most classical mind, he visited Athens, the Greek islands,† Constantinople, and returned by Warsaw, to pay his respects to Stanislaus Poniatow-

* See Appendix B.

† He is mentioned by Dr. Chandler in his Travels through Asia Minor, who met him and Mr. Wilbraham, at Smyrna, on their return from Athens.

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ski, the gay and accomplished king of Poland, whose court, at that period, was equally eminent for its elegance and its dissipation. To the Polish monarch he was personally known in 1754, when that sovereign, then a private gentleman, visited England. He was also, as I have been informed, much liked and esteemed by Edward, Duke of York. In the House of Commons, he acquitted himself with great respectability, and generally, though certainly not always, voted with the court. Between Doctor Andrews and him there subsisted a long and uninterrupted friendship, and the former corresponded with him when abroad; Andrews' letters from Spain were, as I have been told, peculiarly agreeable. Mr. Fitzgerald always formed part of that society, so celebrated for their lively talents, their convivial wit and humour, and which is even now (1803) so fondly remembered by its few, very few, surviving members. They were, in general, excellent scholars, and men of the world. An uncommon union. When Rigby resided in Ireland, he lived with that society almost entirely. Mr. Fitzgerald possessed an excellent taste, particularly in paintings, of which he had formed a good collection. Towards the close of his life he resided much in the country, which he well

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knew how to improve and adorn.* His manners were very gentlemanlike and pleasing.

Lord Charlemont attended the House of Lords constantly this session, though there was no question whatever debated there of the slightest consequence. Lord Bowes, the Chancellor, was a man of considerable ability. He was a native of England, but pursued the profession of the law in this kingdom; having passed successively through the offices of Solicitor, Attorney-General, and Lord Chief Baron, he was, on the death of Lord Jocelyn, promoted to the peerage, and custody of the great seal. He presided in the House of Lords with dignity; and his eloquence, whenever he had occasion to exert it in that limited sphere, but particularly when he had attended the bar, was applauded by the best judges.†

The Earl of Kildare, afterwards Marquis, and Duke of Leinster, premier peer of Ireland, had

* See Arthur Young's travels through Ireland.

† A letter from the celebrated Bishop Berkeley, published in a work entitled "Literary Relics," mentions his speech on the trial of Lord Santry before the Lords, (he was then attorney-general) in the highest strains of panegyric.

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great weight and authority in the House of Lords; not merely from his rank, considerable as it was, but from the honourable and generous part which he always took in the affairs of Ireland. He seldom, if ever, spoke in public; he particularly distinguished himself in the political struggle of 1753, and, disdaining to crouch to an intriguing and ambitious prelate, or the Viceroy,* whom, it is to be lamented, that prelate too much influenced, he presented a memorial to the late king, which, in respectful, but spirited language, stated the grievances of Ireland, and particularly the mal-administration of Primate Stone. It occasioned much surprize, and gave great offence to part of the English cabinet. Seldom, very seldom indeed, have the members of that cabinet cause to be so offended. Excepting some occasional visits to England, where he was as highly respected, as illustriously allied,† Lord Kildare resided in Ireland almost constantly. He not only supported his senatorial character with uniform independence, but, as a private nobleman, was truly excellent, living either in Dublin

* The Duke of Dorset.

† He was married, in 1746, to Lady Emily Lennox, sister to the Duke of Richmond, at that time one of the most celebrated beauties of the English court.

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or among his numerous tenantry, whom he encouraged and protected. In every situation he was of the most unequivocal utility to his country; at Carton, in the Irish House of Lords, or that of England, (he was a member of both,) or speaking the language of truth and justice in the closet of his sovereign.

No man ever understood his part in society better than he did; he was conscious of his rank, and upheld it to the utmost; but, let it be added, that he was remarkable for the dignified, attractive politeness, or, what the French call, nobleness of his manners. So admirable was he in this respect, that when he entertained some Lord Lieutenants, the general declaration, on leaving the room, was, that from the peculiar grace of his behaviour he appeared to be more the Viceroy than they did. He was some years older than Lord Charlemont, and took a lead in politics when that noblemen was abroad, and for some time after his return to Ireland; but when the House of Lords became more the scene of action, they, with the late Lord Moira, generally co-operated, and, in truth, three noblemen so independent, this country has seldom seen. Lord Halifax was personally liked, as a Viceroy of courteous demeanour will, for a certain time

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at least, always be. Mr. Gerard Hamilton captivated, and dazzled the House of Commons, on one or two particular occasions, by the superior brilliancy of his speeches, which, from the testimony of every one who heard them, were acknowledged models of rhetorical excellence. But the session of Parliament was tranquil, so was the metropolis, according to the declaration of the Lord Lieutenant from the throne. Munster, or part of it, was disturbed by a set of miserable insurgents, called white boys, an account of whom is amply detailed elsewhere. With the personal history of Lord Charlemont they form no particular connection; but in any history which relates to Ireland they cannot be passed over, for it is the duty of every impartial narrator to explore the source of all such insurrections, whether it is accidental, or permanent, and not confound the evils which are local and transitory, with those which have their origin in the government itself. To insult, to degrade a people, as far as it can be done, by disgusting epithets at first, and by sanguinary penal laws afterwards, is a task of not much difficulty. To examine into, and rectify abuses, to repress outrages, and control oppression, to look into our own conduct as well as that of others, and combat insurrection, not by an overloaded statute-

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book, but wholesome laws, and preventive policy, is a duty from which ignorant authority will always recede, and enlightened power will always embrace. Government acted with wisdom and moderation, in most instances, to these deluded people; but it is to be lamented that its benign purposes were too often frustrated, and its best regulations rendered ineffectual, by bigotry, and domestic tyranny, magnifying every crime, and expanding every village wrong into a charge against a particular country; or the disorder of a province into more than insinuations against the good faith and loyalty of the kingdom.

I had written thus far, and intended pursuing the subject somewhat more in detail, when, fortunately for the reader, I met among Lord Charlemont's papers, his account of these unhappy insurgents which well deserves attention.

"During the administration of Lord Halifax, Ireland was dangerously disturbed in its southern and northern regions. In the south, principally in the counties of Kilkenny, Limerick, Cork, and Tipperary, the white boys now made their first appearance; those white boys, who have ever since occasionally disturbed the public tranquillity, without any rational method having been as yet pursued to eradicate this disgraceful

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evil. When we consider, that the very same district has been, for the long space of seven and twenty years, liable to frequent returns of the same disorder, into which it has continually relapsed, in spite of all the violent remedies, from time to time administered by our political quacks, we cannot doubt but that some real, peculiar, and topical cause must exist; and yet neither the removal, nor even the investigation of this cause, has ever once been seriously attempted. Laws of the most sanguinary and unconstitutional nature have been enacted. The country has been disgraced, and exasperated by frequent and bloody executions, and the gibbet, that perpetual resource of weak and cruel legislators, has groaned under the multitude of starving criminals: yet, while the cause is suffered to exist, the effects will ever follow. The amputation of limbs will never eradicate a peccant humour, which must be sought in its source, and there remedied.

"As the insurgents were all of the Catholic religion, an almost universal idea was entertained among the more zealous Protestants, and encouraged by interested men, that French gold, and French intrigue, were at the bottom of this insurrection; the real causes were, indeed, not difficult to be ascertained. Exorbitant rents,

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low wages, want of employment in a country destitute of manufacture, where desolation and famine were the effects of fertility; where the rich gifts of a bountiful mother were destructive to her children, and served only to tantalize them; where oxen supplied the place of men, and, by leaving little room for cultivation, while they enriched their pampered owners, starved the miserable remnant of thinly-scattered inhabitants; farms of enormous extent let by their rapacious and indolent proprietors to monopolizing land-jobbers, by whom small portions of them were again let, and re-let to intermediate oppressors, and by them subdivided for five times their value, among the wretched starvers upon potatoes and water, taxes yearly increasing, and tithes, which the Catholic, without any possible benefit, unwillingly pays in addition to his priest money. Misery! Oppression! and Famine! These were undoubtedly the first and original causes, obvious to the slightest inspection, though resolutely denied, and every public investigation into them impudently frustrated by those whose sordid interest opposed their removal. Misery is ever restless, and the man who is destitute both of enjoyment and hope, can never be a good and quiet subject. In our unchristian plantations of the West Indies,

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was any doubt ever entertained concerning the cause of a Negro insurrection; the wretch, who cannot possibly change for the worse, will always be greedy of innovation, Yet, though such were the undoubted sources of the spirit which prevailed, and still unfortunately prevails, in many of our southern counties, I will not pretend to assert, that French intrigue may not *sometimes* have interfered to aggravate and inflame the fever already subsisting. We well know the usual policy of that court to seek, and to increase disturbance. We have reason to believe, that secret service-money is never refused, where there is a possibility of its producing any, even distant and precarious effect, neither can we suppose, that there is a country upon earth, where agents may not be procured for money; and more especially in the south of Ireland, where religious prejudice, present distress, and the sanguine, though fallacious hope of relief, co-operate with avarice, and almost serve as an excuse for venality. In a country so circumstanced, it is by no means improbable, that the court of France may have been tempted to tamper with an unhappy and discontented people; and one fact, the truth of which I cannot doubt, would almost induce me to believe, that, upon one occasion at least, a small

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sum of French money was hazarded in Ireland. During the course of these insurrections a *very* considerable number of French crowns were received at the Custom-house, which could not well have been the result of trade, since little or no specie is imported from France, in exchange for our commodities; and more especially, since they were all of them *new* crowns, of the same date, and coined after any possible importation could be made by the course of commerce."

Towards the close of 1762, or rather the commencement of 1763, Lord Charlemont renewed his acquaintance with the Duc de Nivernois, whom he then found ambassador at London, and negotiating, or rather concluding the treaty of peace with France. The Duke resided in Albemarle-street, where Lord Charlemont was always most cordially received. Of this nobleman, so much admired by Lord Chesterfield, so much regarded by Lord Charlemont, and so esteemed at Rome, at Berlin, at London, and in Paris, I shall endeavour to give some account. He was a Mancini, an illustrious Roman name, and perfectly familiar to all who are conversant in the history of Louis the Fourteenth. His grandfather was Duke de Nevers, brother to that renowned beauty, Madame de Mazarin, and

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Maria Mancini, whose agreeable wit and accomplishments for some time enthralled the affections of the young French monarch. The Duc de Nivernois, (who did not assume the title of Nevers, although his father died in 1768) was appointed ambassador to Rome in 1746, and staid there several years. The embassy to Rome was, during the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. considered as one of the first, if not the highest, in diplomatic rank. He acquitted himself entirely to the satisfaction of his own court: the people at Rome looked on him as a Roman, whilst his manners, his learning, and conversation, rendered him peculiarly acceptable to Lambertini, (Benedict the Fourteenth.) It is almost needless to say, that he captivated Lord Charlemont, whose taste and studies, and suavity of disposition, were, in a great measure, similar to his own. Although he did not succeed in the object of his mission at Berlin, (for Frederic had taken his measures previous to the Duke's arrival) he was not the less honoured and distinguished by that monarch and his brother, Prince Henry. They never spoke of him but with applause. When ambassador in London, D'Eon justly says, that however discordant the opinions of the people were as to the peace, there was no difference whatever as to the pacificator; for all

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ranks seemed to vie with each other in their admiration of, and respect for him. He went every where, and was liked every where. He was at Bath; at Newmarket; was elected Fellow of the Royal Society; and honoured with the degree of Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford.

He was a little man, with an agreeable, open, and engaging countenance, but so extremely thin, that some of his friends at Paris always called him the political Sylph. When he first landed, with his suite, at Dover, two or three old sailors were walking along the beach. Observing the bustle, "Hey! what's this?" said one.—"Oh! the French Ambassador! He has just come out of the boat." "Just Heaven!" exclaimed another, "to what have we reduced the French during this war! Only conceive. When I was prisoner in France, two or three years ago, that emaciated ambassador, whom you see like a withered apple-john, yonder, was then by far one of the fattest men who walked the streets in Paris. He absolutely waddled." When this was told to the Duke, he was delighted, and used often to relate it at his own table, as a most happy instance of national humour.*

* D'Eon has mentioned this, but imperfectly. I heard it many

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In consequence of repeated solicitations to be recalled, for his health, naturally delicate, was almost destroyed by the air of London, he returned, after an eight months' residence in England, to Paris. He continued in that metropolis, or its environs, for more than thirty years afterwards, cultivating letters, and all the refined pleasures of society, but not living, as many men of letters do, in a cold, fastidious indifference to the welfare of his country. On the contrary, though much esteemed, and liked by Louis XV. and one of the principal ornaments of his court, he opposed the inclinations of that monarch, when he considered them as militating against France; and, in conjunction with some most respectable noblemen, took a generous, but decided, part against the system of Chancellor Maupeou. Whilst engaged in this opposition, a circumstance occurred, which I shall take leave to mention, as it is in some measure illustrative of his urbanity and polished wit. Louis XV. held a bed of justice, as it was

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years ago, from the late Dominick T. Esq. who had it from Col. Drumgold's own lips. Drumgold landed with the Duke, and was his confidential friend. It is to him that Lord Lyttleton addressed the copy of Verses, which so agreeably depicts the character of Mons. de Nivernois.

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called, and either then, or in one of the audience rooms at Versailles, forbad the members of the Parliament of Paris to trouble him with any further remonstrances; "for," added he, with a most emphatic tone, "I shall never change." His favourite, the beautiful, unfortunate Madame de Barry, and the Duke of Nivernois, were present at the scene. Some days after, she met the Duke, and addressing him with great gaiety, "Well, Monsieur de Nivernois," said she, "you may surely now give up your opposition; for you yourself heard the King say, that he *would never change*." "Certainly, Madam," he replied, "I did hear him; and indeed no wonder, for he was *looking at you*."

He was, when far advanced in life, (for he was then some years beyond seventy) at length called to the councils of his Sovereign. M. de Malsherbes, the Count de la Luzerne, and one or two more, were his assistants. It was then too late. The time of the Court had been long wasted in the most wretched intrigues; and the toilette of that most fascinating of all women, Madame de Polignac, was, however originally adverse to her inclinations, alternately become, with that of her royal friend, Marie Antoinette, the scene of frivolous, ridiculous appointments,

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appointments, in which vanity, levity, personal whim or caprice, were alone consulted, and the dread exigence of the moment either not understood, or feebly administered to. The waters were out, they had overspread the land; and it required more talents than fell to the share of the Duke de Nivernois, and his coadjutors, had they been all even in the prime of life, to give the repose of a moment to the shattered political vessel of France. The Duke lived long enough to see his well-intentioned sovereign, the unhappy Antoinette, whose beauty, and tenderness of heart, were once the subject of every eulogy, and the angelic Princess Elizabeth, dragged, in the midst of Paris, to the scaffold, by monsters in a human form. Accustomed as this world has ever been to spectacles of sorrow, such a downfall of all earthly grandeur, such a fell vicissitude, it perhaps never before witnessed.

But what is singular in the history of Monsieur de Nivernois's life, is, that although remaining in Paris, he survived even the multiplied atrocities and murders of Robespierre. How he escaped, it is not very easy to conceive, as he had every requisite for the guillotine, which that dæmon so often looked for in the victims of his tyranny—high rank, venerable age, good-

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ness of mind, love of letters, and love of his country. Yet, with all these qualifications for being murdered in such a time, he was not, but lived to publish several of his works, * and died very peaceably, in 1798, at the advanced age of eighty two!

Politics sometimes impose a most restrictive embargo on society in London, or rather, when they arrive to a certain height, divide its stream into too separate and distinct channels—that of

* They are miscellaneous and unequal. His Fables are by far his best work. He translated the entire poem of Ricciardetto, in which there is great sprightliness, and Pope's Essay on Man, in which there are many excellent lines. He also translated the charming Ode of Mrs. Greville to Indifference. To this lady he shewed uncommon respect, whenever she resided, as she frequently did, at Paris. The author of these Memoirs is happy in this slight opportunity of expressing his sense of her great merit; he was for several years honoured with her acquaintance, and now looks back with pleasure and gratitude to the many agreeable and instructive hours which he passed in her society when in England, but more particularly in Dublin, amongst some friends who were deservedly very dear to her. He can venture to add, that the sensibility of her feeling mind could not be exceeded by her talents for poetry the most graceful, and conversation always interesting, always engaging. Her excellent daughter, the Lady Crewe, is now immortalized by Mr. Fox's incomparable verses to her.

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the Court, and the Opposition. The Earl of Bute was at that time formidably opposed, and Lord Charlemont lived more with his assailants than with the Ambassador in Albemarle-street. However, they met frequently: and, from the communication with France being again opened, several men of taste and science came to England. Among others, Duclos, who was well received, and whom, I believe, Lord Charlemont met in Albemarle-street. Baretti, whom his Lordship had originally prompted to try his fortunes in London, was then in Italy; but Baretti's acquaintance and friends, Doctor Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c. were uniformly esteemed and regarded by Lord Charlemont. His union with Hogarth* was maintained, in spite of Wilkes and Churchill; and, altogether, his connections with the political or literary world were much extended.

During this visit to England, he often met an old intimate, Stevenson Hall, of Skelton, in Yorkshire. This gentleman, at least as well

* There are several works, by Hogarth, at Charlemont House, Dublin. No one could be a warmer friend, and patron of his, than Lord Charlemont ever was.

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known by the name of Crazy Hall, from certain comic tales which he published, and gave that appellation to, abounded with wit and humour; was perfectly versed in the classics, had been much abroad, and, when not overpowered by spleen and ennui, which was too often the case, a very entertaining companion. A year or two preceding this, he had given to the public his "Fables for grown gentlemen, or, Fables for every Day in the Week;"* an original performance, formed on the model of Fontaine; and, in point of ease, shrewdness of remark, and thorough knowledge of the world, not unworthy of that great master. Fontaine's *naiveté*, indeed, neither he, nor any one else, could equal; and had Hall even caught it, the genius of the English language could scarcely have incorporated with it. However, this publication gained Hall much celebrity—a celebrity which he took care effectually to dissipate, or at least not to augment, by a succession of poems, sometimes not very intelligible, often very witty, but almost uniformly overflowing with the wildest and grossest licentiousness. In truth, he

* They were originally published with that title, in quarto, by Dodsley.

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became a literary suicide; he destroyed his own reputation; and, with the justest pretensions, in point of talents, to public favour, he is now very imperfectly known. But, with all his oddities, and irregularities, Hall was a man of real genius, and much good nature. He was perfectly well known to many ennobled bon vivants, and elegant voluptuaries of the day: to Sterne he was ever a steady and tender friend. Though forming, in some respects, a singular contrast to the refined and polished Ambassador whom I have, perhaps, too long dwelt on, he was very acceptable to Lord Charlemont, in whose letters he is frequently mentioned.

On the departure of Lord Halifax from Ireland, the government was committed, as usual, to Lords Justices, who, on this occasion, were the primate Stone, and the speaker, Mr. Ponsonby. And now another insurrection broke out. As that which had taken place in the spring of this year, 1763, was confined to the South, and the insurgents were all Catholics, the present insurrection arose in the North, and all the actors in it were of the Established Church, or Dissenters. What a lamentable picture of Ireland, and the effects of negligent, or mal-administration, do these repeated and puny rebellions exhi-

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bit! The exactions of the clergy in their collection of tithes, and still more, the heavy taxes laid on the country, for the making, and repairing of the roads, were, according to Lord Charlemont, the principal causes of these disturbances. His Lordship adds, "The encroachments of the laity were made without even the colour of right. Nothing is more certain, than that it is highly advantageous to every country, and particularly to one emerging out of an uncultivated state, that good roads should be made through every part of it; but, in laying out such roads, the public advantage should be invariably, and exclusively pursued, so that it should be obvious to the people, that the taxes levied upon them were expended really, and intrinsically, to their advantage. In this, however, the gentlemen were in many instances undoubtedly partial and oppressive, as, by their influence in the grand juries, presentments were too frequently procured, merely for the emolument and convenience of particular persons, and by no means with any view to the advantage of the community. So true it is, that the people, though in the end they usually put themselves in the wrong, have almost always at the beginning some reason even for their most irregular sallies. As Cæsar says of himself, in Shakespeare's tragedy, they "never

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do wrong but with just cause;" and even upon this occasion, they had without doubt originally good reason for that ill temper, which now urged them to the most outrageous excesses. As governor of the county of Armagh, Lord Charlemont thought it his duty to interfere. "The popular interest," says his Lordship, "which I have ever possessed in that county, and which, I confess, was dear to me, might certainly be injured by such interference; but it has ever been my principle that, when duty calls, popularity should always be risked, and more particularly upon this occasion, where that influence might be of service in appeasing the people." The insurgents were now formidable. They appeared in bodies of four or five hundred, headed, it was said, by farmers of respectable property. All wore oak boughs in their hats, from whence their denomination of oak boys. According to the ancient practice of all insurgents in Ireland, they obliged such obnoxious persons, clergy or laity, as fell into their hands, to swear, that the former should not levy more than a certain proportion of tithe; and the latter, that they would not assess the county at more than a stipulated rate. Whim, and a propensity to jokes and gibes, predominate among the lower Irish on all occasions. They obliged Dr. Clarke, a respectable clergyman,

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who, they alleged, was the first to exact more than he was entitled to in tithes, to go on the top of his own coach, and drew him through various parts of the country. Infinite were the hisses and scurril jests, as the doctor passed along. For it is to be observed that, though they talked much, though they insulted several gentlemen, erected gallowses, and menaced ineffable perdition to all their enemies, no violent cruelty was exercised, nor, as Lord Charlemont said, was a single life lost, or any person maimed in the county of Armagh; a species of conduct totally opposite to that of the southern insurgents; but which his Lordship ascribed, not to any diversity of religion, but to the oppression under which the unfortunate creatures in the south laboured. "A rebellion of slaves," continued he, "is always more bloody, than an insurrection of freemen."

But the populace in any country, when once thrown into action, know no limits; matters began of course to wear a more serious aspect. Lord Charlemont set out for the north, but, previous to his departure, waited on Primate Stone; who was profuse, as usual, in his panegyric on Lord Charlemont's conduct, and promised him all the assistance in the power of government. His Lordship was visited at Newry

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by many respectable gentlemen, who advised him not to go farther without a strong military guard. He replied, that he could not think of travelling through his own country with a military force, but, as the gentlemen still urged the imminent danger of pursuing his journey without one, he so far acquiesced in their kind suggestions, as to consent to sleep at Newry that night, provided they would send some intelligent persons to examine the country, and report in the morning what appeared to them to be the state of it; that, if the insurgents shewed a hostile disposition, he would go forward, not with a military guard, but with them, the gentlemen of Newry, if they thought proper to accompany him.—To this they cheerfully agreed. The persons sent out stated, they had seen the chiefs of the insurgents, who professed the utmost veneration for his Lordship, and that to molest him was totally foreign to their thoughts. Lord Charlemont then set out, attended only by two gentlemen, who had accompanied him from Dublin, and two servants, all armed. He suffered no molestation whatever; but, as he drew near to Armagh, found a gallows erected, and so constructed across the road, that it was necessary to pass under it. This species of anti-triumphal trophy was of old establishment however, and meant to

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do honour, as one of the insurgents afterwards observed, to the judges, especially their friend Justice Robinson, who was expected at the assizes. At Armagh Lord Charlemont met the gentlemen of the county, some of whom were under great alarm. His Lordship's appearance among them, and the promise which he stated on the part of government, to give immediate assistance, dispelled their fears, and, at their request, he wrote to the Lord Justices for some additional troops. In answer to this demand, Primate Stone wrote the following humane and judicious letter:

"Dublin Castle, July 28th, 1763.

"My Lord,

"I have this moment received your Lordship's letter, by express, dated the 27th, from Armagh. I have communicated it to the Speaker, (who is arrived from Mallow) and he desires me to make his compliments to your Lordship, and directs me to assure you, that he has the fullest sense, as I most certainly have, of your Lordship's wise and spirited conduct upon this occasion. We have ordered a regiment of foot to march from Galway, (the nearest place where any foot are quartered) with all possible expedition, to those quarters, in the county of Armagh, which

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your Lordship has pointed out. The regiment is the 10th, General Sanford's, consisting of ten companies, and near four hundred men; two troops of Light Dragoons are also ordered from Clonmell. These orders shall be sent by express to the troops, and all possible expedition will be used. I most heartily wish your Lordship as much success and satisfaction as I am sure you will acquire honor and esteem, from this expedition.

"The council have this day ordered a general admonitory proclamation, to dissuade the people from following their wicked leaders, and informing them of the extent and nature of their guilt, which is ordered to be read in all the churches and meetings of Protestant dissenters. It was thought proper to begin with a proclamation of this nature, before we proceed towards offering rewards for apprehending particular persons. It will be happy if there could be a dispersion of the great bodies; and the deluded, and, of course, the least guilty, would forsake their leaders, who will be the most proper objects for legal punishment; and your Lordship will, of yourself, be aware of the inconveniences that will attend the filling of the gaols; and if

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we can point at the capital offenders principally, it will, upon all accounts, be the best.

"I am, my Lord,

"With the utmost truth and regard,

"Your Lordship's very faithful,

"and obedient humble Servant,

"GEORGE ARMAGH.

"P. S. What I mention in the last paragraph is only a hint in private, for your Lordship's discretion is entirely relied on by the Lords Justices and Council."

This letter, in conjunction with Lord Charlemont's benign prudence and conciliating manner, had the happy effect of smoothing many a wrinkled front; and, notwithstanding the hourly rumours of an approaching increased force of the insurgents, and the most dismal auguries of what was to follow, the assizes at Armagh were held in the utmost tranquillity, and Judge Robinson, having escaped all the honors which *his friends* so kindly intended to confer on him, and his brother Justice, delivered a wise and perspicuous charge on high treason, adapted to the humblest capacity, which Lord Charlemont said, had the most salutary influence. Primate Stone's advice, as to seizing the principals of the insur-

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rection, corresponded exactly with his Lordship's ideas on all such subjects, and many of them were sent to prison, without any interruption of the public quiet; it was, in short, restored to the county of Armagh. Lord Charlemont went from thence to Tyrone, where much greater agitation prevailed, but good sense, and an honest desire of administering justice with mercy, predominated, and in a certain, nor long-protracted period, no farther disturbance was given on the part of the insurgents. But no sooner had public security taken place, than the dread of returning, and augmented depredations raged, for some time, without control, and Lord Charlemont's molestation arose, not from the Oak Boys, but from some of the gentlemen, who, he said, would have imprisoned one half of that populous county. He gradually, however, calmed their apprehensions, and, at length, they began to sleep quietly in their beds, although the county gaol did not overflow with criminals. Of this new alarm, it is but justice to state, that Lord Charlemont spoke with his usual candour; he considered it as by no means surprizing, nor unreasonable. "The acts of violence," said he, "which had been committed, and still more, the threats which had been thrown out, were indeed sufficient to justify much apprehension; and if

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I was, less than others, affected with fear, it was probably because I had not been in the way of seeing those violences, or of being for a long time hourly liable to them." As an instance of the undistinguished hostility with which the populace will assail the just, as well as the unjust, he mentioned the case of Mr. William Stewart, the truly respectable member for the county of Tyrone, father of the present representative, who having long since, (1768) succeeded him in that high situation, may deservedly be considered as one of the most moderate, dignified, and independent, country gentlemen ever yet sent to the Irish Parliament. But Mr. W. Stewart having expended much money in the making of public roads, and solely from his regard (contrary to the general practice) of the public utility, was obliged, by the fury of the mob, to banish himself from his county; whilst his house was repeatedly assailed in his absence, and the assailants as firmly, though calmly, dispersed by, to make use of Lord Charlemont's own words, "the incomparable spirit, and excellent conduct of his wife." This gentleman was one of the two who accompanied him from Dublin to Armagh, and between Mr. Stewart's excellent son, and his Lordship, the most entire friendship was uniformly maintained.

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The insurrection had spread to the counties of Derry and Fermanagh, and was put down there also. But, in Armagh and Tyrone, where Lord Charlemont took the lead, public tranquillity was restored without a single shot being fired, or the death of one man.—The happy consequences of a temperate, but firm, spirit; a timely and judicious interposition of the law; and the entire conviction of the people, that those who were necessarily opposed to them acted, not from a spirit of persecution, or hatred towards them, but real amity, and a conscientious regard for that common weal, in the safety of which the rights of the peasant, as well as of the prince, are equally concerned.

After some months residence in the country, Lord Charlemont returned to Dublin, where the Earl of Northumberland arrived in the September following. Mr. Gerard Hamilton continued to act as secretary. The title of Northumberland is blended with all our earliest ideas of chivalry and romance. Sir John Davies, in tracing the different features of our national character, a delineation than which nothing can be in general more exact, says, "The people of this land, (Ireland) both English and Irish, did ever love and desire to be governed by great persons."

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After a lapse of two hundred years, or nearly so, Sir John's portraiture in this, as well as other respects, has lost nothing of its fidelity, or its colouring. The magnificence, splendor, and generosity of the ancient Percys was revived, the metropolis was enchanted, and wherever the personal influence of the Lord Lieutenant, or his Countess, could extend, all was gratitude and exultation. But the kingdom was ill at ease. The country, if we are to credit the representations of some gentlemen in the House of Commons, especially Mr. John Fitzgibbon,* was wretched; yet, compared to former days, Ireland was at least not losing ground, but the contrary.

On the day that Lord Charlemont waited on the Earl of Northumberland at the castle, he was requested by his Excellency to meet him in his closet as soon as the levee was over. Lord Charlemont did so, when the Lord Lieutenant, after many expressions of personal regard, complimented him highly on the part which he had recently taken in the north, and concluded with

* Father of the late Lord Clare. See Caldwell's Debates of the Irish House of Commons, 1764.

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saying, that his Majesty was so perfectly sensible of the services he had performed there, as to order him, his Majesty's lieutenant, to offer an earldom to his Lordship, which waited his acceptance. Lord Charlemont said, that the King had most condescendingly overrated any trifling services which, as a good subject, it was his duty to perform to the utmost of his power; that he felt his Majesty's benignity towards him with the deepest gratitude, but, as to the proffered earldom, he begged his Excellency's permission to consider the subject for a day or two. At the next interview, Lord Northumberland having stated that the offer of promotion having proceeded directly from the King himself, any declension of such promotion might possibly be construed into disrespect, Lord Charlemont acquiesced entirely in that suggestion, and added that, in accepting this mark of his Majesty's goodness, the Lord Lieutenant must permit him to make a positive stipulation, without which he wished that things might go no farther. The stipulation was, that this advancement of rank should in no wise be considered as influencing his parliamentary conduct, which was to remain as unrestricted, as if the offer had never been made. Lord Northumberland replied, that nothing of the sort was ever in contemplation;

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and then went on to say, that as he could claim no merit whatever from the promotion, being only the instrument of the King's orders, he hoped Lord Charlemont would permit him, as an old friend, to testify his personal respect for him, by pointing out some mode of obliging him. Lord Charlemont, with many thanks, declined troubling his Excellency, declaring, that he had no object in view of that sort; when, on the Viceroy's repeating his request, he said, that as he did not wish to appear insensible of his excellency's kindness, he begged to be appointed a trustee of the linen board, a situation which he mentioned as being attended with no emolument; and, as his estates lay in the linen counties, he seemed to have a sort of claim to it. "Your Lordship has asked no favour, but your right," said the Lord Lieutenant, "and, of course, you will be appointed whenever a vacancy takes place."

Lord Charlemont pursued his course. A very short time intervened after this interview, when his sincerity was put to the test. An address was moved for in the House of Lords, returning thanks for the conclusion of the treaty of Paris. Though his patent was then passing through the offices, he voted against that address. "I do not like the peace," said he, "though I

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esteem the English embassador, (the Duke of Bedford) and love the French embassador, (the Duc de Nivernois) who concurred in framing it, and both, I am sure, from the best motives." He not only voted, but on the 21st of Dec. 1763, protested against this measure, in conjunction with the Earls of Kerry and Moira. This is the first time he appeared as a protester; a character which, some very short periods excepted, he seems never to have lost sight of. "I am an old protester," (thus he writes to a friend, July, 1792) "and have always wished to declare my difference of opinion from that of the majority as fully as possible." But from the moment of his protesting, adieu to all court distinctions, and court favours! Not a word even of his promised important situation at the linen board.—But of this more hereafter. However, whether a seat at the treasury, or any other board, had been held out to him, or even placed in his actual possession, it altered his public conduct not a jot. His patent, as Earl of Charlemont, had, as usual, been laid before the Lord Chancellor, (Bowes.) In the preamble it was stated, that this advancement in rank had been conferred, unsolicited in any way whatever. To this the Chancellor objected, as contrary to all usage, and struck the words unsolicited, &c.

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out of the preamble. Lord Charlemont said, that though it was no doubt contrary to precedent, it was exactly consonant to the truth; that he owed his earldom entirely to the benignity of his sovereign, and respect to his Majesty alone prevented him from declining even then the earldom; but that he would, as he had a right to do, annex an engrossed testimonial to his patent, specifying the manner in which it was granted. This he neglected to do for several years, till the same reason which made him hesitate as to his acceptance of a higher title, namely, an unwarrantable and unseemly profusion of the honors of the peerage of Ireland, seemed, in his opinion, to recur again, and to forbid any longer delay of the testimonial. The circumstances to which that instrument alludes have been already detailed; the conclusion of it, therefore, seems the only part which it is necessary now to give to the reader. "This circumstance, (the gracious offer of the earldom from his Majesty, not his ministers) added to the consideraion of the great difference between honours voluntarily bestowed, and those extorted by solicitation, purchased by the infamy of a bribe, or basely, and dearly earned by the mean, and wicked drudgery of political servitude, induced me to think my compliance

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proper, and even necessary. I have only to add, that, whereas, from the impossibility of finding reasons in any sort to justify many of the late creations, I thought it incumbent on me to revive this ancient and honorable usage; declining, however, to allow the reasons alleged for this my advancement to be inserted in the preamble to the patent, from a consciousness that the services by me performed were too inconsiderable to be recorded; and rather chusing to mention the merits of the first Peer of my family, and the remarkable circumstance of an *Earldom* having been intended for my ancestor, so early as the reign of James the First.

"CHARLEMONT.

"In Dublin, March 13th, 1772."

So much for ancient, and high honour! How utterly incomprehensible must all these scruples, and all this delicacy appear to some of our new-raised men of insolent wealth!

If Lord Charlemont continued to act the same independent, uniform part he had hitherto done, Primate Stone equally laboured in his vocation as a consummate, intriguing, and artful politician. Hamilton's talents and address had,

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for some time, gained the ascendancy during the administration of Lord Halifax, but the superiority was transient. Transitory, however, as it was, Stone could *never forgive it.*

Lord Northumberland left Ireland in May, 1764, and put the government into his Grace's hands, as well as those of the Earl of Shannon, and Mr. Ponsonby, the speaker. Death soon after closed the eyes of the two great rivals, Stone and Shannon. They both died, whilst Justices, in December following, and within nine days of each other. Had a more splendid theatre been allotted to them, they would have been eminently conspicuous in the page of history. But most wise is the poet's observation, and most consolatory should it be to those who attend closely to the dispositions of many with whom they are in daily intercourse, that, if humility of station circumscribes our growing virtues, it also confines our crimes. The sound superior sense of Lord Shannon would perhaps in any situation, have taught him general moderation; but Stone's ambition, in truth, knew no limits; and, in another country, the chicane of negotiations, the subserviency of foreign cabinets, the tumults of wars, the friendship, or the overthrow, of Princes, would alone have completely filled up every

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part of his mind. He at first captivated all who approached him, by the uncommon beauty of his person, his address, and the vivacity of his conversation; he had in some respects, far juster views of Ireland than many of his contemporaries; but his own aggrandizement predominated over every other consideration. Whilst in the more early part of his political life, he affected no other character than that of a statesman, he was, though unpopular, dignified and imposing; when, towards the close of it, he thought proper occasionally to assume the lowliness of an ecclesiastic, satiated with the bustle and splendor of the world, the artful statesman still glared so over every part of his behaviour, as to render it in some measure revolting. He quickly perceived this effect of his newly-adopted manner, and re-assumed his old one, in which not the least trace of a churchman was visible. Altogether, it requires a pen, much superior to mine, entirely to delineate his character.

Lord Charlemont having taken his seat as Earl, in the month of January, 1764, went to London, some time before the close of the sessions, and was soon engaged in occupations far different from those which had employed his attention in Ireland. They were chiefly of the literary kind,

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and an undertaking which emanated from the society of the Dilettanti, was particularly patronized by him. On every account it deserves to be recorded.

The society of the Dilettanti,* composed of the principal nobility and gentry of these kingdoms, and of which Lord Charlemont was a member, displayed at this time an attachment to, and encouragement of letters and the fine arts, in a manner equally judicious and munificent. On an inspection of the books of the society, it was found, that a considerable sum of money was then in the hands of the treasurer, and it was agreed on to expend this money in such a way as would add to the most elegant gratifications, and instructions of the human mind. The society resolved, "That persons, properly qualified, should be sent, with sufficient appointments, to some parts of the East, in order to collect information, and make observations relative to the ancient state of those countries, and to such monuments of antiquity as were then remaining. It was also determined, that £2000 should be appropriated for that purpose."

* It was originally formed in the year 1734.

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Lord Charlemont was placed at the head of the committee which had the superintendance and management of this most laudable scheme. A better choice could not be made than of one who was not only a lover of ancient elegance, and judge of the fine arts, but had been, as I have already stated, long resident in most of the places to which the researches of the society were now to be particularly directed. The gentlemen employed in this truly classical mission, were Doctor Chandler, a most respectable scholar, and at that time, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; Mr. Revett, an architect, the companion of Mr. Stuart, and his assistant in the celebrated publication of the Ruins of Athens, and Mr. Pars, a young painter of great merit. The direction of the whole was lodged in Doctor Chandler; the resolutions, and general instructions of the committee, are prefixed to Dr. Chandler's travels through Asia Minor. They are dated from the Star and Garter, London, May 17th, 1764, and signed as follows: Charlemont; Robert Wood; Thomas Brand; William Farquier; James Stuart; Middlesex; Lee Dispenser; J. Gray; Besborough.

It may be necessary briefly to state, that Dr. Chandler, with his companions, embarked at

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Gravesend, the 9th of June, 1764; they entered the Hellespont the latter end of August following; visited the Troade, Tenedos, &c. They then went to Smyrna, which they left, having seen Ephesus, Miletus, and Teos, August 20th, 1765, and sailed to Athens. At Athens they continued till June, 1766, when, after visiting Egina, the Morea, Corinth, and lastly *Olympia*, and the territory of *Elis*, (names, which ancient chronology, and the genius of Xenophon, have rendered ever sacred) they sailed from Zante, September the first, and returned to England the beginning of November, 1766.

The publication of the Ionian antiquities, which took place soon after their return to England, and at the expense of the society, afforded a proof that the patronage of the Dilettanti was not without its effect. The preface to the Antiquities was written by Mr. Wood, partly at the suggestion of Lord Charlemont. They had been long acquainted, and their literary pursuits were, for many years, nearly similar. Mr. Wood was a native of Ireland; his name is well known in the republic of letters, particularly to the admirers of Homer. Dr. Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor followed the Ionian Antiquities; and, sometime after his Travels through Greece, which

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gave to the public the almost entire result of his laborious, useful, and enlightened researches.*

It is now nearly thirty years since Dr. Chandler's Travels have been given to the world; they deserve, in my opinion, no small degree of praise. Strictly adhering to the original plan of the society, the method which he has pursued, of giving a succinct, but clear, historical account of each celebrated place which he visited, and then describing its present state with the most perfect fidelity, is perhaps the best which he could have chosen for the illustration of his subject. It brings the whole before the reader in the justest point of view. His narrative seems, in some measure, to partake of that plainness and simplicity of diction, which characterized the productions of those great men, who once adorned the countries which were in part objects of his investigation. His descriptions are sometimes picturesque; that of the ruins of the Temple of Apollo Didymæus, is, I think, peculiarly so. With much intelligence and sensi-

* His *Ilium*, or Dissertation on the Troade, which was announced at this time, did not make its appearance till 1802, and since the above was written.

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bility, he is quiet and unaffected. He invokes no manes, he apostrophizes no orator or philosopher; he neither asks himself, nor the gods, any idle question, whether he really breathes the same air that Plato and Socrates did two thousand years ago.*

All such puerilities as these, displaying no less a paucity of ideas, than affectation and false taste in composition, are surely to be laughed at. "To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible." So says Johnson, in that truly eloquent passage, (one of the best, perhaps, he ever wrote) and which so harmonizes with the best feelings of our nature. The unaffected expression of such feelings will always touch the heart; for, with a just and generous enthusiasm, who will not sympathise? But, instead of precise information, correct, but animated description, concise, yet luminous history, to give the reader nothing but the flutterings of our own distempered fancy, is, indeed, writing to very little purpose.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than was

* See some French Travels.

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perhaps, altogether necessary. Respect for the venerable author, and gratitude for the pleasure which his Travels afforded me, must plead my apology. But, independent of any such circumstances, let me observe, that this part of the history of the Dilettanti, which does them so much honor, is particularly interwoven with that of Lord Charlemont; he had a principal share in forwarding this undertaking, so that whatever gratification, or benefit the public may have received from it, is, without derogating from the merit of others, in a good measure to be attributed to him.

He had a house constantly in London till the year 1773, when his elegant town residence in Rutland-square, Dublin, was either built or finished. Let it, however, be remembered to his honor, that not only at this period of his life, but during his residence abroad, he kept a house and establishment for his sisters, and I believe, his brother. His friends in London at this time, friends who during their lives loved and honored him, were chiefly the Earl of Aylesbury, the late Lord Thanet, the Marquis of Rockingham, and Lord Powerscourt. The first three he became connected with whilst abroad; Lord Powerscourt he knew from his childhood.

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The Earl of Aylesbury he truly respected, and always spoke of with warm affection. Lord Thanet was also much valued and esteemed by him. For Lord Rockingham his regard and veneration were almost unlimited. He was charmed with the mild, yet firm integrity of his mind, and the justness of his political principles, which he considered as founded in the best school of Whiggism; that is, such as Somers, and Townshend, and Walpole, and the Cavendishes, professed, and adhered to, at a time when the constitution was really in danger. But the elegant tribute paid by him to Lord Rockingham's memory, and which shall be mentioned in its proper place, renders it unnecessary to go further into that subject at present; suffice it to say, that Lord Charlemont's political principles were, in every respect, congenial to those of that revered nobleman, and with him the Duke of Devonshire, and the chiefs of the minority, who, at this period, opposed Lord Bute, he was particularly and closely connected.

Johnson, Edmund Burke, (who had not as yet come into Parliament,) Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr Topham Beauclerk, were his literary associates;—Goldsmith came afterwards. Many others might be mentioned. With Beauclerk he

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seemed to have been as much delighted as Johnson was, that gentleman's attachment to him was ardent and sincere. Lord Charlemont often mentioned to me the pleasure which he derived from Mr. Beauclerk's conversation, which could scarcely be equalled. They corresponded frequently. According to his Lordship's account of him, he possessed an exquisite taste, various accomplishments, and the most perfect good breeding. He was eccentric, often querulous, entertaining a contempt for the generality of the world, which the politeness of his manners could not always conceal; but to those whom he liked, most generous and friendly. Devoted at one time to pleasure, at another to literature, sometimes absorbed in play, sometimes in books, he was, altogether, one of the most accomplished, and, when in good humour, and surrounded by those who suited his fancy, one of the most agreeable men that could possibly exist. Such was Lord Charlemont's portrait of him; and two or three of his letters, which his Lordship was so indulgent as to shew to me, prove, as far as they can prove, the general resemblance. But the friend whom he most truly loved, the companion of his youth, and his maturer years, and whose death at this time (May, 1764) he was doomed to lament, was Lord Powerscourt.

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Edward Wingfield, Viscount Powerscourt, uncle to the present most respectable nobleman* of that name, was descended from an ancient, and very illustrious English family. Some of his ancestors were Knights of the Garter, in the time of Henry the Eighth, and connected with the Widvilles; a house, as is well known, allied by marriage to Edward the Fourth, and on which the learning, the chivalry, and misfortunes of Lord Rivers, have, with the aid of the historic, and tragic muse, shed a never-fading lustre. The immediate ancestor of Lord Powerscourt was Marshal Wingfield, who came to Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Of the nobleman whom I have occasion now to mention, the sentiments of all, who had the happiness of being known to him, were uniform and unvaried. His generosity and magnificence,

* That Nobleman, Richard, Lord Powerscourt, died since the above was written. I saw him, and with sorrow, gathered to his fathers. His remains were attended to the tomb, by his very numerous respectable tenantry, and the noblemen and gentlemen of the country. So should the good be honoured. He was one of the few men of high rank who resided almost constantly in Ireland, and not more from attachment than from duty. An illustrious example.

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his engaging, unaffected conversation, the lively energies of his mind, were almost generally felt and acknowledged. That this coloring is not over-charged, many who are still living, and knew him well, can bear ample testimony. He was distinguished among his associates, and those who, having long survived him, idolized his memory by the appellation of the *French* Lord Powerscourt; an epithet, not of frivolity, but acquired merely by his long residence in France, where his agreeableness, his vivacity, and courteous, easy manners, rendered him universally liked; and with some of the principal personages of the court of Louis the Fifteenth he was a particular favourite.

In London he was equally relished; and whether there or in Dublin, conversing with men of sense, and the world, entertaining a brilliant circle of both sexes at his delightful seat of Powerscourt, or again returning to the society of Paris, La Clairon, Comte D'Argenson, and others, he captivated all ranks of people. He seemed to exist only to please, and render those about him contented, and satisfied with themselves. Having been a votary of fashion for several years, and given rise to many of its fantasies, and agreeable follies, he

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was not overpowered by the habits of self indulgence. He listened reluctantly, and supinely, at first; but still he listened to the voice of his country, which told him, that the duties of public life should take their turn also, and had a predominant claim on those who, like him, to high birth and station, added, what was of far more consequence to the community, the powers of a strong and cultivated mind. Accordingly he, for some time, attended the House of Lords. But he soon discovered that, although he wished to engage in business, the Upper House of the Irish Parliament was, of all places on earth, the most unpropitious to any such laudable pursuit. An ungenerous and unwise policy had withered almost all the functions of that assembly, and the ill-omened statute of George the First, hung on it like an incubus. He was much mortified at finding himself in the company of such august, but imbecile, inefficient personages, who moved about, more like the shadows of legislators, than genuine, and sapient guardians of the realm, or counsellors to Majesty. He soon grew weary of them. To an intimate friend of his, who often repeated the circumstance to me, he lamented, that he was not born a commoner, and some time after he proved that he was not affectedly querulous, or insincere in the regret

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which he expressed, for he procured a seat in the English House of Commons.* Whilst he sat there, he spoke not unfrequently; his speaking was much approved of, and he began to relish the new scene of life, into which, for the best purposes, he had now entered. But procrastination renders our best efforts ineffectual; a severe malady soon overtook him; he resigned his seat in the House of Commons, and after struggling with uninterrupted ill health for some time, he died universally beloved in the prime of life, having scarcely passed his thirty-fourth year. Lord Charlemont lived with him, as with the dearest brother of his heart, and to the close of his life spoke of, and lamented him with the truest sensibility.

Whilst Lord Charlemont was in London, he frequently met the Earl of Northumberland; and, in the course of one morning's conversation, he happened to take notice of the linen board; adding, at the same time, that as to the promise which had been made to him of a trusteeship, he had always considered it as conditional; that he believed parliamentary assistance, though not,

* He was member for Stockbridge, in Hampshire.

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expressed, and sometimes almost disclaimed by great leaders, when such promises were held out, was still expected; and, as he had undoubtedly given opposition, not aid, to many of Lord Northumberland's measures, so far he had not fulfilled his part of the implied agreement. Lord Northumberland was somewhat agitated, and assured him, that had it been in his power, he would have most strictly adhered to what he considered as his engagement to Lord Charlemont; but he emphatically added, "I was totally prevented." Lord Charlemont said, that he was convinced the case was so; and, after some conversation on different matters, they parted with their usual cordiality. In fact, as Lord Charlemont often said, the Earl of Northumberland was by no means to blame in the transaction; and he only mentioned this interview to particular persons, as it entirely confirmed his ideas, as to two material circumstances; first, that, however gracious, and condescending his Majesty's offer of an earldom to him was, and unclogged with any stipulation whatever, some of his ministers were resolved, that conditions *should* be annexed to it, and looked not to any services past, but services to come, and of a very different species from those

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which his Majesty wished to remunerate. In short, as far as their influence extended, nothing whatever was to be conceded to a member of either House of Parliament, without that member's parliamentary co-operation. Secondly, as to Lord Northumberland, he had never forgot his engagement; but, when he mentioned the linen board for Lord Charlemont, before he left Ireland, he was told, that such and such persons had been promised seats there long before his arrival; or that a trusteeship was necessary to be given to a particular gentleman, for the maintenance of a most valuable parliamentary connection. This, or similar language, on such occasions, was the only one held by the aristocratic party, which then ruled Ireland; and, perhaps, nothing can more fully prove their absolute sway, than that a nobleman, of such immense possessions as Lord Northumberland, should be thwarted in the disposal of an insignificant place, equally with any Viceroy who had been sent to Ireland from White's or Almack's, to repair the ravages which his fortune might have sustained in those venerable academies of our young nobility. At the time Lord Northumberland came over, the contest as to Lord Bute, raged high, and whatever was the intention of any minister, or ministers, at that

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moment, as to the Irish aristocracy, nothing could be done, amidst such a shock of the belligerent powers, as was then felt at Westminster. Lord Northumberland, therefore, with the best intentions possible, was consigned to the care of our leaders here, as too many of his predecessors had been a length of time. These leaders "were," says Lord Charlemont, "as every one knows, styled undertakers; and justly were they so, as from education, and from habit, they certainly were well fitted to preside at the funeral of the common weal."* Whatever their imbecility however in point of talents, (though, surely, with regard to some of them at least, *that* has been much misstated) or however great their usurpations, their misrule, if it may be so termed, arose very naturally from the political situation of Ireland, from the situation of parties in England, and the predominancy of one great party, the Whigs, who till the period we have now arrived at, had ruled England with little interruption. Whatever the faults, or errors of that party, I am not disposed to condemn, but generally, to applaud its leaders; and, I believe, notwithstanding all the railing of their adversaries,

* Private Papers.

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there are few, who truly venerate the English Constitution, who will not look back with a melancholy pleasure, to those good days of old England,—days of constitutional tranquillity,—internal and external peace,—when it was governed by a Whig association. With regard to Ireland, it cannot be said, that their views were very extensive, or, if they occasionally were so, they were controlled by circumstances; but, as to its *immediate* safety, they consulted that at least, when they resigned the care of it to some branches of their own connections here, who, they knew, were as inimical as themselves to the return of the house of Stuart. *That* they considered as the first evil to be guarded against. A peevish sophister, or conceited, speculative politician, living some forty or fifty years after certain great events have passed by, may talk, with little knowledge, and little observance, of the hour, which witnessed such events; but no rule of political action can be duly estimated, unless every circumstance relative to the times is regarded, which led to the establishment of that rule. To shut the door against the Stuarts, and, by so doing, to fix the English Constitution on a foundation too broad to be easily shaken, was the leading object of that most wise, and good minister, Sir Robert Walpole. Hence his

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management of Fleury, of the court of Madrid; his pacific system in short. To effectuate this object, he drew to himself the purse, the authority, the energies of the whole state. He sometimes abused, and his immediate successors much oftener abused, this plentitude of power. If, however, this was the case in England, with such an opposition as he and they encountered, most of his transactions condemned, and publicity, often an invidious one, given to them all, what might not be expected *here*, where every political circumstance, instead of inspiring control over our rulers, seemed to infuse almost the oblivion of Lethe, as to all things whatever connected with the state, except our triumphs at the Boyne, and Aughrim;—triumphs, fortunate as to the English Constitution, the general liberties of Europe, and our own particularly; though at the moment, and too, too long after, dreadful in their consequences to the Catholics of Ireland. —But to return to the Earl of Northumberland, who, in somewhat more than a year after this, was raised to the rank of Duke. Lord Charlemont said, that the civility which he received from him in England was uniform and unremitting. And, at a subsequent period, when, soon after his marriage, Lady Charlemont accompanied him to London, no mark of atten-

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tion, or regard, which could be paid to them, was withheld by the Duke, or his excellent Duchess. The liberality, in this respect, which Lord Charlemont met with from his Grace, was similar to that which, some few years before, he had experienced from the Duke of Bedford. It rose above all party views, and disdained an ungenerous retrospect to parliamentary hostility; conscious as both those noble personages were, that such hostility, if it deserved the name, was, on the the part of Lord Charlemont, manly, honorable, and constitutional. Acting in this manner, they did becoming justice to themselves, as well as to him, and gave that unequivocal applause to his sentiments, which, in the sullenness of party, was often withheld from him at home. But the politeness, the affectionate courtesies, which Lady Charlemont received from the Duchess of Northumberland,—courtesies, at all times engaging, but more particularly then, as Lady Charlemont was at that period, almost a stranger to London, were duly estimated by her and cherished in her grateful remembrance, as well as Lord Charlemont's.

In 1765, the Earl of Hertford came here as Lord Lieutenant; a nobleman of truly illustrious birth, being descended from the Protector So-

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merset, and deriving from the Lords Conway estates of great extent and value, in the north of Ireland. "I verily believe he will please as Viceroy," (thus Lord Chesterfield writes, concerning him, to the Bishop of Waterford)* "for he is one of the honestest and most religious men in the kingdom, and, moreover, very much a gentleman in his behaviour to every body." This was most strictly true. A nobleman, of such a character, must have been personally very agreeable to Lord Charlemont. Nor, although the political situation of Ireland at that time, prevented him from indulging the hope, that any Viceroy, who merely came here in October, and returned to England in the May following, could, without a most unusual exertion on the part of the English Cabinet, possibly effect any considerable melioration in our condition; yet, as Lord Hertford was joined to the Whigs, who, at that time, had gained a temporary ascendancy† with the Marquis of Rockingham, at the head of the Treasury, Lord Charlemont rested secure, that no-

* Dr. Chenevix.

† "A lat string ministry," said Charles Townshend, speaking of Lord Rockingham's administration, "it will last the summer."

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thing furious, or inimical, to the few rights we then had, would be attempted. He, therefore, attended the levées of the Lord-Lieutenant; but, true to the maxim which he had prescribed for his political conduct, he supported the government when, in his opinion, it acted right, and equally opposed it when he thought it his duty so to do. But, whilst attending the House of Lords, he protested against the act for restraining the exportation of corn. He says, "the constant, and unalterable tenor of my sentiments, respecting the rights of Ireland, and my unremitting view to the emancipation of her constitution, may be seen in a protest against that bill, December, 1765, part of which protest is as follows: "Because, although the crowns of England and Ireland be united, yet Ireland is a distinct kingdom, and as such has a distinct and separate executive, as well as a distinct and separate legislature. But the proper, and distinct executive of this kingdom, is his Majesty, as king of Ireland, or his substitute, or substitutes, with the privy council of Ireland." Such were the sentiments of his lordship in 1765; sentiments, at that time, seldom hazarded in Parliament, though re-echoed by the whole kingdom, in 1782. It is remarkable, that he was joined in his protest by the late Marquis of Waterford, and the late

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Earl of Westmeath,—two noblemen of entire loyalty to the crown, and as indisposed to any hostile procedure to the councils of Great Britain, as any persons whatever.

An anecdote of Lord Rockingham cannot be omitted here, as it is peculiarly illustrative of that simplicity, and generous, discriminating patriotism, which marked his character. Some time after the close of the session in Ireland, Lord Charlemont dined with him in London, when one of the company of that class of politicians I suppose, who think that no support is given to an administration unless it is blindly given, and that personal regards should absorb every other consideration, seemed to express a sort of good-humoured surprise, that Lord Charlemont, the intimate friend of the Marquis of Rockingham, should oppose Lord Rockingham's Viceroy, who, of course, was always to be considered as forming part of his Ministry. "Lord Charlemont is perfectly right;" replied the Marquis. "He may approve of us here, "and therefore I presume he would sup- "port us here; but we may be erroneous in some "part of our conduct towards Ireland, and, if "he thinks so, as the Irish Parliament is the "more immediate sphere of his public duty, no "doubt he should oppose us there."—An excel-

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lent lesson, particularly at that time, and not without its utility at this day, to those who affect to veil a base disregard for Ireland, under an assumed concern for the general weal of the empire; but who, in truth, if not checked in their precipitant servility, would think neither of the empire, the place of their birth, public duty, nor any thing else, save only the mandates of a grovelling self-interest. Lord Hertford's administration was, in general, approved of, and passed away in almost uniform tranquillity. Except as to the division, and protest, alluded to above, the House of Lords was as serene as that august body could possibly wish to be in those days.

Amidst the variety of persons who sought the friendship, or, at least, the acquaintance of Lord Charlemont, was the well-known Charles Lee, at this time aid-de-camp to Stanislaus, the late King of Poland. Dissatisfied with the whole tenor of English politics, and equally dissatisfied with himself, he entered into that amiable Prince's service, when, after remaining for some time at Warsaw, he visited different parts of Europe, and, at last, as the world has been long since informed, closed his days in America. We find him in this year (1765) corresponding with Lord Charlemont on miscellaneous topics,

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and one of his letters from Warsaw, to that nobleman, is inserted here. It will be found not uninteresting.

"Warsaw, June 1st, 1765.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"A letter which I some time ago wrote to Lord Thanet,* I hope you considered as in part intended for you, otherwise I must appear a prodigy of ingratitude; I desired him to communicate it to you, and as it contained the whole history of my peregrination and success, I thought it would be rather troublesome, than an instance of my duty and affection, to scrawl out another to you at the same time; I therefore waited, in hopes that something might turn up here, which might probably amuse you, but as I might wait until doomsday, and this never happen, (for Warsaw, if the wine and climate were better, is absolutely the court of Alcinous, nothing to do with the affairs of this bustling world, nor do I think whatever passes, good or bad, gives her the least concern) I say, my Lord, therefore, as I despair of any thing stirring worth your hearing, I can no longer defer paying

* The late Earl of Thanet.

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my tribute, so long due, of duty and affection; but I should begin with asking a thousand pardons, for having so long kept in my hands the inclosed, from Prince Czartoryski,* to your Lordship; but, as I knew it included no business, I put it off from day to day for the aforesaid reasons. The longer I am acquainted with this man, the more I like him, the more I admire his talents; a retentive memory, solid judgment, and quickness, are seldom united in the same person, yet they are so superlatively in him. To be master of several languages, and possess likewise an extensive knowledge of things, is miraculous, yet he is possessed of one and the other. It is a pity that he has not a better theatre to act on; but really this country is a wretched one; nor do I think there is the least chance of bettering her situation, for, any

* A very illustrious and most accomplished Polish nobleman, highly esteemed by Lord Charlemont, and well known to the principal literati throughout Europe. He corresponded with Sir William Jones, as appears from Lord Teignmouth's Life of that extraordinary man. Prince Czartoryski is father to the minister of that name, who was lately secretary for foreign affairs in Russia, and the beautiful Countess Zamoyska, who visited London some few years ago.

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attempt, either on the part of the King, of the leading men, or the common gentry, to mend the Constitution, are protested against by her kind neighbours, through a tenderness for her interests;—though, it must be confessed that, were her neighbours not to interfere, there would be no great probability of a reform, for the general run of their gentry, who have such an insurmountable negative power, (as a single veto dissolves the diet) are, if possible, more ignorant, obstinate, and bigotted, than the Hidalgos of Portugal; and those few who are better informed than the herd, whether it is from despair, or their natural disposition, pass their hours in such consummate idleness and dissipation, that our Macaroni club, or Betty's loungers, are, comparatively speaking, men of business and application.—Were I to call the common people brutes, I should injure the quadruped creation, they are such mere moving clods of stinking earth. This certainly must be the effect of slavery; there cannot be so monstrous a physical difference betwixt man and man. I would to God that our Tory writers, with David Hume at their head, and the favorers of our damnable administration, were to join this noble community, that they might reap the fruits which their blessed labours entitle them to, and that the

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effects might not fall on harmless posterity. I have, if possible, since my passage through Germany, and my residence here, a greater horror of slavery than ever. For God's sake, you patriot few at home, *principiis obstate*; for absolute power is a serpent of that wriggling, penetrating kind, that, if it can but introduce its head, it is in vain to pull at the tail. It is curious to hear me converse on these subjects with the King; to hear me advance my doctrines, not the most favourable to monarchy, to defend even the beheading the martyr Charles; but it is still more curious to hear his opinions, which are singular for a crowned head; in short, he is as warm an advocate for the natural rights of mankind, as was Algernon Sydney himself. It is not to give you a specimen of my proficiency in the trade of a courtier, when I assure you, that this King is really an accomplished person, he is competently conversant with books, his notions are just, his intentions honest, and his temper not to be ruffled. What he is most faulty in is, that he passes too much time with the women; but that is the vice of the place. Italy is nothing to this country in cicisbeism; the men and women are ever together, taking snuff, yawning, groaning with ennui, without a syllable to utter,

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but cannot separate. You may be assured, therefore, my dear Lord, that I, who think that dangling should be punished with the pillory, pass, if possible, for a mere odd fellow than I have done in other countries; but I am not satisfied with appearing absurd myself, I have broke into their parties by prevailing upon Wroughton, our resident here, who was as determined a yawner as the rest, sometimes to mount a horse, and look into a book. In a few weeks I set out for Breslaw, to be present at an *anti-yawning* party, a review of the King of Prussia's, where I may possibly collect materials for a letter to you, somewhat less dull than the present. In the mean time, my dear Lord, if you have a spare half hour, dispose of it charitably in preparing me the smallest dish of politics; but chiefly inform me of your health and welfare, which cannot be more devoutly wished for by any man, than by your most obliged, and

"Humble servant,

"CHARLES LEE.

"P. S. Prince Czartoryski is much, and I believe warmly your's; it is to his house you

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must have the kindness to direct to me, that is, '*Chez Le Prince General de Podolia, Varsovie.*'"

About this time, 1766, or somewhat before this, Lord Charlemont once more met his friend David Hume. His Lordship mentions him in some detached papers, which I shall here collect, and give to the reader. "Nothing," says Lord Charlemont, "ever shewed a mind more truly beneficient than Hume's whole conduct with regard to Rousseau. That story is too well known to be repeated, and exhibits a striking picture of Hume's heart, whilst it displays the strange and unaccountable vanity, and madness, of the French, or rather Swiss moralist. When first they arrived together from France, happening to meet with Hume in the Park, I wished him joy of his pleasing connection, and particularly hinted, that I was convinced he must be perfectly happy in his new friend, as their sentiments were, I believed, nearly similar. 'Why no, man,' said he, 'in that you are mistaken; Rousseau is not what you think him; he has a hankering after the Bible, and, indeed, is little better than a Christian, in a way of his own.' Excess of vanity was the madness of Rousseau. When he first arrived in London, he and his Armenian dress were followed by crowds, and

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as long as this species of admiration lasted, he was contented and happy. But in London, such sights are only the wonder of the day, and in a very short time he was suffered to walk where he pleased, unattended, unobserved. From that instant, his discontent may be dated. But to dwell no longer on matters of public notoriety, I shall only mention one fact, which I can vouch for truth, and which would, of itself, be amply sufficient to convey an adequate idea of the amazing eccentricity of this singular man. When, after having quarrelled with Hume, and all his English friends, Rousseau was bent on making his escape, as he termed it, into France, he stopped at a village between London and Dover, and from thence wrote to General Conway, then Secretary of State, informing him, that, although he had got so far with safety, he was well apprized, that the remainder of his rout was so beset by his inexorable enemies, that, unprotected, he could not escape. He therefore solemnly claimed the protection of the King, and desired that a party of cavalry might be immediately ordered to escort him to Dover. This letter General Conway shewed to me, together with his answer, in which he assured him that the postillions were, altogether, a very sufficient guard throughout

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every part of the King's dominions.* To return to Hume. In London, where he often did me the honour to communicate the manuscripts of his additional essays, before their publication, I have sometimes, in the course of our intimacy, asked him whether he thought that, if his opinions were universally to take place, mankind would not be rendered more unhappy than they now were; and whether he did not suppose that the curb of religion was necessary to human nature? 'The objections,' answered he, 'are not without weight; but error never can produce good, and truth ought to take place of all considerations.' He never failed, in the midst of any controversy, to give its due praise to every thing tolerable that was either said, or written against him. One day that he visited me in London, he came into my room laughing, and apparently well pleased. 'What has put you into this good humour, Hume?' said I. 'Why, man,' replied he, 'I have just now had the best thing said to me I ever heard. I was complaining in a company, were I spent the morning, that I was very ill treated by the world, and that the censures past upon me were hard and unreason-

* This anecdote of Rousseau is well known.

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able. That I had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but few pages that contained any reprehensible matter, and yet, for those few pages, I was abused and torn to pieces.' 'You put me in mind,' said an honest fellow in the company, whose name I did not know, 'of an acquaintance of mine, a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of his case; that after having written many thousand inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for one line.'

"But an unfortunate disposition to doubt of every thing seemed interwoven with the nature of Hume, and never was there, I am convinced, a more thorough and sincere sceptic. He seemed not to be certain even of his own present existence, and could not therefore be expected to entertain any settled opinion respecting his future state. Once I asked him what he thought of the immortality of the soul? 'Why troth, man,' said he, 'it is so pretty and so comfortable a theory, that I wish I could be convinced of its truth, but I canna help doubting.'

"Hume's fashion at Paris, when he was there as Secretary to Lord Hertford, was truly ridicu-

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lous; and nothing ever marked, in a more striking manner, the whimsical genius of the French. No man, from his manners, was surely less formed for their society, or less likely to meet with their approbation; but that flimsy philosophy which pervades, and deadens even their most licentious novels, was then the folly of the day. Free thinking and English frocks were the fashion, and the Anglomanie was the *ton du pais*. Lord Holland, though far better calculated than Hume to please in France, was also an instance of this singular predilection. Being about this time on a visit to Paris, the French concluded, that an Englishman of his reputation must be a philosopher, and must be admired. It was customary with him to doze after dinner, and one day, at a great entertainment, he happened to fall asleep; 'Le voilà!' says a Marquis, pulling his neighbour by the sleeve; 'Le voilà, qui pense!' But the madness for Hume was far more singular and extravagant. From what has been already said of him, it is apparent that his conversation to strangers, and particularly to Frenchmen, could be little delightful, and still more particularly, one would suppose, to French women. And yet no lady's toilette was complete without Hume's attendance. At the opera, his broad, unmeaning face was usually seen *entre deux jolis minois*. The

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ladies in France give the ton, and the ton was deism; a species of philosophy ill suited to the softer sex, in whose delicate frame weakness is interesting, and timidity a charm. But the women in France were deists, as with us they were charioteers. The tenets of the new philosophy were *à portee de tout, le monde,* and the perusal of a wanton novel, such, for example, as Therese Philosophe, was amply sufficient to render any fine gentleman, or any fine lady, an accomplished, nay, a learned deist. How my friend Hume was able to endure the encounter of these French female Titans I know not. In England, either his philosophic pride, or his conviction that infidelity was ill suited to women, made him perfectly averse from the initiation of ladies into the mysteries of his doctrine. I never saw him so much displeased, or so much disconcerted, as by the petulance of Mrs. Mallet, the conceited wife of Bolingbroke's editor. This lady, who was not acquainted with Hume, meeting him one night at an assembly, boldly accosted him in these words: 'Mr. Hume, give me leave to introduce myself to you; we deists ought to know each other.'—'Madame,' replied he, 'I am no deist. I do not style myself so, neither do I desire to be known by that appellation.'

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"Nothing ever gave Hume more real vexation, than the strictures made upon his history in the House of Lords, by the great Lord Chatham. Soon after that speech I met Hume, and ironically wished him joy of the high honour that had been done him. 'Zounds, man,' said he, with more peevishness than I had ever seen him express, 'he's a Goth! he's a Vandal!' Indeed, his history is as dangerous in politics, as his essays are in religion; and it is somewhat extraordinary, that the tame man who labours to free the mind from what he supposes religious prejudices, should as zealously endeavour to shackle it with the servile ideas of despotism. But he loved the Stuart family, and his history is, of course, their apology. All his prepossessions, however, could never induce him absolutely to falsify history; and though he endeavours to soften the failings of his favourites, even in their actions, yet it is on the characters which he gives to them, that he principally depends for their vindication; and from hence frequently proceeds, in the course of his history, this singular incongruity, that it is morally impossible that a man, possessed of the character which the historian delineates, should in certain circumstances have acted the part which the same historian narrates and assigns to him.

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But now to return to his philosophical principles, which certainly constitute the discriminating feature of his character. The practice of combating received opinions, had one unhappy, though not unusual, effect on his mind. He grew fond of paradoxes, which his abilities enabled him successfully to support; and his understanding was so far warped and bent by this unfortunate predilection, that he had well nigh lost that best faculty of the mind, the almost intuitive perception of truth. His sceptical turn made him doubt, and consequently dispute every thing; yet was he a fair and pleasant disputant. He heard with patience, and answered without acrimony. Neither was his conversation at any time offensive, even to his more scrupulous companions: his good sense, and good nature, prevented his saying any thing that was likely to shock, and it was not till he was provoked to argument, that, in mixed companies, he entered into his favourite topics. Where indeed, as was the case with me, his regard for any individual rendered him desirous of making a proselyte, his efforts were great, and anxiously incessant.

" Respecting this new, or rather revived system of philosophy, *soi disante telle*, it may

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perhaps be confessed, that it may possibly, have done some good; but then it has certainly done much more mischief to mankind. On the one hand, it may perhaps be allowed, that to its prevalence we owe that general system of toleration which seems to prevail, and which is, I fear, the only speck of white that marks the present age.* Yet even this solitary virtue, if infidelity be its basis, is founded on a false principle. Christian Charity, which includes the idea of universal philanthropy, and which, when *really Christian*, is the true foundation on which this virtue should be erected, and not the opinion that all religions should be tolerated, because all are alike erroneous. But even allowing this boasted benefit its full weight, to the same cause we are, I doubt, on the other hand, indebted for that profligacy of manners, or, to call it by the most gentle name, that frivolity which every where prevails. To this cause we owe that total disregard, that fastidious dislike to all serious thought; for every man can be a deist without thinking; he is made so at his toilette, and, whilst his

* When this was written I know not.

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hair is dressing, reads himself into an adept; that shameful and degrading apathy to all that is great and noble; in a word, that perfect indifference to right or wrong, which enervates and characterizes this unmeaning and frivolous age. Neither have we reason to hope a favourable change. The present manners are the fashion of the day, and will not last. But infidelity will never subside into true piety. It will produce its contrary. The present is an age of irreligion; the next will, probably, be an age of bigotry.

> "Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
> Nos nequiores, mox daturos
> Progeniem vitiosiorem."

To proceed now with Politics.

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1767.

After Lord Hertford's departure, the Earl of Bristol was nominated lord lieutenant. But he never came, and, if the opinions of certain persons have any weight, never would have succeeded if he had come. Then Lord Weymouth, a nobleman of talents, was appointed; and if Junius is to be believed, merely for the first emoluments of a place, which, it was intended, he never should fill. At last Lord Townshend came to Ireland. His Viceroyalty forms a peculiar epocha in the history of this country; a gallant soldier, the military associate of Wolfe, frank, convivial, abounding in wit and humour; sometimes, it is said, more than was strictly consonant to the Viceroyal dignity; capricious, uncertain, he not unfrequently offended the higher orders; but altogether, had his parliamentary measures been more agreeable, few lord lieutenants would have been more ac-

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ceptable to the Irish. His brother, the celebrated Charles Townshend, was then chancellor of the exchequer; but scarcely had the lord lieutenant kissed hands on his appointment, when Charles Townshend died; and his political importance suffered, of course, much diminution. A very novel system, as to this country, had previous to his departure from England, been resolved on by the English cabinet. The lord lieutenant was in future to continue here for some years, and all the patronage of the lords justices consigned to him;—a wise system for Ireland, had it been carried into execution as it should have been. To no one was it, to a certain point, more agreeable than to Lord Charlemont; and he was prepared to support the new Viceroy, if the measures to be pursued bore any just conformity to the supposed plan. Unfortunately however, the developement of every day's proceeding proved, that there was no plan whatever, unless to get rid of the aristocracy at any rate. As the subversion of their power, now so ancient in the country, would naturally create a host of opponents to Lord Townshend, some management of the people, and some popular measure, were necessary, to place the new system in successful opposition to the old. The independency of the judges had

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been, for some years, a favourite object in Ireland. Lord Townshend, therefore, in the first speech which he made to the Irish parliament, directed their attention to this point, and heads of a bill soon past both Houses, which enabled the judges to hold their seats, not as before, during pleasure, but during good behaviour. The bill was, however, returned from England so altered, that it was thrown out. What occasioned this change in the sentiments of the English cabinet is not known; but any thing more completely impolitic could scarcely be devised; it counteracted their own system, and instead of adding dignity and grace to the new, and resident Viceroy, it was calculated to render his administration inefficient, and almost contemptible. To propose a measure from the throne, to the recommendation of parliament, is always considered as giving it that sanction which government can so amply bestow. To withdraw such a measure abruptly, or so to change it in its progress afterwards, as to render its adoption dangerous, is justly regarded as a breach of faith; and the English cabinet, by abandoning Lord Townshend in this instance, placed him in a situation most singularly awkward as a Viceroy, who was either not authorised to say what he did, or so inefficient as not

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to have power to carry what he himself had proposed. The consequences, at a future day, were highly injurious to his administration; but as the bill was lost at the time that the Octennial bill was gained, its rejection for the moment was comparatively disregarded.

The session for 1768 will be long memorable for the passing of the Octennial bill into a law;* a measure which, whether Lord Townshend recommended its adoption, or not, to the English ministry, covered him with popularity, and may be said to have first opened the door of the British Constitution to Ireland. Till this time the Irish Parliament continued, unless put an end to by prerogative, for the life of the reigning prince. During that of James the First, it sat for a long period; in the reign of Charles the First, its sittings, not elections, were frequent; it continued four sessions only during the life of his son; for, after the dissolution of parliament by the Duke of Ormonde, in August, 1666, Charles the Second

* The House of Commons passed heads of a bill for holding *Septennial* parliaments in Ireland, but the English council changed the word Septennial into Octennial; thus giving four sessions to the Irish legislature, which at this time sat only every second year.

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never summoned another in this kingdom; so that, for eighteen years, Ireland was without any legislative assembly whatever. King James's Parliament cannot be acknowledged, nor was any Parliament called here till four years after the revolution. William and Mary therefore, sat during that time, on the throne of these kingdoms, without any legislative interference on the part of Ireland;* for the act of recognition of their Majesty's title to the crown of this kingdom was not passed till November 1792. The war however, of 1690, and 1691, is to be taken into consideration, as precluding a more immediate recognition. The parliament of 1692 sat but a short time indeed; from the 5th of October to the 3d of November, when it was prorogued. The day of that prorogation is not to be passed over; the royal assent was then given by Lord Sydney, to the bill which acknowledged William and Mary's title to the crown; and scarcely had that assent been given, when he

* Unless the act of Henry 8th, which declares, that whoever is king of England shall be also king of Ireland. But the Statesman at the Revolution, (Lord Somers was, in 1692, Attorney-General, or Lord Keeper) did not chuse to trust to that act alone, but had the act of recognition passed also, and thus made assurance double sure.

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entered a most angry protest against some proceedings of the Commons. So highly did his Excellency resent their supposed invasion of the royal prerogative, by rejecting a money bill because it had not its rise in their House, and constitutionally adding, that the sole right of preparing heads of money bills was in the Commons, that not one word escaped him relative to the important act which they had just presented, and he confirmed; but, having as sullenly as briefly told both Houses that he would take into his consideration some heads of bills which he *had heard* were prepared by them for his, and the council's approbation, he dismissed them never to meet again, as, in some months after, the parliament was dissolved. In such proceedings the image of the English constitution was but faintly reflected, and so inauspicious, and so clouded, was the dawn of the first parliamentary proceedings in Ireland after the revolution. Better councils however, have since, though slowly and reluctantly, taken place; nor can we, at this day, sufficiently admire the superior efficacy of that constitution, which, even with the miserable portion of it then doled out to Ireland, could sustain and uphold this kingdom, not merely amid the conflict of hostile camps, but the inexpert councils of the victors; who treated

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those whom they had subdued, and those who aided them in that subjugation, with almost the same mortifying and revolting indifference.

But Ireland was not merely annexed to the crown of England, (may she be ever so!) but, from the peculiar untowardness of her situation at that time, the complete dependent on the Parliament and people of England. The ungenerous restrictions on her commerce, some few years after the period I now touch on, gave that dependency its full blazon. To expect generosity from the mass of mankind towards those who are in piteous subserviency to them, is, with some splendid exceptions, the most light and insubstantial of all chimeras;—this is the history of individuals, as well as of nations.

The spirit of liberty however, was not totally extinct. Parliament stood, for a time, aloof; but some members of parliament in both houses proved by their conduct, that it was not for slavery they contended at the Boyne. A bill of rights was discussed, and the frequent holding of parliaments made a part of that proposed bill; unsuccessfully indeed, but we must respect the memory of those who brought forward such questions. During the reign of Queen Anne,

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there was no dissolution, till the year before the death of that Princess, when a new Parliament was called, which her Tory ministry could not bend to their purposes, nor divert from the House of Hanover, although they sent a Lord Lieutenant, (the Duke of Shrewsbury) who, from the clearness of his understanding, and the peculiar felicity of his temper and address, was the most likely to conciliate their regards. But that he really acted in unison with his ministerial colleagues may now be very reasonably doubted.

In the reign of George the First, though part of it was disturbed by Wood's patent, and not sufficiently so by the final judicature act, our parliament was not once dissolved, nor was that convened by his successor, which, of course, sat three and thirty years; for so long did that good Prince wear the crown. Nothing therefore, can more completely display the inconsistency of some politicians, than their condemnation of the septennial bill in England, as being, from its duration, utterly irreconcileable to the constitution, whilst they loudly exclaimed against any change in the Irish parliament, whose existence was only terminated by an exertion of the prerogative, or the personal extinction of the monarch. A House of Commons of

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such longevity, could hardly be said to have any communication with, or knowledge of, the people. It became superannuated enough to outlive all recollection of popular control. *Quieta non movere* is a maxim which the levity of the multitude, and the sinister ambition of those who too often lead that multitude, sufficiently demonstrate the general utility of. But it has its limits, and most necessarily so. In the case before us, though parliament had now continued in the state I have described for nearly eighty years after the revolution, statesmen could not expect that it would always remain so. The people looked towards England, and observing the frequency of parliaments there, which unavoidably had its influence on the democratic part of the legislature, began to murmur at their own condition. In this temper, the original steps towards obtaining the Octennial bill were, as Lord Charlemont always observed, to be traced, however faintly, in the writings of his friend Doctor Lucas, which, though limited at first to objects merely municipal, not unfrequently hinted at the unconstitutional duration of parliaments; and at last openly recommended a proper resistance to such a political grievance. Those writings, though now almost forgotten,

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made no small impression on the public mind. The imperfect historical knowledge of Lucas was soon, and amply supplied by the diligent research, and entire familiarity with constitutional subjects, which some gentlemen at the bar, or members of the House of Commons, displayed in several publications, all tending to the same point, and stating the necessity of abridging the existence of Parliament, without which any change in the constitution, or condition of Ireland, would be looked for in vain.

The metropolis then came forward, and was followed by some counties, recommending a parliamentary support of this great measure; gradually the flame spread wider, nor was it in the power of ministerial, or aristocratical influence any longer to extinguish it. On the 22d October, 1761, (the first day of the meeting of the new parliament) leave was given to bring in heads of a bill to limit the duration of parliament; but when, on the 9th of December following, it was moved that the Lord Lieutenant would be pleased to recommend the same in the most effectual manner to his Majesty, the motion was negatived by a large majority. This proceeding very justly awakened the suspi-

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cions of the people as to the sincerity of their representatives; and the house, perfectly conscious that such suspicions were by no means vague or idle, thought proper to adopt the following very undignified, disingenuous, resolution: " Resolved, that the suggestions confidently propagated, that the heads of a bill for limiting the duration of parliaments, if returned from England, would have been rejected by this house, are without foundation;" 26th of April, 1762. The progress of the bill through the house, in the subsequent session of 1763, was still more languid, and more calculated to awaken, and keep alive, every doubt and suspicion of the people. Leave was given to bring it in on the 13th of October, and it was not presented till the 14th of December following, nor reported till the middle of February. Nothing can more evidently mark the real disposition of the house, towards this very constitutional bill: the people became more importunate than before, and the House of Commons once more passed the bill; having, according to the usage of those days, sent it to the privy council, where the aristocratical leaders were certain it would be thrown into a corner. They were not mistaken. If they could have so long combated this measure in an assembly

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that had, at least, the name and semblance of a popular one, with what facility could they overthrow it in a select body, issuing directly from the crown, and where some members, not of one, but both houses of parliament, would, like confluent streams, direct their united force against it with a more silent indeed, and therefore more fatal current. The bill being thus soon overwhelmed, nothing could be done till another session. Once more the people petitioned, and once more the House of Commons sent the bill to their good friends the Privy Council, enjoying in public, the applause of the nation for having passed it, and, in secret, the notable triumph that it would be so soon destroyed. But here matters assumed a different aspect; the Privy Council began to feel that this scene of deception had been long enough played by the Commons, and being with some reason, very much out of humour, that the plaudits of the nation should be bestowed on its representatives, whilst his Majesty's Privy Council, by the artifice of some leaders, was rendered odious to the country, resolved to drop the curtain at once, and certified the bill to the English Privy Council, satisfied that it would encounter a much more chilling reception there, than it had met with even

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from themselves. The aspect of affairs was again changed. The Irish Privy Council had disappointed the Commons, and the English cabinet now resolved to disappoint and punish both. Enraged with the House of Commons for its dissimulation, with the aristocracy for not crushing the bill at once; and, amid all this confusion and resentment, not a little elated, to have it at length in their power completely to humiliate that aristocracy, which, in the true spirit of useful, obsequious servitude, not only galled the people, but sometimes mortified, and controlled the English cabinet itself; afraid of popular commotions in Ireland; feeling, as English gentlemen, that the Irish public was in the right; as statesmen, that it would be wise to relinquish at once what, in fact, could be but little longer tenable,- they sacrificed political leaders, privy councellors, and parliament, to their fears, their hatred, their adoption of a new policy, and though last, not the least motive, it is to be hoped, their just sense of the English constitution. They returned the bill, and gave orders for the calling of a new parliament; which was dissolved the day after the Lord Lieutenant put an end to the session of 1768.

It is impossible not to mention, in this place,

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an anecdote which I heard from Lord Charlemont, as well as others. He happened, at this time, to dine with one of the great parliamentary leaders. A large company, and, as Bubb Dodington says of some of his dinners with the Pelhams, much drink, and much good humour. In the midst of this festivity, the papers and letters of the last English packet, which had just come in, were brought into the room, and given to the master of the house. Scarcely had he read one or two of them, when it appeared that he was extremely agitated. The company was alarmed. "What's the matter?—Nothing, we hope, has happened that——" "Happened! (exclaimed their kind host, and swearing most piteously,) Happened! The septennial bill is returned." A burst of joy from Lord Charlemont, and the very few real friends of the bill, who happened to be present! The majority of the company, confused, and indeed almost astounded, began, after the first involuntary dejection of their features, to recollect that they had, session after session, openly voted for this bill, with many an internal curse, Heaven knows! But still they had uniformly been its loudest advocates; and that therefore, it would be somewhat decorous, not to appear too much cast down at their own unexpected triumphs. In consequence of these politic reflec-

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tions they endeavoured to adjust their looks to the joyous occasion as well as they could. But they were soon spared the awkwardness of assumed felicity. "The bill is not only returned," continued their chieftain, "but—but—the parliament is dissolved!" "Dissolved! Dissolved! Why dissolved?" "My good friends, I can't tell you why, or wherefore; but dissolved it is, or will be directly."

Hypocrisy, far more disciplined than their's, could lend its aid no further. If the first intelligence which they heard was tolerably doleful, this was complete discomfiture. They sunk into taciturnity, and the leaders began to look in fact, what they had been so often politically called, a company of Undertakers. They had assisted at the parliamentary funeral of some opponents, (Jones Nevill, for instance;)* and now, like Charles the Fifth, though without his satiety of worldly vanities, they were to assist at their own. In

* Mr. Arthur Jones Nevil, whose expulsion from the House of Commons, for supposed delinquency, as surveyor-general of public works, was a mere trial of strength between Boyle and Stone, in which the former was successful. The parliamentary wits of that day, in the House of Commons, said, on his expulsion, that he was not *In*igo Jones, but *Out*igo Jones.

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the return of this fatal bill was their political existence completely inurned. Lord Charlemont took advantage of their silent mood, and quietly withdrew from this groupe of statesmen, than whom a more ridiculous, rueful set of personages in his life he said, he never beheld. The city, in consequence of the intelligence of the evening, was in a tumult of gratitude and applause; illuminations were every where diffused, and our unintentionally victorious senators were obliged, on their return home, to stop at the end of almost every street, and huzza, very dismally, with a very merry, very patriotic, and very drunken populace.

But public exultation was not confined to Dublin. In a few days all Ireland might have been said to be one continued blaze. The septennial bill was now, according to the mode of passing bills in those days, once more to appear before the House of Commons, where, if it was not received with much interior joy and gladness, it met with great civility, and in general, the most perfect parliamentary decorum. Many unquestionably acted like true patriots, and assented to it from their hearts, as a great constitutional boon conceded to Ireland. Some connected with boroughs began now to look a dis-

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solution in the face, and calculated on a temporary sale, or entire lucrative transfer, of this species of parliamentary property. Some members for counties, who had long flattered themselves with possession of their seats, either for their own lives, or the life of the Sovereign, conscious that a retrospect of their political existence could afford little satisfaction to themselves or their electors, shuddered at the idea of meeting those beloved constituents once more. Altogether, there was not a little patriotism, much dread of the people, and abundant selfishness.

The House of Lords presented a scene far more uniform. As a permanent body, emanating directly from the crown, the thunder of a dissolution not only rolled innocuous over their heads, but was hailed by them as the harbinger of days, auspicious perhaps, to public liberty, but, at all events, far more propitious to their own personal interest. The major part of the boroughs lay in their hands, and a measure now presented itself which gave to them their choice of increasing their followers, or augmenting their purse. In some cases the latter object would be found, perhaps, the most desirable. A parliamentary chieftain in the north or south might, now and then, be rich in adherents, and poor in

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pocket.—*Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex.* The diminution of parliamentary consequence would, at certain intervals, be compensated by domestic convenience. They congratulated themselves, therefore, on the approach of a season, which was no longer to await the slow demise of the crown, the death, or the ennobling of a solitary individual, but would then, and in its renovation every seven or eight years, restore to them their boroughs, in value augmented tenfold, and, in short, as productive and agreeable, as, at that moment, they were sterile and neglected. If such sentiments predominated in the minds of several, it is but candid to state, that some portion of public spirit pervaded also those of others. There were some also, who had been so long held in thraldom by the aristocracy, that they could not but rejoice in a measure which would rescue them, and their connexions, from an oppressive bondage, and, if pursued with a just and liberal spirit, give constitutional, rational liberty to the kingdom. Lord Charlemont and his public-minded friends (they were, alas! but few) availing themselves of these intermingled sentiments among their noble brethren, most wisely took the current as it served, prevailed on the House to consent to the reading of the bill thrice on the same day, and

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crowned the whole with the following resolutions:—

"RESOLVED, That the reading of the bill for limiting the duration of parliaments a second time, committing it, reporting, and reading it a third time, and passing it in the same day, was done as a distinguishing mark of the approbation of this House of that bill, and is not to be drawn into precedent.

"RESOLVED, That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, to express our grateful acknowledgments for returning the bill for limiting the duration of parliaments in this kingdom, so essential to the constitution, so beneficial to the Protestant religion, and so universally desired by the nation; and to testify, by this early tribute of our thanks, the great satisfaction which we feel from an event, which equally contributes to the joy of the nation, and to his Majesty's glory."

The bill however did not pass through the House of Lords with entire unanimity. Lord Chancellor Lifford, Lord Annaly, and a respectable prelate, Doctor Hutchinson, Bishop of Killala, not only voted, but protested against it.

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Their arguments, as contained in the protest, are feeble and inconclusive.

In alluding to this measure, which may be said to have first unlocked the political energies of Ireland, Lord Charlemont has in some of his papers made the following observations, which are so truly just, that it would be unpardonable to withhold them from the reader. "As far as my experience goes, this maxim appears to me infallible, that every measure intrinsically just and good will finally be carried by virtuous and steady perseverance. In the pursuit of that which is salutary and right, let no patriot be discouraged by defeat, since, though repeated efforts may prove ineffectual, the time will come, when the labours of the virtuous few will finally succeed against all the efforts of interested majorities, when a coincidence of favourable circumstances will conspire with the justice and utility of the measure, and, beyond the reach of human foresight, carry into execution even that which, by the weak and timid, was deemed most impossible. *Nil desperandum* is a maxim in patriotism, which I solemnly recommend to the observance of my children. Let them always endeavour after what is right, how difficult so ever it may appear of attainment; since, though

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they should not live to witness success, they will lay a foundation for the success of their survivors. The man who lays the first stone of the temple of liberty, has as much, and perhaps more credit with posterity, than he who lives to complete the edifice."

This year (1768) seems to have been particularly auspicious to Lord Charlemont in private as well as public life. On the second of July he was married to Miss Hickman, daughter of Robert Hickman, Esq. of the county of Clare; an ancient and respectable family, allied to that of Lord Windsor. Unfeigned respect for this noble lady, for the just delicacy of her mind, imposes an almost total silence on me, where otherwise I should be least inclined to indulge it. But I may be permitted to say this at least, that her union with Lord Charlemont was productive of felicity, as rational and refined as uninterrupted; and her taste and sentiments were, in all respects, congenial to those of her amiable Lord.*

The parliament now accelerated to its close

* Since the above was written, that truly excellent lady is, alas! no more.

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A new scene was opened, and several new actors appeared. Some creations took place, of course, from time to time, in the House of Lords, of which the Peerage, no doubt, retains the most distressing memory, and History, no memory at all. Of some who flourished, if I may be allowed the phrase, in that assembly, or were long conspicuous in the lower House of Parliament, it is proper that just mention should be made.

Simon Luttrell, Earl of Carhampton, was descended from a long line of progenitors, who, for several centuries, were seated at Luttrelstown, in the county of Dublin, where, as well as in other counties of Ireland, they had very large possessions. The immediate ancestors of Lord Carhampton, or some of them at least, followed the fortunes of James the second. His uncle held a high rank in that prince's army, and was by him appointed a privy counsellor of Ireland, on the same day with the celebrated Anthony, Count Hamilton.* He was killed at the battle of Landen. Lord Carhampton was bred up in

* Author of the Gramont Memoirs, and many miscellaneous productions, in prose as well as verse.

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political principles directly opposite to those of his ancestors, and received the first part of his education at Eton, where he formed early habits of intimacy with lord Camden, whose age corresponded exactly with his own.* He was a distinguished member of the House of Lords in Ireland for many years, though by no means young when he took his seat in that assembly. Whilst he was there, he spoke with his accustomed wit and humour, great perspicuity, adroitness, knowledge of mankind, quickness in perceiving, and rallying the foibles of his adversaries, stimulating, if it suited his purpose, a warm temper to warmth still greater, with a general vigilance, and command of his own. To oratory he laid no claim. He was well versed in the proceedings of parliament, as, for the best part of his life, he had sat in the English House of Commons, where, though he did not press forward as a constant debater, he was a most keen and accurate observer of all that passed. As a companion a more agreeable man could scarcely be found. He was the delight of those whose society he frequented, whilst he resided in Dublin, as he did almost constantly towards

* Both were born in the year 1713.

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the close of his life. His conversation (for I had long the honour and happiness of partaking of it) was charming; full of sound sense, perfect acquaintance with the histories of the most distinguished persons of his own age, and that which preceded it; without the least garrulity pursuing various narratives, and enlivening all with the most graceful original humour. In many respects it resembled that species of conversation which the French, at a period when society was best understood, distinguished above all other colloquial excellence of that day, by the appropriate phrase of *l'Esprit de Mortemart.* Gay, simple, very peculiar, yet perfectly natural, easy, and companionable; unambitious of all ornament, but embellished by that unstudied and becoming air, which a just taste, improved by long familiarity with persons of the best manners, can alone bestow. Lord Carhampton was an excellent scholar; but as the subjects which engaged his attention in general were either political, or such as an agreeable man of the world would most dwell on in mixed companies, his literary acquirements were only, or more peculiarly known to those who lived in greater intimacy with him.

To enter into an idle, and unskilful panegy-

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ric of this nobleman, is not the part of these Memoirs; but they can state, with propriety, that he was friendly and good-natured; and it is only doing bare justice to his memory to add, that the accounts which political writers of the day, especially at the period of the Middlesex election, published with regard to him, are almost without exception to be regarded as the mere fabrications of party. Young persons, who engage early and warmly in politics, cannot be sufficiently warned against the slightest encouragement of publications, which, professing to have some national object in view, are almost totally and ungenerously personal. No zeal for any patron or party, or cause, should induce an honourable mind to overlook, much less to applaud, any wanton misrepresentation of our adversaries; for what has any good party, or good cause, to do with misrepresentations? At first they are regarded as mere indiscreet alacrity in a political contest; but insensibly they create an indifference to all truth, if some paltry triumph or advantage can be obtained by a deviation from it: or, without being so deadly in their effects, how often do they generate an unkindly spirit towards those whom either the propriety, or the accident, of parliamentary warfare may sometimes oppose to us; and how frequently

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has it happened, even to the best natures, that no inconsiderable portion of life has passed away, before the prejudices excited by those worst of all enemies to the liberty of the press, and indeed all civilized society, have totally subsided?

Charles Coote, Earl of Bellamont, was, I believe, descended from that Sir Charles Coote, who acted no inconsiderable part as a military personage, in Ireland, during that agitated period which succeeded the calamitous era of 1641. No portion of his warlike spirit was lost in his descendant, who, at an early period of his life, distinguished himself against the Oak boys, and other insurgents; for which services it was thought proper to reward him with a red ribband; and he was accordingly invested with the ensigns of the order of the Bath, by the Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Lieutenant, at the castle of Dublin. He was a nobleman who possessed much quickness of parts, of real but very singular talents, and most fantastic in the use of them. In his dress, his air, his manners, his diction, whether in common conversation, or debate, he was totally unlike any other man of his time. His person was well formed, of a most advantageous

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height, and, when decorated with his star, or other emblems of chivalry, he moved along, like a Lord Herbert of Cherbury, or one of those knights who "jousted in Aspramont or Montalban;"* as lofty in mien as in phrases; courteous, or hostile, as the occasion required. His oratory cannot be at all adequately described. He must have been heard in the House of Lords; where the stately march of his periods, his solemn pauses, his correspondent gestures, his selection of words, so remote from common use, yet not always deficient in energy, or point, sometimes excited the admiration, and always the amazement of his auditors. The politeness of his manners was certainly engaging though ceremonious, and tinctured with that eccentricity which pervaded his whole deportment. He had a just and becoming public spirit, which conciliated the regard of Lord Charlemont, who acted as his second in his celebrated duel with the Marquis Townshend; when, it is almost superfluous to add, he behaved with his usual characteristic gallantry and punctilious antique

* I speak of him as he appeared between thirty and forty years ago.

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courtesy. He was most severely wounded, but lived many years afterwards.

There were other noblemen of talents who spoke with extreme good sense in the Lords, and always supported a propriety and dignity of conduct: but it is unnecessary to dwell on them here. I shall, therefore, go to the House of Commons.

John Scott, afterwards Earl of Clonmell, was, in the year 1769, recommended to the protection of Lord Townshend, then Viceroy of Ireland, by Lord Chancellor Lifford. The Marquis had expressed his wishes for the assistance of some young gentleman of the bar, on whose talents and fidelity he might rely, in the severe parliamentary campaigns then likely to take place. In consequence of this recommendation, Mr. Scott was elected a member of the House of Commons for one of the late Lord Granard's boroughs. This choice did great honour to the chancellor's discernment of character, as Scott not only answered, but even exceeded, the most sanguine expectations of the Lord Lieutenant. The opposition at that time, was sufficiently formidable; being composed of the most leading families in the country, joined to great

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parliamentary talents, and led on by Flood, whose oratorical powers were then perhaps at their height. Against this lofty combination did Mr Scott venture to oppose himself, with a promptitude and resolution almost unexampled. No menace from without doors, no invective within, no question, however popular, no retort, however applauded, no weight, or vehemence of eloquence, no airy and delicate satire, for a moment deterred this young, vigorous, and ardent assailant. On he moved, without much incumbrance of argument certainly, but all the light artillery, and total war of jests, and bon mots, pointed sarcasms, popular stories, and popular allusions, were entirely his own. He spoke, it must be confessed, very indifferently at first; but whilst his antagonists, and some of the fine gentlemen of the House, accustomed to a more fashionable and polished oratory, affected to regard his eloquence, (if, in their opinion, it deserved the name) as a noisy torrent for ever voluble, and for ever the same, the older, and more sagacious members soon perceived where the force of his talents lay, and that he was not calculated to move in a subordinate sphere. On the death of Tisdall he succeeded to the place of attorney-general; and as, in a year or two afterwards, more im-

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portant questions were agitated than had before engaged the attention of the House of Commons, he was obliged to come forward as the principal supporter of government, and encountered, of course, no small share of popular odium. Several of his enemies, and persons who talked without consideration, asserted that he displayed no talents whatever in defence of administration. But let justice be done to him. He spoke often with much ingenuity and, in some instances, great address. It is true that, in the warmth and tumult of debate, arguing, as he frequently did, on grounds not at all tenable, opposed by as eloquent men as ever sat in the House of Commons, with the voice of the country calling aloud for freedom, and seconding all their efforts, he hazarded assertions, which, as he could not recall, his opponents would not suffer to pass without sharp animadversions. But, as some of Dryden's productions were, according to Hume, the offspring of haste and hunger, the positions which Mr. Scott often advanced, were the offspring of the moment; of a mind hurried, and driven beyond its sphere; in short, of a political combatant who was obliged, at any rate, to defend administration. In this situation, he was often ungenerously left almost alone, but, on looking

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back to those days, it may be said, that he was one of the best supports which ministers had in the House of Commons. The times were almost wild; much management was required; and where others would always have irritated, he sometimes conciliated. He was removed from the office of attorney-general, during the vice-royalty of the Duke of Portland; but in that of Lord Northington was appointed prime serjeant; and if popularity is said, very justly too, to be of a most transitory nature, public disapprobation is often equally so; for, whilst holding the latter situation, he was listened to with evident satisfaction, in that House, where, a year or two before, to make use of the words of Lord Clarendon, "he had rendered himself marvellously ungracious." But several in a similar situation would have rendered themselves still more so. He had many social virtues; and, in convivial hours, much unaffected wit and pleasantry, with a cordial civility of manners. To his great honour be it recorded, that he never forgot an obligation; and as his sagacity and knowledge of mankind must have been pre-eminent, so his gratitude to persons who had assisted him in the mediocrity of his fortune was unquestionable, and marked by real generosity and munificence.

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Walter Hussey, who afterwards took the name of Burgh, and was advanced to the station of lord chief baron of the exchequer, came at this time, into parliament, under the auspices of James, Duke of Leinster. He immediately joined the opposition then formed against the administration of Lord Townshend. His speeches, when he first entered the House of Commons, were very brilliant, very figurative, and far more remarkable for that elegant, poetic taste which had highly distinguished him, when a member of the university, than any logical illustration, or depth of argument. But as he was blessed with great endowments, every session took away somewhat from the unnecessary splendour and redundancy of his harangues. To make use of a phrase of Cicero, in speaking of his own improvement in eloquence, his orations were gradually deprived of all fever.* Clearness of intellect, a subtle, refined, and polished wit, a gay, fertile, uncommonly fine imagination, very classical taste, superior harmony, and elegance of diction, peculiarly characterised this justly-celebrated man. Though without beauty, his

* "Quasi deferbuerat oratio."
De Claris Oratoribus.

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countenance was manly, engaging, and expressive; his figure agreeable and interesting; his deportment eminently graceful.

To those who never heard him, as the fashion of this world in eloquence, as in all things, soon passes away, it may be no easy matter to convey a just idea of his style of speaking; it differed totally from the models which have been presented to us by some of the great masters of rhetoric in latter days. His eloquence was by no means gaudy, tumid, nor approaching to that species of oratory, which the Roman critics denominated Asiatic; but it was always decorated as the occasion required: it was often compressed, and pointed, though that could not be said to have been its general feature. It was sustained by great ingenuity, great rapidity of intellect, luminous and piercing satire; in refinement, abundant, in simplicity, sterile. The classical allusions of this orator, for he was most truly one, were so apposite, they followed each other in such bright, and varied succession, and, at times, spread such an unexpected, and triumphant blaze around his subject that all persons, who were in the least tinged with literature, could never be tired of listening to him. The Irish are a people of quick sensibility, and per-

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fectly alive to every display of ingenuity, or illustrative wit. Never did the spirit of the nation soar higher than during the splendid days of the volunteer institution; and, when Hussy Burgh, alluding to some coercive English laws, and that institution, then in its proudest array, said in the House of Commons, "That such laws were sown like dragons' teeth, and sprung up in armed men,"* the applause which followed, and the glow of enthusiasm which he kindled in every mind, far exceed my powers of description.

Never did the graces more sedulously cherish, and uniformly attend any orator more than this amiable and elegant man. They embellished all that he said, all that he did; but the graces are fugitive or perishable. Of his admired speeches but few, if any records are now to be found; and of his harmonious flowing eloquence, it may be said, as Tacitus did of an eminent speaker in his time; "*Haterii canorum illud, et profluens, cum ipso extinctum est.*"†

* I remember Mr. Fox speaking of this allusion to the late Mr. Forbes, with peculiar approbation.

† It is to be observed, however, that the debate reporters in his time, were, in general, the most ignorant of human beings.

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He accepted the office or prime serjeant during the early part of Lord Buckinghamshire's administration, but the experience of one session convinced him, that his sentiments and those of the English and Irish cabinets, on the great questions relative to the independence of Ireland, would never assimilate. He soon grew weary of his situation; when his return to the standard of opposition was marked by all ranks of people, and especially his own profession, as a day of splendid triumph. Numerous were the congratulations which he received on this sacrifice of official emolument, to the duty which he owed to his country. That country he loved even to enthusiasm. He moved the question of a free trade for Ireland, as the only measure that could then rescue this kingdom from total decay. The resolution was concise, energetic, and successful. He supported Mr. Grattan in all the motions which finally laid prostrate the dominion of the British parliament over Ireland. When he did so, he was not unacquainted with the vindictive

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Unless, therefore, his friends were at the trouble of preparing some of his speeches for the press, they must have been sadly disfigured. In a debate on the *mutiny* bill, Burgh quoted an opinion of Serjeant Maynard's. The reporters stated, that he very appositely introduced a saying of an *eminent Serjeant Major*.

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disposition of the English cabinet of that day, towards all who dared to maintain such propositions. One night, when he sat down after a most able, argumentative speech in favour of the just rights of Ireland, he turned to Mr. Grattan, "I have now," said he, "nor do I repent it, sealed the door against my own preferment; and I have made the fortune of the man opposite to me," naming a particular person who sat on the treasury bench.

He loved fame, he enjoyed the blaze of his own reputation, and the most unclouded moments of his life were not those when his exertions at the bar, or in the House of Commons, failed to receive their accustomed and ample tribute of admiration; that, indeed, but rarely happened; he felt it at particular moments, during his connection with the Buckinghamshire administration; nor did the general applause which he received counterbalance his temporary chagrin. A similar temperament is, I think, recorded of Racine; but he had not Racine's jealousy. On the contrary, the best intellectual displays of his contemporaries seemed always to be the most agreeable to him, and I can well attest, that he hailed the dawn of any young man's rising reputation with the tribute of kindred genius.

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He died at a time of life when his faculties, always prompt and discriminating, approximated, as it should seem, to their fullest perfection. On the bench, where he sat more than one year, he had sometimes lost sight of that wise precept which lord Bacon lays down for the conduct of a judge towards an advocate at the bar. "You should not affect the opinion of poignancy and expedition, by an impatient, and catching hearing of the counsellors at the bar."* He seemed to be sensible of his deviation from this; to be convinced that security in our own opinions, like too great security in any thing, "is mortals chiefest enemy," and that, in our daily converse with the world, we meet with others who are far wiser than ourselves, even on those points where we fondly imagine our own wisdom to be the most authenticated. His honest desire not to feed contention, but bring it to as speedy a termination as could reasonably be wished, deserves great praise.

"He did not," says Mr. Flood, alluding to him in one of his speeches, "live to be cuno-

* Lord Bacon's speech to Judge Hutton, on being made a Judge of the Common Pleas.

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bled, but he was ennobled by nature."—I value the just prerogatives of ancient nobility, but to the tears and regrets of a nation, bending over the urn of public and private excellence, as Ireland did over his, what has Heraldry to add, or, at such moments, what can it bestow?

Sir William Osborne was a most attentive, acute, and discriminating member of the House of Commons. He was always particularly attended to. There were few whose remarks, at certain moments, were more shrewd and pointed. When a gentleman, now no more, made his first speech in the House of Commons, Sir William asked who he was; and being told: Well," he replied, "I think he will do. But I observe that, contrary to the general practice of his family, he speaks on the side of Opposition. If the Opposition have enlisted him they are perfectly in the right, for he seems to have the *finest face for a grievance* of any man I ever beheld." Many neat and apposite sayings are recorded of him.

Mr. Henry Flood was by far one of the ablest men that ever sat in the Irish parliament. As he will appear frequently in the course of these memoirs, I shall not enter here into his

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character as entirely as I otherwise should. He came into the House of Commons, and spoke during the administration of the Earl of Halifax. Hamilton's success, as a speaker, drew him instantly forward, and his first parliamentary essay was brilliant and imposing. Hutchinson, who was at that time with the court, replied to him with many compliments, and, as has been already observed, he was almost generally applauded, except by Primate Stone. He was a consummate member of parliament. Active, ardent, and perserving, his industry was without limits. In advancing, and, according to the parliamentary phrase, driving a question, he was unrivalled; as, for instance, his dissertations, for such they were, on the law of Poynings, and similar topics. He was in himself an Opposition, and possessed the talent, (in political warfare a most formidable one) of tormenting a minister, and every day adding to his disquietude. When attacked, he was always most successful, and to form an accurate idea of his excellence, it was necessary to be present when he was engaged in such contests, for his introductory, or formal speeches were often heavy and laboured, yet still replete with just argument; and through the whole were diffused a certain pathos, an apparent public care, with which a

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popular assembly is almost always in unison. His taste was not the most correct, and his studied manner was slow, harsh, and austere; the very reverse of Hamilton, whose trophies first pointed the way to Flood's genius, and whom he avowedly attempted to emulate. But in skirmishing, in returning with rapidity to the charge, though at first shaken, and nearly discomfitted, his quickness, his address, his powers of retort, and of insinuation, were never exceeded in Parliament. However, it was from the whole of the campaign that his abilities were to be duly appreciated. He entered, as has been observed by his illustrious opponent,* rather late into the British House of Commons, and was never fairly tried there. His first exhibition was unsuccessful, and it seems to have indisposed him, for a considerable time at least, to any subsequent parliamentary effort. Besides, at the moment that he became a member, that house was completely divided into two distinct contending powers, led on by two mighty leaders; and his declaration, at the onset, that he belonged to no party, united all parties against him. His speech on the India bill, was,

* Mr. Grattan.

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as he assured a gentleman from whom I had it, in some measure accidental. The debate had been prolonged to a very late hour, when he got up with the intention merely of saying, that he would defer giving his detailed opinion on the bill, (to which he was adverse) till a more favourable opportunity. The moment that he arose, the politeness of the Speaker, in requesting order, the eagerness of the opponents of the bill, who knew that Flood was with them, seconding the efforts of the Speaker; the civility always paid to any new member, and his particular celebrity as an orator, brought back the crowd from the bar, from above stairs at Bellamy's, and, in short, from the lobby, and every part adjoining the House. There was much civility in this, mingled with no slight curiosity, and altogether it was sufficient to discompose most men. All the members resumed their places, and a general silence took place. Such a flattering attention, he thought, should be repaid by more than one or two sentences. He went on, trusting to his usual powers as a speaker, when, after some diffuse and general reasonings on the subject, which proved, that he was not much acquainted with it, he sat down amid the exultation of his adversaries, and the complete discomfiture, not of his friends, for he could be

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scarcely said to have one in the house, but of those whose minds breathed nothing but parliamentary, indeed almost personal warfare, and expected much from his assistance. Altogether the disappointment was universal. He spoke, and very fully, some years afterwards, on two or three occasions. On the French treaty, and on the parliamentary reform. On the last-mentioned subject his progress was correspondent to that which has been already stated of him. He introduced it with a heavy solemnity, and great, but laborious knowledge. But his reply, especially to Mr. now Lord, Grenville was, as I have been assured, incomparable, and Mr. Burke particularly applauded it.

Till his acceptance of office, in 1775, he was the uniform friend and supporter of Lord Charlemont, who indeed scarcely took a political step without him. Their intimacy then ceased. It revived again, in some measure, when Flood revived his opposition; and was again eclipsed, not extinguished, by their adoption of different sentiments, at the time of what was called the simple repeal, in the autumn of 1782. It shall be alluded to hereafter. Lord Charlemont was highly indignant at Flood's journey to Belfast, where he excited a violent ferment and that even

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among Lord Charlemont's particular friends. That cloud however, passed away, and a cordial intercourse of letters took place during the regency. To such vicissitudes are political lives subject. Lord Charlemont was always amiable, and Flood possessed, or certainly could display, most engaging manners. He was extremely pleasing in private intercourse; well bred, open, and hospitable. His figure was tall, erect, graceful; and in youth, his countenance, however, changed in our days, was of correspondent beauty. On the whole he made a conspicuous figure in the annals of his country, and he is entitled to the respect of every public-spirited man in it, for, unquestionably, he was the senator who, by his exertions, and repeated dicussion of questions, seldom, if ever approached before, first taught Ireland that it had a parliament. Mr. Flood died in December, 1791.

Mr. Daly was for many years a most distinguished member of the House of Commons, and co-operated with Lord Charlemont, till the administration of the Earl of Carlisle, when he accepted the place of Muster-Master-General, but the friendship between him and Lord Charlemont remained unaltered. He was descended from an ancient family, some of whom were remark-

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able for strength of understanding, and distinguished themselves at the bar, and in Parliament. His direct ancestor was Denis Daly, who was a judge and privy counsellor in the reign of James the Second. A man of remarkable ability. Henry, Lord Clarendon, at that time Lord Lieutenant, speaks of him frequently, always with respect, and, alluding to his family, says, "That he was of a race truly Irish, and bred under the famous Patrick Darcy, a name so well known in the preceding troubles."

Mr. Daly, whom I now touch on, was born in 1747, educated at Christ-Church, Oxford, and came into Parliament, as the representative of the county of Galway, in 1768. He was uncommonly gifted; for in him were united much beauty and dignity of person, great private worth, great spirit, extensive erudition, and penetrating genius. Seldom was any man more regarded in the House of Commons than he was, not only whilst he continued with Opposition, but after he had joined Government, and indeed till the time of his death. He was rather an eminent speaker and orator, than a debater. In the general business of the house he did not at all engage, but when he was forced to reply, he spoke, though very shortly, with a promptitude

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and animation that were almost peculiar to him. His oratory was rapid, unaffected, displaying great energy of intellect, much fortitude of mind, dignified, not austere, nothing morose, but nothing ludicrous, or jesting; still however solving grave debate with powers of ridicule, that almost put corruption out of countenance, and pouring itself forth in sentences so constructed as to style, and invigorated as to sentiment, that his hearers were, in truth, not only convinced, but borne down by him. It is to be lamented that some of his speeches have not been preserved. That on the embargo, in December, 1777, when he opposed government, was so completely excellent in every part, as would alone justify the fullest panegyric on his oratory. It was the most perfect model of parliamentary speaking, that, in my opinion, could be exhibited. It is said that in council he was superior. On some great questions he stood almost alone, and he was right. The measures that he advised were bold and rapid. At a meeting of the friends of government, in 1783, when Mr. Flood had announced his intention to the House of Commons, of bringing forward the reform bill, which had been, in fact, prepared by the Convention, Mr. Daly infused his own spirit into the minds of several who were wavering, and

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prepared the resolution which Mr. Conolly moved in the House of Commons. If he leaned to any party in the state, it was to a qualified aristocracy, accompanied with the utmost repugnance to jobbing. In fact, he was neither the tool, nor the idol of any party. He served the crown with such a port and dignity, that, at particular moments, government seemed to be borne along by him. As he loved liberty he uttered the most poignant sentiments against all public excesses, and, in truth he seemed to have a horror of all public tumult. The people were ultimately served thereby, for he acquired an authority with ministers, which checked their excesses also; and, as he did not run headlong with either, he seemed to command both. He had pride, but it was a pride that led him to excell, and was not obstrusive, or revolting. He was not only good humoured, but extremely playful. In private society he was above the practice of satire, and if ever he resorted to it, it was only to check the satirist, and with delicacy make him feel, that he himself was also vulnerable. Good manners in him seemed an emanation of good nature; and, as an illustrious friend of his, who lived in great intimacy with him, has more than once remarked to me, to know him, and not to love him was impossible. He was a classical

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scholar, and not only collected the best editions of the great authors of intiquity, but read books with the ardor of a real lover of literature. His library was uncommonly valuable, and was sold, I believe, at a very high price. It may not perhaps be thought superfluous to state in this place, that, in a conversation which he once had with the author of these Memoirs, he said, that as to English prose-writers, the style of Dryden, and that of Andrew Stuart, in his letters to Lord Mansfield, especially the concluding part of them, were, in his opinion, the best models which any young man could attend to, who wished to speak in the House of Commons.

He once made an observation to me which shewed such a general knowledge of the Irish House of Commons at that time, that I never shall forget it. On some question, (no matter what) the court was either left in a minority, or obliged to withdraw it. Some member attempted to pursue this apparent triumph by a more decisive resolution. "How little is he acquainted with this house!" said Mr. Daly. "Were I a minister, and wished to carry a very untoward measure, it would be directly after we had passed some strong resolution against the court. So blended is the good nature of Irish gentlemen

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with their habitual acquiescence, that unless party, or the times, are very violent indeed, we always wish to shrink from a second resolution against a minister, and to make, as it were, some atonement for our precipitant patriotism, by as rapid a return to our original civility and complaisance."

He died at an early period, not very much beyond forty. A nervous disorder, to which he had been long subject, at last closed his days. He rose to speak one night in the House of Commons, when, after delivering a sentence or two, with imperfect articulation, he made a full pause. The house cheered him with its usual approbation and respect. He continued silent. It was then perceived that his malady had so much increased, as to render him totally unable to go on. The stillness which succeeded for some moments, and the generous sympathy which the House displayed, anxious at the same time to conceal, if possible, their feelings from him, produced the most interesting, indeed affecting scene, which I ever witnessed in any popular assembly. It was the last effort he ever made to express his sentiments in public.

Such were the principal personages who were

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now engaged in parliament. Though the new parliament was elected in the summer of 1768, it did not meet till October, 1769. Lord Frederick Campbell, at the commencement of that year, had resigned his situation as the Viceroy's secretary, to Sir George, afterwards Lord Macartney; an Irishman, handsome, young, very well, or rather very agreeably informed, lively and amusing; he was, on his arrival here extremely courted and sought after. Early in life he had been much connected with the Holland family, and the old Lord Holland often said, that Macartney was one of the few persons patronized by him, who did not return their obligations with the most singular ingratitude. Under the influence of that connection, he had been sent ambassador to Russia, and his talents were more suited to courts than a divided House of Commons, which it was his fortune to encounter here. His oratorical powers were inconsiderable, and his tones in speaking seemed to be modelled on those of the old stage, which partook more of a monotonous recitative, than the variety, fullness, and energy which command the attention of modern assemblies. Although he spoke in a conciliating manner he did not conciliate; his rhetoric was regarded as too feeble, even by his own party; and, by the opposition, was almost contemned.

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Had he not been Secretary, he would have been totally passed over as a speaker. In his official situation, and in such a tumultuous session, he was, as might be expected, treated often with roughness and asperity; personal rudeness he would not have brooked; he had too high a spirit. His disinterested conduct in his different governments calls forth every eulogium; but that has no place here.

As the session approached, administration and opposition prepared for battle. With such an enemy to combat as the old aristocracy, far more acute in party management than those who took their places, common policy demanded the propriety of narrowing the ground of combat, by affording scope for such a paucity of questions merely, as the necessary business of the House could not elude the discussion of.

Agreeable to Poyning's act, the Irish privy council was bound to certify a bill to the English council, as one of the causes for holding a parliament here. It was the opinion of the most sound and moderate statesmen, that there was no absolute necessity to certify a *money bill* for that purpose, but that any other bill would equally meet the intentions of Poyning's act

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But the Cabinet thought proper to shew to the House of Commons its ministerial power, and the insignificancy of the representatives of the Irish people. A money bill was certified, and, as some leaders on the aristocratic side exactly wished, for it laid the ground of parliamentary hostility.

On any other question, save that of holding the purse of the nation, the old aristocracy would not have met immediate or extended support. On this, the whole popular independent party, with Lord Charlemont and Mr. Flood at their head, formed a junction with the very men whom, perhaps, they otherwise would have opposed, and rejected the money bill. The reason stated by the House of Commons was, that it did not take its rise in their house. Against this vote Lord Townshend protested. Lord Charlemont however was not deficient in vigilance. A motion was made under his direction, which, though negatived as he expected, attained its sole object of entering a strong protest on the journals against Lord Townshend's expected one, before he prorogued the parliament. The protest had many signatures, and both Houses were angrily dismissed till the March following. Thus, instead of harmony,

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confidence, a more enlarged and conciliating spirit of government, which were to await the new system, it is now universally exclaimed against, and even the unpopularity of the old undertakers was lost in that of the Lord Lieutenant.

Parliament did not meet again till March, 1771; at last it did meet, and Lord Townshend carried a majority, though not without great difficulty, in the House of Commons. But though he was successful, the opposition was formidable. Lord Charlemont exerted himself to the utmost. The consequences of such exertions were displayed in a succession of protests, breathing a language the most ardent and most constitutional. Sixteen or eighteen peers, some of the highest rank, the Duke of Leinster, and others, signed these protests,— an unusual assemblage in the Lords of Ireland. To obtain these majorities the administration did not confine itself within the limits of what may be termed influence. It overstepped all such bounds. New places, new pensions, new boards, burst upon the public with melancholy, and even frightful alacrity. This has been called expending half a million to put down the aristocracy of Ireland, and the assertion has

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been re-echoed with stupid admiration. The truth is, that it was expended to put down the people through their representatives. No matter from what motives the aristocracy opposed Lord Townshend, the Commons opposed him most justly, and asserted their own rights, when they rejected the money bill.

The Triple alliance, however, of aristocracy, undertakers, and their newly confederated powers, now gave way. To this surrender, the principal event which contributed was Mr. Ponsonby's resignation of the chair of the House of Commons. That gentleman, allied to the principal whig families in both kingdoms, possessed not only great influence from such connections, and his high stations, but from personal disposition, which was truly amiable. His manners were exactly such as a parliamentary leader should have. Open, affable, and familiar; he had peculiar dignity of person, at once imposing and engaging. The Commons had, by a majority of twenty-seven, humbly thanked his Majesty for continuing Lord Townshend in the government. Mr. Ponsonby said, in his letter to the House of Commons, that he would not be the instrument of carrying such address, and

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resigned the chair. The Duke of Leinster* and Lord Charlemont had, in vain, endeavoured to dissuade him from this resignation. The night before it took place, his Lordship, who was particularly urged to the interview by the Duke, sat up with Mr. Ponsonby till a very late hour, and urged every reason which his mind could suggest, for continuing as he was. He said that, to carry up the address was merely ministerial, and to relinquish his situation, which was still the source of very formidable power, was serving, even criminally, those whom he was bound by his own doctrine to oppose, according to Lord Charlemont's phrase, *à toute outrance*; that, as he was not without some apprehensions of being voted out of the chair, Lord Charlemont represented the extreme difficulty of such a step, admitting even the malignity of his enemies, in its fullest force; to which his Lordship added an observation, founded on consummate experience of his countrymen, *at that time at least*, that in a country where personal friendships are as strong as public principle is weak, such fears were totally groundless. Lord Char-

* James, Duke of Leinster, grandfather to the present Duke.

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lemont left him, fully persuaded that he had succeeded in his mission, but the proceedings of the House of Commons next morning convinced him of the contrary.

It has been already stated, that the money bill was the rock on which Lord Townshend's ministry struck. That question should, of all others, have been avoided. It is to a degree puerile to say, that the aristocracy opposed the money bill from factious motives. That consideration does not make its origin more legitimate, or the policy of those who brought it forward less censurable. It is extremely probable, that some, nay many of the members in the parliaments of Charles the First, opposed that prince, or his ministers, from selfish, and interested views. What then? His tyranny is not the less to be condemned; and when he agitated the very questions which he should not have agitated, he only prepared the road for the downfal of his power. The spirit of the times was totally changed, and the minister, who only pores over the statute book, when he should consult that spirit, knows nothing of his business. Lord Townshend's protest against the proceedings of the Commons is grounded on Lord Sydney's, in King William's reign. As

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if Ireland, in 1769, bore any resemblance to Ireland in 1692. Bad or silly conduct will always find far more precedents to colour its misdoings, than good conduct ever can.

If Lord North had insisted, in 1779, on continuing the restrictions on our woollen manufacture, because they were laid on by King William, or his ministers, he would not have deserved an answer. If it is not found expedient to repeal an act of parliament, which militates against the first principles of the constitution, that act should be shunned, not brought forward. Poyning's law was unnecessarily and wantonly brought forward by Lord Townshend's advisers, or the English cabinet; and by doing that which their enemies wished them to do, they involved themselves and the country in sad confusion. To circumscribe the power of the oligarchy, and the undertakers, was very different from annihilating, or wishing to crush into insignificancy, some of the most respectable families in the country. The ancestors of those families had borne the brunt of hostile times, and there was a claim on their part, not indeed to do wrong, but not to be extinguished by government. It had become the fashion of the court in England, for some years back, to decry the persons, the

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principles, of the old whig families, and the same system seemed to be resolved on here. Lord Charlemont could not join in that system. He thought, and many wise men thought with him, that national freedom might find, as at the revolution, no slight bulwark in the undecayed support of certain noble houses, which, to hereditary possessions, joined hereditary principles of enlarged policy, and which they wished to maintain equally with their estates. Better to resort to such men, than to adventurers who proclaimed themselves of no party, solely to be tied by no principle. If power and place were taken from the undertakers, to be exclusively lodged in the Secretary's office, the people considered themselves as little benefited by the change: the triumphs of the Castle, or those of the oligarchy.

Every bad doctrine with regard to this country, was not only not deviated from at this time, but adhered to with most unconstitutional rigour. Publications, treating the parliament as a mob, the country as subjugated, and the necessity of the English legislature taxing us for our own preservation, were daily published. If the Octennial bill had been hypocritically supported by the oligarchy, it was reluctantly con-

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ceded by the cabinet; and early in the first parliament, which met after that bill had passed, Ireland was told by the secretary, that a money bill, originating in a body, emanating solely from the crown, that is, the Privy council, was a fine paid by the people of Ireland, for the meeting of any parliament whatever. No wonder that such language created a host of opponents; and it is necessary to re-state it here, as the opposition which Lord Townshend met in Ireland has, by repeated misrepresentations, been attributed *solely* to the aristocracy. That body was certainly very hostile to him, and, I doubt not, from very interested motives. But such doctrines as above-mentioned, and the avowed system of court influence directed against the House of Commons, increased the opposition, and alone gave temporary strength to the aristocracy which otherwise it would not have known. A better system of government would have equally, and, perhaps far more speedily, have circumscribed its power.

To detail the various measures which engaged Lord Townshend's administration would be unnecessary. With some exceptions, they were generally disapproved of. He lived with a particular and chosen society, and was as much, and

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justly admired by them, as an excellent companion, as abroad he was exclaimed against as a Viceroy. His social talents were sometimes even set forth, though very absurdly, as a defence of the errors of his administration. "The Lord Lieutenant says more good things in one night, than are perhaps uttered in this House during a whole session." This I heard Doctor Andrews say, on some charge against Lord Townshend, for extending too far the influence of the crown. No doubt it might have been strictly true; but what a speech for the House of Commons!

Towards the close of this administration, died Charles Lucas, member for the city of Dublin. A man extremely well known, and not only for some part of his life politically, but professionally, connected with Lord Charlemont, as he was originally an apothecary, but afterwards acted, and was much esteemed, as a physician. Lord Charlemont, on his return from abroad, consulted him in London, and often said, that he received more benefit from the advice of Lucas, than all his physicians.

Lucas was a man of a bold and ardent nature. In the year 1743, he first distinguished himself

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in the corporation of Dublin, which, at that time, laboured under gross mismanagement. He particularly exclaimed against the board of Aldermen, and in this opposition he met a coadjutor in Mr. Digges Latouche, a most intelligent and respectable merchant, but of a temper totally distinct from that of Lucas. During their opposition in the common council, a vacancy happened in the representation of the city of Dublin, by the death of Sir James Somerville.* Latouche first, and Lucas afterwards, declared themselves candidates. This created a distinct interest between them. In fact they had never been cordially united, and Lucas attacked Mr. Latouche with much intemperate abuse. In less than a year afterwards, the death of Alderman Pearson, the other representative of Dublin, closed their contests, and both would, in all probability, have been elected, although Sir Samuel Cooke, and Mr. Charles Burton, were opposed to them by the board of Aldermen, and the Castle interest, had not the court thought proper to get rid of Lucas at all events. Accordingly, on the second day of the sessions, 1749, complaint was made to the House of Commons of

* 16th of August, 1748.

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certain seditious writings by Lucas, which were, after some fruitless opposition, unanimously voted highly criminal, the Attorney-General desired to prosecute him, and he himself ordered to Newgate. However, he withdrew to England, which was all that was wanted; and, to prevent his return to Ireland, he was voted an enemy to his country. The perfidy of the Castle, the profligacy of the House of Commons, and the spirit of the people, which was only hushed into silence, not subdued, deserve on this occasion, to be recorded. Lucas had been induced, by some vague, but flattering terms of support, to go to the castle; and was there so cordially listened to, that he left with the Lord Lieutenant,* in his own justification, some pamphlets which had been much censured by the dependants on government. When he was brought before the House of Commons, he was merely asked, whether he was the author of such and such papers? It would have been scarcely possible to have proved him so, for the printer was not to be found, and no other evidence was to be had, when Mr. Weston, the Lord Lieute-

* The Earl of Harrington. This, of course, was before the attack on him in the House of Commons.

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nant's secretary, had the astonishing and profligate impudence to produce the very papers which Lucas had left at the Castle, and which, of course, could not be denied by him, had he been disposed to take refuge in that way!—So much for the conduct of some courtiers in those days. As to the people, humiliated as they were, at this time, yet Lucas having asserted in various parts of his writings, the independency of Ireland, so far as related to its Parliament, the managers against him were totally afraid to meet the people, or Lucas, on that ground, and selected such of his papers, as with much indiscreetness, perhaps coarseness of praise, assailed particular departments of the government. But all was general. The heads of papers were mentioned, and no single detached paragraph attempted to be pointed out.

I may be tedious, but it is somewhat curious to pursue this subject a little farther. Mr. Latouche proceeded to the poll alone, and, after a dreadful contest with the Castle, in favour of Burton, was, with Sir Samuel Cooke, declared duly elected. The indignation of the court knew no bounds. A petition was presented against his return, and, on the sole accusation of being joined to and influenced by Lucas, which

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was notoriously false, and if true, could not have vacated his seat, he was voted out of it, and Mr. Burton placed in his stead. A more infamous proceeding perhaps never disgraced any House of Commons. To return to Lucas. He pursued his profession in London, and having written an "Essay on Waters," was honoured with the support of Dr. Johnson, who, in his review of that publication, recommends him to the notice of the people of England, in the following spirited and energetic manner: "The Irish ministers drove him from his native country, by a proclamation, in which they charged him with crimes which they never intended to be called to the proof, and oppressed him by methods equally irresistible by guilt and innocence. Let the man, thus driven into exile for having been the friend of his country, be received in every other place as a confessor of liberty; and let the tools of power be taught in time, that they may rob, but cannot impoverish." At length he was enabled, by the interposition of some powerful interests, to return to Ireland, when, on the death of his late Majesty, he was elected for the city of Dublin, and held that truly respectable situation to the time of his death.

As a politician, he was, as the Duc de Beau-

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fort was called, during the time of the Fronde at Paris, *un roi des halles*,--a sovereign of the corporations. In the House of Commons his importance was withered, and comparatively shrunk to nothing, for the most furious reformer must admit that, however the representation was, in too many instances, narrowed into private interests, it still embraced the most conspicuous and useful orders in the state; where, if education and knowledge are not to be found, how are they to be sought after? Lucas had, in truth, little or no knowledge as a leader in Parliament; and his efforts there were too often directed against men, whose perfect disregard of him left them at full liberty to pursue their argument, as if nothing had disturbed them. Self-command, whether constitutional, or arising from occasional contempt, is a most potent auxiliary. His opponents were sometimes indeed rendered indignant, but, whether calm, or angry, the battle always left him worse than before.—Yet with all this precipitancy, and too frequent want of knowledge, he annexed a species of dignity to himself in the House of Commons, which was not without its effect. His infirmities, for he was always carried into, and out of the House, being so enfeebled by the gout, that he could scarcely stand for a moment; the gravity, and uncommon

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neatness of his dress; his grey, and venerable locks blending with a pale, but interesting countenance, in which an air of beauty was still visible, altogether excited attention; and I never saw a stranger come into the House without asking who he was. The surest proof of his being in some way or other formidable to ministers, was the constant abuse of him in their papers. The wits of Lord Townshend's administration, (there were many employed in its service,) assailed him in every way that their malign vivacity could suggest. Their efforts are forgotten. His services remain. He had certainly talents, but talents unaided by cultivation. Originality is much. He raised his voice, when all around was desolation and silence. He began with a corporation, and he ended with a kingdom; for some of the topics which he suggested, now nearly seventy years ago, such as the octennial bill, and other measures, were of vital magnitude to Ireland. Lord Charlemont always regarded him. His remains were honoured with a public funeral, and his statue has been placed in the Royal Exchange of Dublin.

It may not be disagreeable to some readers to leave politics for a time, and pass to more tranquil and pleasing subjects. In the midst of all

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these political contests, Lord Charlemont never lost sight of literature. He was well versed in that of ancient days; but Italian literature had long engaged his attention. He at this time, meditated a history of the poetry of that interesting country, from the time of Dante to that of Metastasio. But a variety of occupations diverted his attention from that work for several years. He at last resumed it in 1785, and has left a most pleasing, accurate, and critical account of the best poets of Italy, during the time I have mentioned. That Lord Charlemont was well qualified for the office of historian of Italian poetry, may, I think, be admitted from Baretti's dedication to him, of the "Account of the Manners and Customs of Italy." "Your knowledge of the manners and language of Italy is hardly less than my own, who am a native of that country; and your knowledge of its literature much more extensive."* Baretti always lived in intimacy with Lord Charlemont. The two following letters from him, one written soon after his acquittal at the Old Bailey, for the

* In the Lettere Familiari e Critiche di Vincenzio Martinelli, London, 1758, there are two letters addressed to Lord Charlemont. "Sopra L'Ariosto."

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accidental killing of a man in the Haymarket; and another, which is no imperfect representation of his mind, may find a place here, more especially as they fall in with this period of Lord Charlemont's life.

"London, October 25th, 1769.

"My Lord,

"Doubtless the public papers have apprized your lordship of the dreadful adventure I met with on the 16th instant, the very day, I think, that I received your kind letter. During a fortnight, you may well imagine, my lord, that I could not easily turn my thoughts to any other thing, but the danger of losing, by a jury, that life which had wonderfully escaped a gang of ruffians. Yet, however great my apprehensions, I think that my friends had no fault to find with my fortitude. Your lordship must know, by this time, that my confidence was not frustrated in the least, and that I have been honourably acquitted, after a trial of near five hours. The audience was so perfectly satisfied with my innocence, that the verdict was echoed with a general shout of approbation. Immediately after the trial, I would have given due thanks to your lordship, for your expressions,

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but the agitation of my mind had not then subsided enough to permit me the free use of my pen. I am sure you will easily pardon the dilatoriness. I thank you now with all my heart, and ardently wish to see your lordship on this side of the water, to talk awhile on this subject, which you will own to have been more interesting to me, than my or Mr. Sharpe's nonsense about Italian customs or manners. What would I give to have seen Lord Charlemont amongst my friends upon that occasion! A great deal indeed! However, those I had about me did their part so well that they have made me an Englishman for ever. I am sure I will be buried, in due time, under that very ground which is trod by so many generous men.

"I am, my Lord,

"With the greatest respect and affection,

"Your lordship's

"Most obliged, humble servant,

"JOSEPH BARETTI."

"London, Feb. 15, 1772.

"MY LORD,

"I thank you for your kind condescension for apologizing, when there was not the shadow of necessity for any apology; and I forbear making a necessary one for my delay, in telling your lordship that I have executed your commission,

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least I should be thought so confident as to presume to pay you in kind, and give you tit for tat, as the saying is. However, it is an indisputable fact, that I have a deal of work to dispatch every day; that is, a couple of devils, (Printer's devils) to deliver myself from very regularly twice a day, Sundays excepted; and twelve pages of Don Quixote, if not fourteen, to translate every day; and almost every day, many letters to write in many languages. So that your lordship would certainly commiserate the poor drudge, could you form a just idea of my incessant fatigues. See here, my lord, what callosities I have upon this thumb of mine, and got by my continual squeezing of a pen. But, quoth Lord Charlemont, why do you, my old friend, work so very hard? A pretty question indeed, my good lord; why I work! faith for no other reason, but because I hate work, and want to be idle; what other motive could I have, since idleness is the very blank at which diligence and industry, are for ever aiming.

"I have shewn Dr. Johnson your lordship's letter, and he charges me to give you a thousand thanks for your kind words; yet wonders how you seem to think him of any party but your's, knowing, as he does, that your's is that of phi-

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losophy and virtue. Sir Joshua, and Cipriani, have likewise seen the contents of your letter: Cipriani told me, that he would answer for himself; and Sir Joshua says, that Bartolozzi would fain engrave the picture before it is sent to you, so that, if your lordship has no objection, Bartolozzi shall have it first, otherwise it will be sent forthwith.

"Coming now back to speak of my dear self, I must, for once, and very gravely, expostulate with your lordship as to that oblique, but degrading accusation, of my being little less than apathically indifferent about politics. Jesus! Jesus! How wrong and unjust those lords are apt to be, when they take it in their heads so to be. Is such an accusation to be brought against a man, who has for these four months past been impairing his sight, wearing out his thumbs, and exhausting his patience in diligently collecting half a dozen editions of Machiavel's works, in order to strike out a new one in three enormous quartos. Come forth of thy back shop, thou Tom Davies, Bookseller, *do mis Pecados!* Come forth to bear witness against this lord, as how I have been, and am still, sunk into the very deepest abyss of politics Machiavelian! Was not Machiavel the identical bell-wether of all, and

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every one of, the political flock? The first, the best, the damnedest of them all? and how am I to be taxed with indifference about politics, who am now invested by bookseller's authority, with the power of supervising and ushering the chief code of that science into a new edition, and am actually doing it. However, though a thorough politician, I will be so far honest as to own, there was a time when I was tainted with doctrines unsound; for instance, there was a time, when my notion of liberty, (and liberty is he axis round which all manner of politics turns) when my notion of liberty was, that any native of any land was a freeman, provided he had wherewithal to fill his guts after his own taste, together with a tolerable share of prudence; there was a time when I thought the French to be no slaves, but when actually tugging at the oar in the gallies; when I was persuaded it was matter of indifference, whether rogues were hanged by a dozen of shop-keepers, or a dozen of senators; when I thought it beastly, that some hundreds of hot-headed rascals should presume to turn a thief into a legislator, and so bring him among some honest custard-eaters, that he might grow fat as a pig, when he deserved to be kept as lean as a lizzard. There was a time, my lord, when I thought that a bastard kind of liber-

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ty, that did permit a multitude of Catos, Brutuses, Senecas, and Socrates' to call Johnson a hireling, Warburton an athiest, Burke a jesuit, Mansfield an ass, Wilkes a saint, and Junius the saviour of his country. A multitude of such foolish notions, I own, I once fostered in my idle pate. But my long meditations on Machiavel, together with a careful perusal of Algeron Sidney's works, and Molesworth's account of Denmark, have turned me into a genuine lover of liberty. So Huzza, my boys, Wilkes and liberty for ever, and a plague upon my former apathy about politics. But my paper is at an end, and I have just room to subscribe myself.

"My Lord,

"Your most faithful,

"And most obedient servant,

"JOSEPH BARETTI."

Baretti was a splenetic man, and it may be presumed, from this letter, that his politics, and those of Lord Charlemont, did not exactly correspond. But his lordship very justly considered that as a matter of entire indifference, and always valued him for his literary attainments, and his many good qualities.

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At what time Lord Charlemont's acquaintance with Mr. Horace Walpole (Earl of Orford) commenced, I know not. The following letter is from Mr. Walpole; it alludes, as usual, to the arts, or artists, literature, and the tragedy of the Mysterious Mother, which some years afterwards, was the subject of a few letters between them.

"Arlington-street, October 17th, 1770.

"My Lord,

"I am very glad your Lordship resisted your disposition to make me an apology for doing me a great honour, for if you had not, the Lord knows where I should have found words to have made a proper return. Still you have left me greatly in your debt. It is very kind to remember me, and kinder to honour me with your commands; they shall be zealously obeyed to the utmost of my little credit, for an artist that your Lordship patronizes will, I imagine, want little recommendation, besides his own talents. It does not look, indeed, like very prompt obedience, when I am yet guessing only at Mr. Jervais's merit; but though he has lodged himself within a few doors of me, I have not been able to get to him, having been confined nearly two months with the gout, and still keeping my

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house. My first visit shall be to gratify my duty and curiosity. I am sorry to say, and beg your Lordship's pardon for the confession, that, however high an opinion I have of your taste, in the arts, I do not equally respect your judgment in books. It is in truth a defect you have in common with the two great men, who are the respective models of our present parties, the hero William, and the martyr Charles. You know what happened to them after patronizing Kneller and Bernini, one knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles.

"After so saucy an attack, my Lord, it is time to produce my proof. It lays in your own postcript, where you express a curiosity to see a certain tragedy, with a hint that other works of the same author have found favour in your sight, and that the piece ought to have been sent to you. But, my Lord, even your approbation has not made that author vain; and for the play in question it has so many perils to encounter, that it never thinks of producing itself. It peeped out of its lurking corner once or twice, and one of those times, by the negligence of a friend, had like to have been, what is often pretended in prefaces, *stolen*, and *consigned to the press*. When

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your Lordship comes to England,* which, for every reason but that, I hope will be soon, you shall certainly see it; and will then allow, I am sure, how improper it would be for the author to risque its appearance in public. However, unworthy as that author may be from his talents, of your Lordship's favour, do not let his demerits be confounded with the esteem and attachment with which he has the honour to be,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most devoted servant,

"Hor. Walpole."

To return to politics. After a residence of five years, Lord Townshend was at last recalled, as the decorums of a court, and dignity of representation, were, by the old courtiers, said to be not exactly, or uniformly sustained by his Excellency. This consideration, aided by a particular ministerial influence, might possibly have had some weight in the nomination of his successor. The Earl Harcourt, who followed Lord Townshend in the government, had passed

* He had been for a short time the preceding spring in London.

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almost the whole of his life in courts, for which the softness, and refined politeness of his manners, eminently qualified him. He was grandson to Lord Chancellor Harcourt, a most eloquent and able man, much superior, in Sir Robert Walpole's opinion, to Lord Cowper. His son, our Viceroy's father, possessed an agreeable, poetic genius; and some persons said, that he was the author of that peculiarly graceful, and witty song, "Kitty, Beautiful and Young;" but Prior's muse cannot be deprived of one of its most charming ornaments without the clearest authority. Lord Harcourt, now Lord Lieutenant, had been Governor to his majesty when Prince of Wales."* Some whigs murmured that the grandson of Sacheverel's eminent advocate, should be appointed to such a situation. But their murmurs ceased, when they found him resigning his office, because persons were placed about the Prince, whose principles he considered as inimical to the revolution. This step, however, did not exile him, at a future day, from St. James's.

* It is rather remarkable, that his relation, the Duc d'Harcourt, should fill exactly the same office in the court of Lewis 16th. He was governor to that unfortunate prince's son, the Dauphin.

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He was appointed to some station in the household, attended her majesty to England, on her first arrival there, and afterwards went ambassador to France. His next advancement was to the Viceroyalty of Ireland. His Secretary, and sole minister, on whom the whole burthen of public affairs lay, attended with a proportionable share of unpopularity, except during the agitation of the absentee tax, was Colonel, now Lord de Blacquiere. A stranger to this country, he caught its manners, "Living as they rose;" or, at least, the manners of those whom he was obliged to cultivate, with peculiar and rapid discernment. He courted them, he fed them. But he knew the importance of a table, especially in this country, and distributed his best Margoux with a very becoming profusion.

No man understood and managed the passions and propensities of the political world better than Blacquiere did. His success was correspondent. Mr. Knox, already mentioned, with whom he held an official correspondence, bears this testimony to him, that he was the first secretary who, as Mr. Knox believed, ever thought of soliciting any commercial favour for Ireland. That the Irish secretaries were, in general, perfectly indifferent to Irish interests,

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is unquestionably true. And it is as certain, that the supineness, and inattention of English ministers to this country, may be regarded as some of the leading causes for its comparative poverty and imbecility. But more of this hereafter.—The recal of Lord Townshend was grateful to some gentlemen, who indulged the hope, that his successor's administration might proceed on more constitutional principles. They did not therefore join Lord Harcourt, but were prepared to give him such support as, in their opinion, he might be justly entitled to. Too many, however, laid hold on Lord Townshend's departure, not as an apology for, but an entire justification of their abandonment of the party, which they hitherto had adhered to. In the true cant of political hypocrisy, and tergiversation, they said, "It is highly indecorous that every Lord Lieutenant should be indiscriminately opposed. We could not conscientiously join Lord Townshend, but we may certainly support Lord Harcourt." This was abstractedly fair, had they upheld Earl Harcourt's government upon principles of candour and disinterestedness. But how did they support it? As all such apostates have ever supported any Viceroy. Besieging his doors, besieging those of the secretary night and day, soliciting every employment, courting

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every service; at the castle, unresisting sycophants; in the House of Commons, adventurous braggadochios, hourly insulting the public whom they robbed, and, by their rapacity, hourly weakening that royal authority which, with an audacious temerity, they affected exclusively to maintain. It is deeply to be deplored that any secretary should be obliged to enlist such mercenaries; and, had this administration aspired to any loftiness of station, or to measures of great and permanent utility, it might have laughed their mendicancy to scorn. But it was soon discovered, that it was a government of patronage, of multiplied arrangements. Such a government will be always weak, though, to superficial observers, it appears exactly the contrary. But having no public measures to rest on, no confidence of the people to resort to, it will be always upheld by the servile and the venal; their solicitations are necessarily complied with; their numbers pass for strength, and their misdeeds for spirit. But all is hollow.

That Lord Harcourt, or Lord de Blacquiere were inimical to Ireland, or indifferent to its interests, cannot be at all supposed. Had they been permitted perhaps to assert a higher tone, had they been sedulously attended to, and wisely

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supported by the English cabinet, it is not at all impossible, that their administration would have assumed a different aspect. But the most exalted plans for the relief of this country, if such had ever issued from their councils, would, at that day, have been frowned on; indeed, experienced more austerity of reception, on account of their *excellence*, than the most vulgar, temporizing policy.

There was, according to the ideas of the ministers at that time, safety in the *latter*, and embarrassment in the *former*. That was sufficient.—Such a benumbing policy was enough to paralize all exertion in the Irish cabinet; and, had any thing before been wanting, completely to provincialize its government, the noblest qualities would, by the operation of such a system, sink into the lowest, and every evil of a Proconsular management be naturally resorted to, where every thing dignified was proscribed. The ministry of Lord Harcourt was therefore a ministry of sinister influence; that of his successor, Lord Buckinghamshire, acknowledged imbecility. Ireland was brought to a precipice, from which it was snatched by the hands of its own sons, and the mild wisdom of its rulers.—Some deviation, however, was at first made by Lord Harcourt,

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from the politics of his predecessor. One or two obnoxious acts were repealed, the board of excise put down; but an account of these measures, of the Tontine scheme, of the Stamp duties, then first resorted to, the state of the national debt; at that time, £994,890, of the pension list £172,494, form part of the general parliamentary history of Ireland. They are only mentioned here, as giving so far the financial state of the kingdom at the close of 1773. Government wished to do something in favour of the Catholics. But scarcely was the door opened for their relief, than it was instantly closed again. One bill, enabling them to lend money to Protestants on mortgages of lands, and another to permit them to take leases for lives of lands, &c. were suddenly dropt. For this, Lord Harcourt's government was not to be blamed. He, as well as his secretary, were favourable to the Catholics, and the names of the gentlemen who were ordered to bring in the bills, Sir Hercules Langrishe, and Mr. Monck Mason, prove, that this administration was friendly to such measures. The times, however, were against them.—How far Lord Charlemont might have been personally connected with Lord Harcourt, I know not. With his manners he must have been pleased, but from his

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administration he kept almost totally aloof. About this, or rather some time before that nobleman arrived in Ireland, Lord Charlemont began to build his elegant house in Rutland Square, Dublin; which, as long as it remains, must be admired by every one, who can relish whatever is most correct, simple, and chaste in architecture. His taste in that useful and agreeable science particularly, as well as the fine arts in general, has been acknowledged by all, who are most qualified to decide on such subjects. But it must endear his memory to those who have spirit, and sense enough to respect genuine, unequivocal patriotism, that he indulged his love of architecture, not solely from the elegant gratification which it affords, but from the nobler sense of his duty, as a citizen, who was bound to cultivate the interests of his native land. The beautiful ornamented residence at Marino; its Temple, so truly attic, so much the object of general admiration, rose in obedience to those finer feelings, which were awakened even to enthusiasm, not more by a contemplation of the edifices of Pericles, than reflection on the Athenian mind; nor is it any enforced language to say, that Marino was the child of patriot, civil wisdom, as well as the graces. It has been noticed already, that the

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number even of his acquaintance in Ireland was, on his return from abroad, very limited; for as to his friendships, they were, with two or three exceptions, solely confined to England. We cannot, therefore, sufficiently honour a nobleman, who in such a situation, and with such attractions to fix him in another country, had resolution enough, at a very early period of life, from a strict sense of duty, to adhere to his own. But he can explain the just motives which actuated him much better than I can; and his opinion, as to the residence of the higher ranks in Ireland, necessary at all times, and peculiarly so at that moment, may have its utility. Some of his reasons, from the consolidation of the legislatures of both kingdoms, now cease to operate; but altogether, they deserve insertion here, as they form a degree of alliance with the subjects of the absentee tax, a measure proposed during Lord Harcourt's administration, which I shall touch on in its proper place. "As I had left Ireland, when almost a child, I had few, or no acquaintance there.—At least, none of that class which, holding a place between friendship and acquaintance, are in a high degree interesting to the heart. All my connexions had been formed among Englishmen, the attractive force of which circumstance I quickly perceived,

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and being thoroughly sensible, that it was my indispensable duty to live in Ireland, determined, by some means or other, to attach myself to my native country; and, principally with this view, I began those improvements at Marino, which have proved so expensive to me. My health, to which sea-bathing, and the social neighbourhood of a metropolis, were absolutely necessary, would not allow me to settle on my estate in the north, and without some pleasant, and attractive employment, I doubted whether I should have resolution enough to become a resident, and residence is the first of our political duties, since, without it, all others are impracticable.

"It is the nature of man to assimilate himself to those with whom he lives, or, at least, to endeavour such assimilation, especially where his adopted countrymen, exalted in his own private opinion above himself, effect to deride his native manners and partialities. The Irishman in London, long before he has lost his brogue, loses, or casts away, all Irish ideas; and, from a natural wish to obtain the good will of those with whom he associates, becomes, in effect, a partial Englishman.—Perhaps more partial than the English themselves.—In the

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east, it is well known that Christians meet no enemies so bitter, or so dangerous, as renegadoes. Let us love our fellow subjects as our brethren —let us at all times act in concert, for the universal good of the empire; but let us consider, that we are best enabled to perform that duty, by contributing to the prosperity of our own country, which forms so capital a portion of that empire. What can the unconnected Irishman perform in England? Whatever his consequence may be at home, it is lost in the vast circle of English importance. The resident Irishman may be of consequence even in England. The English Irishman never can. He gets into Parliament, and by so doing, takes upon himself a new duty, independent of, and perhaps contrary to that to which he was born,—the service of his constituents.—He may enrich himself as a courtier, or gain applause as a patriot; he may serve his party, he may serve himself; but Ireland must be served in Ireland. The love and service of our country is, perhaps, the widest circle in which we can hope to display an active benevolence. Universal philanthropy is, no doubt, a god-like virtue; but how few are there who can hope, or aspire to serve mankind? Although our fervent wish ought always to extend to the service of mankind, our endeavours ought to be more particularly pointed

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to the practice of that most extended duty, patriotism, to which they are adequate. If every man were to devote his powers to the service of his country, mankind would be universally served."

As the Irish Parliament was not convened by Lord Harcourt till October, 1773, Lord Charlemont spent the beginning, and spring of this year in London. Much of his time was devoted to his literary friends, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Drs. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Mr. Beauclerk. With the gentleman last mentioned he had formed a particular intimacy; and on his return to Ireland, Mr. Beauclerk corresponded with him very frequently. I shall take leave to give some part of his letters to Lord Charlemont; they are not many, but they are sufficient to show the warmth of Beauclerk's attachment to him, and give a favourable idea of that accomplished man's disposition, and agreeable talents. If they did not, they should find no place here; for on what principle a writer can think himself justified in ransacking the closets of the dead, and dragging to light every idle, though venial foible, without the slightest respect to the feelings of friends, of relations, or even female delicacy, I have yet to learn.

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"Muswell Hill, July 5th, 1773.

"My dear Lord,

It is certainly ordained by fate, that I should always appear in a state of humiliation before you; nothing else could have prevented me from writing to you, and endeavouring thereby to keep up an intercourse with one for whom I shall always retain the greatest, and tenderest regard; lessening in some measure the greatest of all human evils, the separation from those we love; but that insuperable idleness, which accompanies me through life, which not only prevents me from doing what I ought, but likewise from enjoying my greatest pleasure, where any thing is to be done, has hitherto prevented me from writing; but if I obtain your pardon this time, I will, for the future, mend my manners, and try, by one act at least, to be worthy of that friendship which you have honoured me with. I need not assure you, that I most ardently wish to visit you this summer in Ireland; nothing but Lady Di.'s illness shall prevent me. I have been but once at the club since you left England; we were entertained, as usual, by Dr. Goldsmith's absurdity. Mr. V.* can give you

* Mr. Agmondisham Vesey, of Lucan, near Dublin.

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an account of it. Sir Joshua Reynolds intends painting your picture over again, so you may set your heart at rest for some time; it is true, it will last so much the longer, but then you may wait these ten years for it. Elmsly gave me a commission from you about Mr. Walpole's frames for prints, which is perfectly untelligible: I wish you would explain it, and it shall be punctually executed. The Duke of Northumberland has promised me a pair of his new pheasants for you, but you must wait till all the crowned heads in Europe have been served first. I have been at the review at Portsmouth. If you had seen it, you would have owned, that it is a very pleasant thing to be a King. It is true, —— made a job of the claret to ——, who furnished the first tables with vinegar, under that denomination. Charles Fox said, that Lord S——wich should have been impeached; what an abominable world do we live in, that there should not be above half a dozen honest men *in* the world, and that one of those should live in Ireland. You will, perhaps be shocked at the small portion of honesty that I allot to your country; but a sixth part is as much as comes to its share; and, for any thing I know to the contrary, the other five may be in Ireland too, for I am sure I do not know where else to find them.

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Your philanthropy engages you to think well of the greatest part of mankind; but every year, every hour, adds to my misanthropy, and I have had a pretty considerable share of it, for some years past. Leave your parliament, and your nation to shift for itself, and consecrate that time to your friends, which you spend in endeavouring to promote the interest of half a million of scoundrels. Since, as Pope says,

> "Life can little else supply,
> Than just to look about us, and to die."

"Do not let us lose that moment that we have, but let us enjoy all that can be enjoyed in this world; the pleasures of a true uninterrupted friendship.—Let us leave this island of fog and iniquity, and sail to purer regions, not yet quite corrupted by European manners. It is true, you must leave behind you Marino, and your medals, but you will likewise leave behind you the S—s, and R—bys of this place. I know you will say you can do all this without flying to the other pole, by shunning the society of such wretches; but what avails it to me, that you are the very man I could wish, when I am separated from you by sea and land? If you will quit Marino, and sail with me, I will fly from Almack's, though, whatever evil I may have suffered from my connection with that place, I shall always

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with gratitude remember, that there I first began my acquaintance with you; and in the very sincerity of truth I can say, that I would rather have such a friend as you, even at three hundred miles distance, than both the Houses of Parliament for my friends in London.—I find when I have once begun to converse with you, I cannot leave off;—you have spoiled me, my Lord, and must take the consequence. Why should fortune have placed our paltry concerns in two different islands? If we could keep them, they are not worth one hour's conversation at Elmsly's.* If life is good for any thing, it is only made so by the society of those whom we love. At all events, I will try to come to Ireland, and shall take no excuse from you for not coming early in the winter to London. The club exists but by your presence; the flourishing of learned men is the glory of the state. Mr. Vesey will tell you, that our club consists of the greatest men in the world, consequently you see there is a good, and patriotic reason for you to return to England in the winter.—Pray make my best respects to Lady Charlemont, and Miss

* Elmsly, the bookseller.

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Hickman,* and tell them I wish they were at this moment sitting at the door of our ale-house in Gerard-street.†

"Believe me to be, my dear Lord,

"With the utmost sincerity,

"Affectionately your's,

"T. BEAUCLERK."

Lord Charlemont, however, did not obey the kind summons of his friend, but continued his attendance on parliament, where, in the House of Commons at least, some business of importance was transacted. Early this session a motion was made there, by Mr. Flood, "that a tax of two shillings in the pound, should be laid on the net rents, and annual profits, of all landed property in Ireland, to be paid by all persons who should not actually reside in the kingdom, for the space of six months in each year, from Christmas, 1773, to Christmas, 1774." —This measure, for a long time past, very generally favoured by the people of Ireland, was

* Sister to Lady Charlemont; a most amiable and respectable lady. She died a few years ago, regretted by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

† Gerard-street, the Turk's Head Tavern, in that street, where the literary club then held their meetings.

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particularly supported by Flood in the House, and out of doors by Lord Charlemont; who however, was by no means so zealous in the sequel for its adoption, as he had been at first on a slighter regard of the subject. Nothing certainly appears more plausible, more reasonable. That a country should transmit every year a very consideraple part of its rental, to be spent in another kingdom, without deriving any aid whatever to its establishment, or its most pressing exigencies, from those to whom such rent is transmitted, is apparently that species of political proposition, which common sense, and common justice revolt at. Yet, such are the relative situations of the two kingdoms, that to remedy an evil of this nature, is a matter of extreme delicacy and difficulty;—the tax proposed would, in some instances, be no compensation for the grievance sustained, and in others, would be manifest injustice.

That, in free countries like these, a person should not be at liberty to chuse his place of residence, or pay a severe fine for remaining in one kingdom more than another, militates strongly against that general liberty, which both islands so super-eminently enjoy; yet, on the other hand, if a frivolous, or unjust, and unfeeling man, con-

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temning the place of his birth, and, without any reasons but such as he would almost blush to avow, turns his back on his native soil, indifferent alike to its prosperity and its distresses, contributing nothing to the former, alleviating nothing of the latter, it appears by no means unreasonable, that a mulct, or penalty, should in some measure effectuate that, which no regard to the duties of a good citizen would ever prompt him to do, and that the freedom, which the purses, and the persons of his countrymen enabled him to enjoy, should not be used to their detriment or discomfiture. Even a person, whose birth is English, and the major part of whose possessions are equally so, should not complain of too much harshness, if, enjoying an estate in Ireland, and sordidly and sullenly denying the slightest contribution to its government, the legislature regards him as an object of taxation. But to those, whose public duty requires perhaps a constant residence in England, or, without being so called on, are by birth, by habit, by division of property, attached to England, yet, on every occasion, aiding Ireland, (though not the place of their abode,) by their councils in the senate, by their pecuniary contributions to the public exigencies, or their own immediate tenantry; to such

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persons an absentee tax would justly appear in a light as invidious as impolitic. Few measures could, with more certainty, tend to alienate the affections and regards of men, capable, and willing to serve Ireland, than a compulsory residence in Ireland; and the spontaneous gifts of a wise policy, or uniform benignity, would be ill changed in that case, for a reluctant, sullen acquiescence in a tax, which would make the doors of the treasury, the only doors in the kingdom, familar to its contributors.—Such reasons as these might partly have co-operated in its rejection by the House of Commons, where, I have been informed, it was extremely well debated.

But the great argument which swayed the House was, that the adoption of such a measure would infallibly lead to a land-tax; and, if the powerful interest of the principal absentees had, till now, secured Ireland from such a tax, the same interest would then be exerted to introduce it in this kingdom. Being fined as absentees, and, in truth, paying a land-tax; they would take care, either that their peculiar mulct should be repealed, or, that the rest of the inheritors of landed property, should, as such, pay a tax as well as themselves. The reader will please to

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remember, that this measure was agitated several years before the acknowledgment of the independency of Ireland by the British legislature; and if, during such an inauspicious period, it was thought prudent not to weaken the slight ties of affection by which we were then regarded in England, but, on the contrary, to cultivate every powerful interest whatever; a measure like an absentee tax, *after* our being restored to, and enjoying a participation of commercial and constitutional rights with England, would be inimical to every idea of sound conciliating policy. The union has now, indeed, if any thing else were wanting, rendered all such financial schemes totally impracticable. But to put a particular tax for ever aside, and promote a cordial intercourse between the two countries, are very distinct legislative duties. To diminish the number of absentees, or induce great landed proprietors to frequent visits to their estates, a more improved state of things in Ireland, concurring with more expanded ideas of such proprietors, is even yet wanting. A long peace will effect more than any thing else can in this kingdom, the extinction of religious prejudices alone excepted. As Cicero says of some busy politician in his time, (I forgot his name); " he always lived in the hopes of some innovation, and the

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tranquillity of the republic immediately made him an old man;"* so I venture to propheey, that the peace of our commonwealth, will be the premature age, the hopeless decrepitude of many an untamed spirit in Ireland.† A lengthened peace will gradually turn the eyes of those whom they have misled, and perhaps are still misleading, from France to their own country, to England, to English connexion, and English constitution. But in this change of regards, England must cordially co-operate. No rudeness of party writers, no impertinence, no insult, no intemperance. Let the two nations love each other, as their neighbours, as themselves. The arts of peace, of industry, will follow in the train of European tranquillity, and domestic amity. A liberal intercourse between our gentry on each side of the water, will be multiplied tenfold, the face of the agent will not alone be known to an Irish tenantry; their landlords will be, at least, equally so, and the absentee tax will only stand among the occasional reminiscences of other, and more inauspicious, because

* In otio Reipublicæ Consenescebat.

† This was written early in 1804.

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more ignorant times.—But this subject has led me beyond my proper limits. In the history of the absentee tax, it should have been mentioned, that the government of this country apparently favoured its introduction.

Lord Harcourt, and his coadjutors, very possibly thought, that it was a fair, and salutary tax, to propose to the Irish parliament. Be that as it may, the proposal gave them, what they much wanted, a great deal of popularity, and also held out to them the prospect of obtaining, what they equally stood in need of, a very lucrative tax. In point of finance, their ingenuity was almost exhausted. The national expenditure far exceeded the annual revenue, and under the direct promise of government, that more economy should pervade every department, taxes were resorted to, new and burthensome, in order to place revenue and expenditure on the same footing, and thereby stop any further accumulation of debt. The revenue, however, was soon raised, and the promise was as soon forgotten. In this forlorn state, government grasped at the scheme of taxing the absentees, as one which was not only to raise them from despair, but cover them with laurels. The people were taught to believe, that

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this proposed tax would be a great concession to them, and a great relief, though no preceding tax was to be given up, nor a single department to undergo any reform. It has been said, that this particular mode of taxation was also resorted to, because the leading objects of it were hostile to administration, and indeed their most formidable opponents. Some ministers are undoubtedly as mean, and can act from as grovelling motives, as the basest of our species. But that kind of vulgar, ungentlemanlike rancour, was, I am persuaded, not then to be found in the cabinet.

The minister, Lord North, was not only incapable of such pitiful hostility, but, when the battle raged most among parties, was a liberal and generous opponent. When he answered some of the absentee lords,* who addressed him on the subject of the tax, he stated, "That the Lord Lieutenant had sent over several propositions for restoring the credit, and putting

* The Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Rockingham, Earl of Besborough, Earl of Upper Ossory, Lord Milton, &c. They have been much abused for their letter to Lord North. Upon very untenable grounds in my opinion.

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the finances of Ireland on a proper footing: that, among other modes of supply, he informed his Majesty's servants in England, that a tax on absentees might possibly constitute one of them. The answer of the cabinet was, that whatever plan appeared most likely to give relief to Ireland, should be adopted, though it included a tax on absentees." Lord Harcourt certainly did not act with the whig leaders at this time, yet he was personally attached to many of them, and was defended in the House of Commons by Lord John Cavendish. Altogether, the idea of government pointing a tax against them, on account of their political conduct, may be justly abandoned. Besides, it should be recollected, that although the noblemen above alluded to, were, or rather some of them, the principal land proprietors in Ireland, and of course, most to be effected by the tax, there were others who possessed great estates in this country, who generally, if not always, voted with the minister.

If, therefore, as has been repeatedly suggested, the influence of the whig leaders, though in opposition, predominated so far in this instance, as to oblige ministers to relinquish the measure, and give orders to Lord

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Harcourt, when the question was almost brought to a decision, suddenly to withdraw his support, it is fair also to join the influence of the ministerial lords, who were personally concerned, as well as their general opponents, and could not have been inert, or unattended to by the premier. But, whatever weight both parties had, either separately, or in conjunction, I have good reasons to believe, that the House of Commons was chiefly swayed in its decision by the dread of a land-tax succeeding that on absentees, and that several were governed, not by that consideration merely, but by what appeared to them, the impolicy, and illiberality of the measure. On the division as to this question, numbers were peculiarly balanced; the ayes being 102; and the noes, or those against the tax, 122. In the preceding business, Lord Charlemont, at first, took a very active part. His earlier opinions were, as already stated, strongly in its favour; but on a more accurate and comprehensive view of the subject, he almost entirely abandoned them. The following short portion of parliamentary history is, in truth, no farther connected with his, than that it increased his respect for Mr. Pery,* and added to the fervour with which, at this time, he en-

* Lord Pery afterwards.

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gaged in every rational scheme, and embraced every wise suggestion, that tended to meliorate the condition of his country. I have already endeavoured, however imperfectly, to do some justice to the character of Lord Pery. The following speech, if justly considered, does more honour to his memory, than any thing I could say, and presents the most faithful, however melancholy picture, of the state of Ireland at this time. It was made by him, when Speaker, at the bar of the House of Lords, December, 1773, and forms a proper sequel to the history of the absentee tax. All the subsequent proceedings in favour of the extended commerce of Ireland, were founded on this representation.

"The Commons have exerted their utmost efforts to answer your Excellency's expectation, not only in providing for the discharge of an arrear of £265,000; but also in making an addition to the revenue of near £100,000 a year. Difficult as this task appeared in a kingdom so destitute of recources as this is, yet it was undertaken with cheerfulness, and prosecuted with vigour; but if the means which they have employed shall prove inadequate to the liberality of their intentions, it must be imputed to the inability of the kingdom, not to any disinclination, or unwillingness in them to make ample provi-

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sion for his Majesty's service, to which they have sacrificed their most favourite objects. The moderation and temper with which all their proceedings have been conducted, during the course of this session, afford the clearest proof, not only of the gratitude for his Majesty's attention and condescension to their wishes, but also of the just sense they entertain of your excellency's intercession in their favour; and they have the fullest confidence, that the same humane and benevolent disposition, will induce your Excellency to represent to his Majesty, in the strongest light, not only their duty and affection to him, but also the state and circumstances of this kingdom; from which they conceive the most sanguine hopes, that those restrictions, which the narrow and short-sighted policy of former times, equally injurious to Great Britain and to us, imposed on the manufactures and commerce of this kingdom, will be remitted. If Great Britain reaped the fruits of this policy, the Commons of Ireland would behold it without repining; but it aggravates the sense of their misfortunes to see the rivals, if not the enemies of Great Britain, in the undisturbed possession of those advantages, to which they think themselves entitled, upon every principle of policy and justice. It is the expectation of being restored to some, if

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not to all of those rights, and that alone, which can justify to the people the conduct of their representatives, in laying so many additional burthens upon them, in the course of this session; and no time can be more favourable to their wishes than the present, when the public councils are directed by a minister, who has judgment to discern, and courage to pursue the common interest of the empire, and when the throne is filled by a monarch, the sole object of whose ambition is to render all his people happy."*

As these memoirs contain the history of Lord Charlemont's life, not the history of Ireland, it may be necessary, and that not unfrequently, to vary the narrative, more perhaps than a strict unity of design will justly permit. Without such transitions the object of the work would be defeated, and Lord Charlemont would be seen in little more than one point of view, which, however favourable, could not fail of wearying almost every reader. "From grave to gay" therefore; from Lord Pery's speech, full of public care, to Beauclerk's correspondence,

* A short note among Lord Charlemont's papers has these words, "In Lord Harcourt's time the liberty of trade was begun by a speech of the Speaker's."

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which breathed no care at all, as to politics, and even affected more indifference on such subjects than he always felt, (for he was a man of too much genius, too much independence of mind, to be totally regardless of such legislative affairs;) to his correspondence I shall now return.

"Adelphi, Nov. 20, 1773.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I delayed writing to you, as I had flattered myself that I should have been able to have paid you a visit at Dublin before this time, but I have been prevented, not by my own negligence, and indolence, but by various matters.—I am rejoiced to find by your letter that Lady C. is as you wish. I have yet remaining so much benevolence towards mankind, as to wish, that there may be a son of your's educated by you, as a specimen of what mankind ought to be.—Goldsmith the other day put a paragraph into the newspapers, in praise of Lord Mayor Townshend. The same night we happened to sit next to Lord Shelburne, at Drury Lane; I mentioned the circumstance of the paragraph to him; he said to Goldsmith, that he hoped that he had mentioned nothing about Malagrida in it. "Do you know," answered Goldsmith, "that I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, *for* Malagrida was a very good

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sort of man."* You see plainly, what he meant to say, but that happy turn of expression is peculiar to himself. Mr. Walpole says, that this story is a picture of Goldsmith's whole life. Johnson has been confined for some weeks in the Isle of Sky; we hear that he was obliged to swim over to the main land, taking hold of a cow's tail. Be that as it may, Lady Di† has promised to make a drawing of it. Our poor club is in a miserable decay; unless you come and relieve it, it will certainly expire. Would you imagine, that Sir Joshua Reynolds is extremely anxious to be a member of Almack's? You see what noble ambition will make a man attempt. That den is not yet opened, consequently I have not been there; so, for the present I am clear upon that score. I suppose your confounded Irish politics take up your whole attention at present. If they could but

* It is almost superfluous to remark, that this is the anecdote so often mentioned of Goldsmith.

† Lady Diana Beauclerk, wife to Mr. Beauclerk, and daughter to Charles, late Duke of Marlborough; eminent for her exquisite taste and skill in painting. Lord Charlemont has often mentioned to me, that Sir Joshua Reynolds frequently declared to him, that many of her ladyship's drawings might be studied as models.

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have obtained the absentee tax, the Irish parliament would have been perfect. They would have voted themselves out of parliament, and lessened their estates one half of the value. This is patriotism with a vengeance.—I have heard nothing of your peacock's eggs. The Duke of N——d tells me, that if they are put into tallow, or butter, they will never hatch. I mention this to you, as worthy of your notice. Mr. Walpole promised me to send you a drawing of his frames, but he has been so much engaged with Lord Orford's affairs, that he has probably forgot it. There is nothing new at present in the literary world. Mr. Jones,‡ of our club, is going to publish an account, in Latin, of the eastern poetry, with extracts translated verbatim in verse. I will order Elmsly to send it to you, when it comes out; I fancy it will be a very pretty book. Goldsmith has written a prologue for Mrs. Yates, which she spoke this evening before the Opera. It is very good. You will see it soon in all the newspapers, otherwise I would send it to you. I hope to hear in your next letter, that you have fixed your time for returning to Eng-

‡ Sir William Jones.

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land. We cannot do without you. If you do not come here, I will bring all the club over to Ireland, to live with you, and that will drive you here in your own defence. Johnson shall spoil your books, Goldsmith pull your flowers, and Boswell talk to you: stay then if you can. Adieu, my dear Lord. Pray make my best compliments to Lady Charlemont.

"Believe me to be, very sincerely,

"And affectionately, your's,

"T. BEAUCLERK."

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Enclosed I send you the drawing of Mr. Walpole's frames, which I did not receive till last night. I hope you received a letter from me some time ago; I mention this, that I may not appear worse than I am, and likewise to hint to you, that, when you receive this, you will be two letters in my debt. I hope your parliament has finished all its absurdities, and that you will be at leisure to come over here to attend your club, where you will do much more good than all the patriots in the world ever did to any body, viz. you will make very many of your friends extremely happy; and you know Goldsmith has informed us, that no form of government ever contributed either to the happiness or misery

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of any one.—I saw a letter from Foote, with an account of an Irish tragedy; the subject is Manlius, and the last speech which he makes, when he is pushed off from the Tarpeian Rock, is, "Sweet Jesus where am I going?" Pray send me word if this is true. We have a new comedy here, which is good for nothing; bad as it is, however, it succeeds very well, and has almost killed Goldsmith with envy. I have no news, either literary or political to send you. Every body, except myself, and about a million of vulgars, are in the country. I am closely confined, as Lady Di expects to be so every hour.

"I am, my dear Lord,

"Very sincerely and affectionately your's,

"T. BEAUCLERK.

"Adelphi, December 24th, 1773."

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I have this moment received your letter, and "I need not tell you how happy it has made me, by informing me that Lady Charlemont is well, and yourself so much better. I can now give you a better reason for not writing sooner to you, than for any other thing that I ever did in my life. When Sir Charles Bingham* came from

* The late Lord Lucan. He was a member of the Literary club.

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Ireland, I, as you may easily imagine, immediately enquired after you; he told me, that you were very well, but in great affliction, having just lost your child. You cannot conceive how I was shocked with this news; not only by considering what you suffered on this occasion, but recollected that a foolish letter of mine, laughing at your Irish politics, would arrive just at that point of time. A bad joke at any time is a bad thing; but when any attempt at pleasantry happens, at a moment that a person is in great affliction, it certainly is the most odious thing in the world. I could not write to you to comfort you; you will not wonder, therefore, that I did not write at all. I must now intreat you to lay aside your politics for some time, and to consider, that the taking care of your health is one of the most public-spirited things that you can possibly do; for, notwithstanding your vapour about Ireland, I do not believe that you can very well spare one honest man.—Our politicians, on this side of the water, are all asleep; but I hear they are to be awakened next Monday, by a printer, who is ordered to attend the bar of the House, for having abused Sir Fletcher Norton. They have already passed a vote, that Sir Fletcher's character is immaculate, and will most certainly punish the printer very

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severely, if a trifling circumstance does not prevent them, viz. that the printer should, as he most probably will, refuse to attend.—Our club has dwindled away to nothing. Nobody attends but Mr. Chambers, and he is going to the East Indies. Sir Joshua and Goldsmith have got into such a round of pleasures, that they have no time.—In my next I will send you a long history of all our friends, and particularly an account how twelve thousand pounds may be paid without advancing one single shilling. This is certainly very convenient, and if you can get rid of all your feeling and morality before my next letter arrives, you may put it in practice, as probably it has not yet been introduced into Ireland.

"Believe me to be, my dear Lord,

"T. BEAUCLERK.

"Adelphi, Feb. 12th, 1774."

"MY DEAR LORD,

"That it was my full intention to visit you in Ireland, and that it still remains so, is as true, as that I love and esteem you more than any man upon this earth; but various accidents have hitherto hindered me, the last of which has been a violent illness, which obliges me to a constant attendance on Doctor Turton; but, in spite of

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him, or nature itself, I will very soon pay you a visit. Business, it is true, I have none to keep me here; but you forget that I have business in Lancashire, and that I must go there, when I come to you. Now you will please to recollect, that there is nothing in this world I so entirely hate as business of any kind, and that I pay you the greatest compliment I can do, when I risque the meeting with my own confounded affairs, in order to have the pleasure of seeing you; but this I am resolved to do.—The D—— is quite a new acquaintance; he says, he is a scholar and I believed him to be so. He seemed a good-natured man, and a man of parts, and one proof I am sure he gave of his understanding, by expressing a strong desire to be acquainted with you. I had recollection enough, however, not to give him a letter to you, as I suspect that a certain thing, called politics, might be the cause of a difference between you, particularly as he told me, that he was an intimate friend of Rigby's. And if the old proverb is true, *Noscitur à Socio*, I guessed that he was not a man after your own heart. Why should you be vexed to find that mankind are fools and knaves? I have known it so long, that every fresh instance of it amuses me, provided it does not immediately affect my friends or myself. Politicians do not seem to

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me to be much greater rogues than other people; and as their actions affect, in general, private persons less than other kinds of villany do, I cannot find that I am so angry with them. It is true that the leading men, in both countries, at present, are, I believe, the most corrupt, abandoned people in the nation;—but now that I am upon this worthy subject of human nature, I will inform you of a few particulars relating to the discovery of Otaheite, which Dr. Hawkesworth said, placed the King above all the Conquerors in the world; and if the glory is to be estimated by the mischief, I do not know whether he is not right. When Wallis first anchored off the island, two natives came alongside of the ship, without fear or distrust, to barter their goods with our people. A man, called the boat-keeper, who was in a boat that was tied to the ship, attempted to get the things from them without payment. The savages resisted, and he struck one of them with the boat-hook, upon which they immediately paddled away. In the morning great numbers came in canoes of all sizes about the ship. They behaved, however, in the most peaceable manner, still offering to exchange their commodities for any thing that they could obtain from us. The same trick was played by attempting to take

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away their things by force. This enraged them, and they had come prepared to defend themselves with such weapons as they had; they immediately began to fling stones, one of which went into the cabin window. Wallis, on this, ordered that the guns, loaded with grape shot, should be fired; this, you may imagine, immediately dispersed them. Some were drowned, many killed, and some few got on shore, where numbers of the natives were assembled. Wallis then ordered the great guns to be played, according to his phrase, upon them. This drove them off; when he still ordered the same pastime to be continued, in order to convince them, as he says, that our arms could reach them at such a distance. If you add to this, that the inhabitants of all these islands are eat up with vile disorders, you will find, that men may be much worse employed, than by doing the dirtiest job that ever was undertaken by the lowest of our clerk-ministers. These particulars I had from a man who went the last voyage, and had them from the gunner of Wallis's ship. We have one of the natives here, who was wounded in that infernal massacre.—There is another curiosity here, Mr. Bruce. His drawings are the most beautiful things you ever saw, and his adventures more wonderful than those of Sinbad

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the sailor, and perhaps as true. I am much more afflicted with the account you send me of your health, than I am at the corruption of your ministers; I always hated politics, and I now hate them ten times worse, as I have reason to think that they contribute towards your ill health. You do me great justice in thinking, that whatever concerns you must interest me; but as I wish you most sincerely to be perfectly happy, I cannot bear to think that the villainous proceedings of others should make you miserable; for, in that case, undoubtedly you will never be happy.—Charles Fox is a member at the Turk's Head, but not till he was a patriot, and you know, if one repents, &c.—There is nothing new, but Goldsmith's Retaliation, which you certainly have seen.—Pray tell Lady Charlemont, from me, that I desire she may keep you from politics, as they do children from sweetmeats, that make them sick.

"Believe me to be, &c.

"T. BEAUCLERK.

"Muswell Hill, Summer Quarters, July 18th, 1774."

But to disgust Lord Charlemont with politics was no very easy circumstance. It is true, they were too often a source of chagrin to him, and whoever pursues the real interests of his country,

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as he did, unmoved by the two great passions, ambition or avarice, which agitate so many political leaders, must encounter much disquietude and mortification. An event took place at the close of this session, which, however he might for some time have been prepared for, he was still in hopes might ultimately be averted. Mr. Flood accepted one of the Vice-treasurerships of Ireland. He had hitherto joined Lord Charlemont in almost every political measure, lived in great intimacy with, and was consulted by his Lordship on every occasion, in which the public was at all concerned. He was, at this time, at the head of opposition, and regarded by administration as their most formidable antagonist. But it was observed in the course of the session, that his attendance at the House was less frequent, his speeches less animated, and gradually in short, his opposition became more desultory, languid, and uncertain. Symptoms like these, at first, alarmed his friends, and soon after the public, who ascribed this visible change to occasional ill humour, and increased ill health. Undoubtedly he had too much reason to be out of humour with some of his associates.

Several of them, after many feeble and invalid apologies to him, joined government, and others,

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without any apology at all. Neither the number of such men, their talents, knowledge, nor parliamentary importance, were in any way conspicuous. But they filled the muster-roll of the Secretary; "Ibimus, Ibimus ut cunque præcedes,"* might have been their motto: Flood observed, that his ranks were thinned, and seeing the defection of others, who were better auxiliaries to him, in debate at least, than the above-mentioned personages, he began to consider himself as deserted. The public however, many independent gentlemen, and Lord Charlemont still remained. Interview succeeded interview between him and his noble friend. Then an epistolary correspondence; then a few, but candid expostulatory anonymous letters in the public prints, in which Lord Charlemont bore a share. But the Vice-treasurership was accepted.—It has been said, pretty frequently too, that Flood's object in accepting a lucrative situation, was the large addition to his income, exhausted as his estate then was, by parliamentary and election contests of various kinds. The motives of men are generally of a mixed kind, and if that was his object, of which I know nothing, and therefore am not entitled to touch on it further, I am certain that

* Whenever you lead, we shall follow.

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it was not his sole object. I had not the honour of being very well known to him; but he was always civil, and even kind to me. In the spring and early part of the summer of 1786, I had often the pleasure of meeting him in London, in company with an excellent friend, now no more. It appeared to me, that he had great desire to serve the public, by the adoption of some beneficial measure, during Lord Harcourt's administration. That, he thought (however erroneously,) he might be of far more service to Ireland, by accepting a high situation, circumstanced as parties then were (1774), than by remaining with opposition. The Vice-treasurership had hitherto been given only to men eminent in Parliament, or, of great connexions, and almost invariably, to absentees. Some rays of vanity, of patriot ambition, might have played on his mind, when he contemplated such a place as was bestowed on *him*, and by his acceptance, rendered more approachable to Irish gentlemen, and parliamentary exertions in Ireland. Some of his political rivals, Mr. Hutchinson particularly, seemed at that time to have seceded from their former station, as statesmen and counsellors to the Viceroy. Power they still liked, and adhered to, but they did not advance so forward in public life as heretofore. At such a period Flood indulged himself with the prospect of an almost

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entire ascendancy in the cabinet of Ireland. He flattered himself that his talents could easily sway a very amiable, very well bred, but incurious old nobleman, and an active, adroit Colonel of Dragoons.* In short, like the Roman Lyric poet on another occasion, he menaced many and charming things; and, like him too, he lived amid such menaces, and his new occupations, nor rightly, according to the ideas of others, nor agreeable to himself. He soon discovered that the Vice-treasurership was given to him, not to call forth any novel ambition, but, as far as it could effect it, to extinguish even the embers of the old. The Castle of Dublin was to be to him the Castle of indolence; and, like other Irishmen of eminence in those days, however he might endeavour to win his way to power and emolument, by public activity, he could only obtain both, by public repose. Lord Charlemont's advice to him, therefore, was the result of sagacity and long experience. Before I close this subject, I may just mention, that at the time alluded to, when Mr. Flood was in London, he more than once declared to Mr. Forbes,†

* Lord De Blacquiere was Colonel Blacquiere at this time.

† The late John Forbes, Esq. M. P. for Drogheda.

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"That he had been betrayed oftener, when taking an active part in the House of Commons of Ireland, than he thought it necessary to state. "Except some particular persons," continued he, "men, indeed, of the most scrupulous and delicate honour, every one whom I entrusted a parliamentary motion to, or plan of conduct for the session, almost uniformly betrayed me." A melancholy portrait this, if strictly consonant to the fact, of political turpitude.

Whilst lamenting this defection of Flood, it was the will of Providence, that Lord Charlemont should sustain a most severe domestic calamity. His brother, Francis Caulfield, an amiable man, representative of the borough of Charlemont, was, on his return from England, to attend his duty in Parliament, lost between Park-gate and Dublin. But so little do we know to day, what the morrow may produce, that this shipwreck, which for some time covered Lord Charlemont's house with mourning, was, at no distant period, the source of much gratification to his feelings as a statesman. By the vacancy which Mr. Caulfield's death occasioned in Parliament, the Electors of Charlemont were enabled, under the auspices of his Lordship, to return a man to the House of Commons, who was destined to

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act a more conspicuous part than any one who had ever been deputed to serve there. This was Henry Grattan,* a name which will last as long as Ireland has a name among nations. Lord Charlemont always spoke of this election, as most flattering to himself, and as one event, amongst innumerable of the kind, by which the dispensations of Heaven are peculiarly marked; extracting satisfaction and self-approbation from the bosom of misfortune, and the triumphs of a nation from the overwhelmings of the deep.

In the summer of 1776, the very ingenious and celebrated agriculturist, Mr. Arthur Young, paid a visit to Ireland. His account of his tour through this kingdom has been long since published, and is, with some slight exceptions, not merely an amusing, but a most instructive and useful publication; as it is in every person's hands, I shall not touch further on it here. Among other letters of recommendation which he brought to various persons in Ireland, who might, by their influence or knowledge, be of some utility to him in his proposed researches, he was favoured with one from Mr. Burke to Lord Charlemont, which deserves particular attention.

* He took his seat for the first time, in the House of Commons, the 11th of December, 1775.

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"Westminster, June 4th, 1776.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Permit me to make Mr. Young acquainted with you. To his works, and his reputation, you can be no stranger. I may add, that in conversing with this gentleman, you will find, that he is very far from having exhausted his stock of useful and pleasing ideas in the numerous publications with which he has favoured the world. He goes into our country to learn, if any thing valuable can be learned, concerning the state of agriculture, and to communicate his knowledge to such gentlemen as wish to improve their estates by such methods of enlightened culture, as none but people of good fortune can employ, especially in the beginning. But examples may be given, that hereafter will be useful, when you can prevail on yourselves to let the body of your people into an interest in the prosperity of their country. Your Lordship will think it odd, that I can conclude a letter to you without saying a word on the state of public affairs. But what can I say that will be pleasing to a mind formed like your's? Ireland has missed the most glorious opportunity ever indulged by heaven to a subordinate state,—that of being the safe and certain mediator in the quarrels of a great empire.

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She has chosen instead of being the arbiter of peace, to be a feeble party in the war waged against the principle of her own liberties. But I beg pardon for censuring, or seeming to censure, what I perhaps so little comprehend. It certainly is much above me. Here we are, as we are. We have our little dejections for disappointments, our little triumphs for advantages, our little palliatives for disgraces, in a contest, that no good fortune could make less than ruinous. I return to Mr. Young, whom I am sure you will receive with the hospitality which you always shew to men of merit. Mrs. Burke joins me in our best compliments to Lady Charlemont. Your Lordship, I trust, believes, that I have the most affectionate concern in whatever relates to your happiness, and that

"I have the honour to be, ever, my dear Lord,

"Your most faithful,

"and obliged humble servant,

"EDM. BURKE."

The English Cabinet now determined on the recal of Lord Harcourt. Ireland presented a melancholy aspect. At the Castle, patronage, extended beyond all former precedent, found its limits only in a treasury, so decrepit, and so beggared, as to afford no longer nutriment to

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it. In the Metropolis, mendicancy; in various parts of the kingdom, south and west, the provision trade crushed by an embargo; in every harbour, commerce almost prostrate. A sullen despondency took place every where; and that despondency was, in some places, only visited by a melancholy ray of gloomy satisfaction, in beholding the incipient distress of England, which now began to look to a lengthened contest with America, in its progress, sanguinary, in its termination, uncertain. If that distress was to be augmented, the people of Ireland might entertain a hope, that the British Cabinet would, at last, turn its eyes to them, and national misfortune produce that comprehensive policy, which ancient connexion, and coeval poverty, common justice, and the honest sympathy of a few in England, had hitherto solicited in vain. From America, vanquished, and laid low, Ireland had no reason to look for a diminution of its calamities. The cause of that country was, as to taxation, nearly its own. The Parliament of England had not, it is true, waged war, nor was it necessary to enforce its supposed right of commanding the purse of the Irish nation. But that right was not relinquished. On the contrary, it lay in their statute book, as a weapon in an armory, to be made use of at

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their bidding. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, then not many years published, and of a form too novel, too elegant, not to find their way where other law books would be repulsed, had told the English nation, and more fatally told many of its academic youths, who were destined to be legislators of England, that, as such, they could tax this country at their pleasure. Even at the hour now under contemplation, some English statesmen had, as unequivocally, as indiscreetly, declared such sentiments within the walls of the House of Commons. If therefore this claim was to be established by force of arms, in America, Ireland might perhaps be visited in its turn. Proximus ardet Ucalegon. With this difference only, that all flame here would, in proportion to our vicinity, and circumscribed territory, be sooner extinguished. What else was to be expected? Prosperity has sometimes, though surely not frequently, a salutary influence on some individuals; but I do not remember to have ever read, or heard of any nation, which it made either better or wiser.

It is certainly not at all possible to suppose, that the state of affairs in Ireland could be unknown to the British Cabinet. Yet, that with

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such knowledge they could act as they did, appears peculiarly strange. They must have been awake, (though some circumstances would seem to suggest the contrary,) not only to the wretchedness of the country, but to the principle on which they commenced the war with America. That principle, as I have already stated, embraced, and was formidable to Ireland. Yet was no effort made at this time to allay either our wretchedness or our fears. A larger portion of political wisdom, in the person of the Viceroy, seemed now necessary for the very existence of Ireland. But the appointment of a Lord Lieutenant appeared to follow the ordinary rules that prescribe the choice of a Viceroy in times the least marked by any peculiar event.

John Hobart, Earl of Buckinghamshire, the successor of Lord Harcourt, was, like him, descended, though far more remotely, from an an eminent lawyer, and, like him too, had been employed in a diplomatic situation, which, though less splendid, was at the time more connected with business. He had been ambassador in Russia at the commencement of this reign; and I believe from the return of his embassy, to his nomination here, remained, though

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not a stranger to the court, a stranger to all office whatever, in which any reponsibility was concerned. His family was not very ancient, but some of his ancestors were illustrious.* He was an honest man, and had a better understanding than was generally supposed.

If, however, he was not very conspicuous in politics, we must pronounce him a Richlieu, compared to his Secretary. Posterity will hardly perhaps believe that, at a juncture so critical and alarming, the Cabinet should not have insisted on the nomination of the Secretary as well as the Viceroy. But the choice was left to Lord Buckinghamshire. And what opinion he had formed either of the difficulties he was to encounter, or the Irish Parliament, may be gathered from the person he selected; a worthy man undoubtedly; Mr. Richard Heron, his law agent, and supervisor (I believe) of his estates. Now let the reader conceive an antique scrivener, or laborious conveyancer, from Gray's Inn, transplanted at once to such a

* Particularly the great lawyer, Sir Henry Hobart, and Sir Miles Hobart, so revered as a patriot in the first Parliaments of Charles the First.

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scene as Ireland presented at that time! When he arrived there, what was expected from him, or what were the duties, even in part, which he was to perform? To raise the manufactures, the revenue, the commerce of the country, all drooping, all withered! To combat the prejudices of the mercantile interest in England; to sooth clamours at home; to reconcile the minds of men to a desolating civil war with America; to balance parties, to manage the leaders of the House of Commons, and "win the high debate!" Alas! good man! he was not only inadequate to all this, but to any part of it; nor was he to be blamed. Neither his species of knowledge, nor habits of life, were in the slightest degree assimilated to his situation. What right had the British Cabinet to complain, when they committed the interests of both countries, in truth, to such a well-meaning, but inefficient personage? They made loud exclamations, but they were the authors of their own calamities.

Lord Buckinghamshire met Parliament in October, 1777. For some time after it opened, nothing of particular moment occurred, except the debate on the embargo, the necessity of which was feebly supported by Burgh, pertina-

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ciously by Scott, and opposed with great vivacity, and honest indignation, by Ogle; on the part of Grattan, with superior point, delicate satire, and ingenious argument; but, above all, by the rapid, irresistible reasoning, and manly eloquence of Daly, who, on this occasion, put forth the full force of his abilities, and towered equally above friends and foes in the debate. Mr. Fox was in Dublin about this time, accompanied by Lord John Townshend. He was not present during the discussion of the embargo, but he attended the House constantly in the earlier part of the session. He was much struck with the vivacity, and quickness of the Irish Speakers. Mr. Grattan he often heard, and was particularly captivated by him. He spent much of his time with one of his oldest friends, the late excellent Bishop of Downe,* and frequently saw Lord Charlemont, whom he had long known, and long respected. This session was protracted to a great length, and was, in some respects, of unusual importance.

If in the preceding year, (1777) Ministers

* Dr. William Dickson.

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had many difficulties to oppose, they were now destined to encounter evils of a magnitude hitherto unexampled. Towards the close of that year, a British army had been led into captivity, and General Burgoyne's surrender seemed to be the event, which, if any hesitation had before existed in the French Councils, as to the policy of openly assisting the American cause, now banished all irresolution on that point. The Cabinet of Versailles acknowledged the states of America as friends and allies. So feeble are all treaties, so unstable are the declarations of potentates, when set in competition with the chance of one rival nation rising on the ruins of another. In the course of another year, Spain pursued the same system; thus was exhibited the curious phenomenon of the younger branch of the Bourbons, supporting revolted colonies, though at the risque of setting an example to their own; and the elder branch of the same house, coming forth in a very novel character indeed,—the declared protector of independency, natural rights, and the general liberty of mankind. With what sincerity it is unnecessary to state. But the language was specious, and therefore more to be guarded against. A combination like this was truly formidable, and required to be opposed, not

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only by immediate, and spirited hostility, but by measures of such conciliating policy, as would tend best to consolidate and extend that hostility. During the discussion of some commercial points, proposed to be conceded in favour of Ireland, it was suggested by Mr. Townshend, afterwards Lord Sydney, to widen the foundation of the intended system, by extending such privileges to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, as would give them a better interest in the common cause. Lord North, with his usual liberality, adopted the idea, but said, that any such measure should originate with the Irish Parliament. Subsequent to this, Sir George Savile, though, as well known, not co-operating with the minister in his general politics, brought in a bill for the removal of particular disabilities affecting the Roman Catholics in England. He was ably seconded by Mr. Dunning, and, indeed, with great candour on both sides of the House.—The business now advanced. The declaration of the minister; the example of such men as Savile, and Dunning; the spirit displayed in the British Parliament; were not without their influence here. On May 27th, 1778, Mr. Gardiner,* a young gentleman of

* Afterwards Lord Montjoy.

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accomplished mind, and large possessions, moved for leave to bring in heads of a bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics, which was granted, though, as might be expected, the circumstances of the two countries being totally dissimilar, not with that cordiality which marked the entrance of Sir George Savile's act. Two most respectable men were joined to Mr. Gardiner in the resolution to prepare the bill: Mr. Barry Barry,* an active, intelligent Member of Parliament, and Mr. Yelverton.† The chief objects of the bill were to empower Catholics, subscribing the oaths of allegiance, to take leases of lands for 999 years, and to render such property as devisable, and descendible, as that enjoyed by protestants. To this was added a clause, disabling the eldest son of a Popish family from making his father tenant for life, as heretofore, by his own conformity to the established religion. A legislative regulation so infamous as to disgrace any nation on earth. The bill was combated in every stage, whether in committee, or the whole House, and after di-

* The late Earl of Farnham.

† Afterwards Lord Avonmore.

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vision succeeding to division, was at last carried through the House of Commons. In the Lords, the numbers were 36 to 12. Lord Charlemont supported the clause, but opposed some other parts of the bill.

It may be necessary here to state, and in Lord Charlemont's own words, what passed but six years before in the Upper House of Parliament. "As some slight alleviation to the sufferings of the Papists, and to encourage the peasantry of this persuasion, to benefit the country by building cottages, heads of a bill were prepared to enable them to take leases for ninety years, of the tenement, on which their cabin was to be built, and of a small portion of ground to serve as a potatoe garden. This bill has been repeatedly moved in the Commons, and repeatedly rejected. In 1772, I resolved to try it in the Lords, and so far prevailed, as to get it read twice, and committed. But all in vain. The House had hitherto been thinly attended, and to this circumstance I owed my success. But the trumpet of bigotry had sounded the alarm. To give the wretched cottager a permanent interest in his miserable mud-built habitation, was said to be an infringement on the penal code, which threatened the destruction of church and state. A cry was raised that the Protestant

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interest was in danger. The Lords were summoned to attend, the House was crowded with zealous supporters of orthodoxy and oppression, and I was voted out of the chair, not wholly unsuspected of being little better than a Papist."

But if the spirit of 1772 had somewhat abated, however slightly, the condition of the empire was, during the short space of six years, materially, and unfortunately changed. One of the peculiar, and distressing embarrassments, to which Ireland has been more subjected, than other countries, is the rapid transition of its legislature, on the same subject, from one extreme to another; and few measures have been so opportunely, frankly, and liberally conceded, as not to leave behind them too many vestiges of that deep-rooted discontent, which it was the laudable object of such measures to remove. It has been peculiarly the case with regard to the Catholic questions, which the penal code against that body has furnished in such melancholy abundance to the consideration of Parliament. Had such questions been brought forward, when the mind of the legislature was more vacant, and unrestricted by external circumstances; if the penal code had been alone combated,

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and the attack on it, unaided by particular combinations of events, which controlled every thing within their reach, the demolition of that code would certainly have been much slower, but it would have appeared, at least, the result of more conviction, and therefore excited more gratitude and respect in the minds of those, for whose benefit it was so successfully assailed. It certainly is a melancholy consideration, that mankind require too often to be frightened into a performance of their duty; but the code Queen Anne, was, in particular instances, so monstrous, and some of its restrictions, from a change of times and manners so superannuated, so opposite to all wholesome policy, that it could hardly have survived a century, though no great national calamity had ever taken place. Certainly not in any country that had access to books, and an interchange of sentiment with other people than its own. It was framed for the preservation of a colony, not the growth of a kingdom.

But if the war was the predominant cause which led to the adoption of the act of 1778, there were also some internal, and local causes, which, no doubt, facilitated its progress. Though the vindictive spirit against the Catho-

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lies still subsisted, and in very formidable strength, it did not walk abroad arrayed in such terrors as formerly. Tradition was indeed very efficacious, but as according to the well-known observation, our minds are more sluggish in receiving any impression for what we hear, than what we see, it was not to be expected that the senator, of 1778, should regard the Catholic with the same undiminished sentiments of terror, and disgust, as his ancestor of 1703; though perhaps in no country that ever yet existed, was the traditionary tale of historic woe more fully preserved, and more duly and sedulously given to its young hearers. Without exaggeration, it may be said to have formed part of our education. Too often on both sides.

Exhausted, worn down by rancour abroad, and in the very bosom of his family meeting, or dreading to meet, filial rebellion and ingratitude, *as prescribed for his good by act of parliament*, more than one wealthy Catholic proprietor became a very venial hypocrite, to shelter himself from the legalized hypocrisy of his son, and conformed to the established religion, to save his family from mendicancy and oppression, Thus, if he preserved his estate, he preserved his

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ancient predilections also; tacitly perhaps, but when his former brethren's interests were, as he conceived, at stake, those predilections were never lost sight of. This may be exclaimed against; but, from a code which absolutely bribed a son, if not to crush, at least to manacle his father as to his property, and rob his family, what could be expected but deception, and concealed, not extinguished, resentment? Or what anchorage could the state have in such a man's affections? From such a quarter, however, sprung up a species of Catholic interest in the House of Commons. It was not extensive; but it was aided by many Protestant gentlemen, who, holding large estates, with many Catholics residing on them, very naturally wished to give such Catholics a more permanent interest in their possessions, and at once aid them, and raise the value of their own property. The provision trade, till broken by repeated embargoes, had enriched several catholics, who, unable to purchase land, had created a multiplied adherence by money, which they lent, at legal interest, and to members of both Houses among others. To what extent this cause operated I know not; it certainly had its effect. But, above every thing else perhaps, was the American revolution favourable to the Roman Catholic cause.

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"A voice from America shouted to liberty," said Mr. Flood in the year 1782. That voice awakened the people here, especially in the north, to a sense of their political thraldom. They asked themselves and their neighbours, whence that thraldom, and why should it be submitted to any longer? But how shake it off? The majority of the people was in double servitude; and the fetters, forged for them at home, were more severely felt than those imposed by England. The latter, at least, they wore in common with the rest of their fellow subjects in Ireland. But the iron of their domestic chains ulcerated, and weighed down their mind. Those who looked to emancipation from the British Parliament, justly said, that liberty, like charity, should begin at home; nor could they hope for any co-operation from their Catholic brethren in a cause of freedom, which would avail Catholics little, in a country which could scarcely be called their own. Sentiments like these soon spread abroad; they found reception within the walls of both Houses of Parliament, and effectually aided the Catholic bill. Thus was the Popery code of laws, that gloomy fortress, which shut within its precincts a comparative paucity of the inhabitants or Ireland, and frowned terror on all the rest, first laid open.

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The year 1778 furnishes not only ample, but even splendid materials for the historian of Ireland. Its national distress was indeed great, but its national spirit was still greater. Ireland, like Antæus, the more depressed to the earth, seemed to rise still stronger and fiercer in proportion to its depression. The Volunteer army now appeared. An institution totally unprecedented, totally unlike any thing which we read of, in any annals whatever. With the history of Lord Charlemont it particularly blends itself. It gave to him the justest celebrity, and, as he said himself, "to that institution my country owes its liberty, prosperity, and safety; and, if after *her* obligations, I can mention my own, I owe the principal, and dearest honours of my life." The origin of these singular, and celebrated armed associations is, in general, pretty well known. About this time, and perhaps a year or so before the present period, some detached corps had been embodied in different parts of Ireland, particularly the county of Wexford, by the public spirit of some gentlemen; but the volunteer army of Ireland, is indebted for its formation to a letter of Sir Richard Heron's. Little did that worthy gentleman, and most undesigning statesman, imagine that any part of his correspondence should give rise to hosts of armed citizens, self-

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paid, self-commissioned, which not only protected, but for some years spread a glory round Ireland, astonished England, and, it is believed, obliged France to pause in the midst of its ambitious projects. But if the presumption of man was not too untameable to be awed by any lesson whatever, an event like this might teach nations, "that, in the hands of Providence, the slightest instruments are productive of the greatest changes; and that selfishness, and injustice, will eventually destroy their own objects." The embargo already mentioned, had, in conjunction with other causes, reduced the export, and more especially the provision trade of Ireland. As the South languished under that embargo, so did the North under the pressure of the American war, which, as far as it could commercially operate here, desolated the linen trade, and with this falling off of whatever meagre supports we had, fell also the revenue. The reduction of the former, produced a general discontent, and of the latter, an inability to pay for the necessary defence of the kingdon. In this state of things, the town of Belfast, which eighteen years before had been visited by invasion, applied to government for protection against the common enemy, who then menaced it with peculiar dan-

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ger. Sir Richard Heron's answer was plain and candid. Government could afford it none.

To the many idle suggestions (idle, as they only produced unnecessary irritation,) of the illegality of the Volunteer army, this letter might perhaps be opposed as a substantial answer. Government was, as to national defence, abdicated, and the people left to take care of themselves. But if thus abandoned, their spirit soon supplied the defects, and imbecility of administration. Belfast, Antrim, the adjacent counties, poured forth their armed citizens. The town of Armagh raised a body of men, at the head of whom Lord Charlemont placed himself. Every day beheld the institution expand, a noble ardour was almost every where diffused, and where it was not felt, was at least imitated. Several, who had at first stood aloof, now became volunteers from necessity, from fashion. No landlord could meet his tenants, no member of Parliament his constituents, who was not willing to serve and act with his armed countrymen. The spirit-stirring drum was heard through every province, not to "fright the isle from its propriety," but to animate its inhabitants to the most sacred of all duties; the defence of their liberties, and their country.

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Government stood astounded. With unavailing regret, it now beheld the effects of its own immediate work indeed; but to look more retrospectively, the work of its predecessors, and of England. To disunite, or disarray the volunteers was beyond their power, though the secret object of their wishes. Disunion, without money, was impracticable; and the volunteers well knew that the contractors, and manufacturers at the other side of the channel, who had impoverished the Exchequer; and the courtiers who had robbed it here, could not rob them of their arms and privileges. The former would give nothing, and the latter had nothing to give. But money, if to be had, could then have effected little, or rather nothing whatever. As a body, the volunteers, in that hour of generous enthusiasm, were as unassailable by gold as by fear. As to disarraying them, supposing its accomplishment, to such a state had Ministers brought matters, it could not have been effected without danger. Contending terrors agitated Administration. An army, acting without any authority from the crown, was a subject of great alarm; but French invasion was a cause of alarm still more immediate; and yet, no other troops had Ministers to oppose to invasion, than this formidable volunteer army, with whom, or with-

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out whom, they now did not know how to live. America had drained both kingdoms of their forces; and for the raising of a militia, government had no money, and the volunteers no inclination. Ministers looked around for succour, but in vain. One notable expedient they, or some of their emissaries, had recourse to, in order to divide the volunteers, which I had almost forgotten, but it deserves to be mentioned. It was proposed to some of their officers, (this took place in the South) to get commissions from the crown, or take them out at first as for forms sake merely. "In case of an invasion," said those forlorn logicians, "and that you are taken prisoners, such commissions will alone entitle you to an exchange." At that very moment, was a noble English army captive in America! So strangely forgetful are some intemperate politicians of the most alarming events, even of yesterday, and so unable or so resolutely determined are they, to draw no beneficial inference from them whatever.—The volunteers were, at last, no longer teazed nor tormented. Those who were most attached to administration, fell into their ranks, as well as its opponents. In little more than a year, their numbers amounted to forty-two thousand men. The Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Clanricarde, Lord Charle-

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mont, not to mention other noblemen and gentlemen of the highest stations, commanded them in different districts.

At this time commenced the most active part of Lord Charlemont's life. That man must be cold-blooded indeed, who can look back to those days, without a lively satisfaction, and becoming elevation of mind. I allude more particularly to the years 1781 and 1782, when trade revived, the volunteer army became disciplined, and a general harmony prevailed throughout Ireland. They may be regarded as the brightest which this country ever beheld. I have read somewhere, that Marshal Tallard, with the elegant politeness of a courtier of Louis the 14th, and a sensility of mind superior to all politeness, told Lord Devonshire, at parting from him, "that when he returned to France, and reckoned up the days of his captivity, he should leave out those he spent at Chatsworth." It is no affectation to say, that so might Ireland at *this time* have addressed Lord Charlemont, and assured him, that in counting the years of her thraldom, she left out those of the volunteer institution.

Generosity, frankness, and above all, a disposition in Irishmen, to regard each other, with

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looks of kindness, were then most apparent. It was impossible to contemplate, and enjoy the cheerful dawn of unsuspicious intercourse, which then diffused its reviving light over this Island, without an abhorrence of that debasing policy, which, when the sword was sheathed, and the statute book slumbered, sullenly filled the place of both; turned aside the national character from its natural course, counteracted its best propensities, and, under the denomination of religion, fiercely opposed itself to the celestial precept of christianity,—love one another. The content, the satisfaction that sat on every face, and, I may add, the moral improvement, that formed one of the purest sources of that satisfaction, cannot be effaced from the memory. Let those who sneer at the volunteer institution, point out the days, not merely in the Irish, but any history, when decorous manners kept more even pace with the best charities of life, when crime found less countenance, and law more reverence. This state of affairs lasted, it is true, but a short period. It has passed away like a dream. The mutability of all institutions every one feels; but few will acknowledge their own follies, which so often produce, or accelerate such sad vicissitudes; and from folly we were not more exempt than others.

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An investigation of some of the causes, which contributed to the celebrity and success of the volunteer army till the year 1783, may not be without its utility. It was fortunate for Ireland, that there should have been at that time a growth of men, capable of restraining popular excesses; to whose understanding the people wisely committed themselves, and by whose prudence they triumphed. Livy mentions, that Roman virtue never shone so much, as in the second Punic war. "Never," says he, "were the people more disposed to revere the wisdom of their superiors, nor their superiors more disposed to favour the people." The success which attended the period I have now touched upon, should be a lesson to both. To the people, to be on their guard against vanity, and the higher orders against pride. Had the example of the French revolution taken place at that day, Ireland would, it is more than probable, have totally failed in her efforts. But there was then no rivalry of orders in the state; one thing professed, another thing concealed. The union that subsisted between men of superior endowments, and those of home-spun integrity, and good sense, was for the sole purposes of mutual triumph. Lord Charlemont, and the truly good

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and wise men who acted with him, took care to confine the public mind to two great principles, the defence of the empire, and the restoration of our constitution. In their steps to the latter, they were peculiarly cautious to limit the national claim to such a point only as Ireland herself could not divide upon. This was a grant of a free trade. As to the Constitution, Protestants and Catholics had agreed to a declaration of right, in 1641; the Protestant House of Commons, when it had expelled the Catholics, would not listen to any measure, which gave countenance to the authority of the English Parliament, and the Catholics, in all their propositions and treaties, had insisted on the great point of parliamentary independence. In this measure, therefore, the principal men who now came forward, again united Ireland, and by their statements, and publications, divided England so far as to prevent its acting in concert against them, for, in two or three years subsequent to this period, a great part of England admitted the justice of our claims.—Another cause contributed to national success. It has been already partially displayed,—the good conduct of the people. If the kingdom was menaced from abroad, it was at home in a state of unexampled security. Private property, private peace, were

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every where watched over by the volunteers, with a filial and pious care. Ministers, or rather those who wish to render themselves acceptable to any ministry, by their mean subserviency, could not have styled the volunteer associations as, most fatally, they styled the Americans, a banditti; or, had they been silly enough to have attempted to proceed against them as such, they would have transformed *themselves* into the most intemperate, imbecile banditti, that history could contemplate.—Hume observes, that the Revolution of 1688 was accomplished by the first persons of the country, in rank and intellect, leading the people. Hence it ended in liberty, not confusion. The revolution of Ireland, in 1782, was formed in a similar manner.

I have stated that the national distress in 1778 was great. In truth, it could hardly be exceeded. The complaints of our manufacturers at last reached England. The ministers there, especially Lord North, were disposed to give every attention to them, and they came forward with some resolutions, beneficial perhaps, but of very limited extent. Contracted however as they were, the manufacturing towns of Lancashire took the alarm. Petition followed petition, and every petition rose in selfishness,

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illiberality, and ignorance, above those that preceded it. The intemperance of some places was such as to become ridiculous. They said, that their cotton trade would be ruined, and almost unequivocally declared, that, rather than submit to that, they would go back to their old trade of rebellion, as in 1745 and 1715. But what shall we say to those members of the British House of Commons, (they were indeed but few,) who denied that we suffered any distress whatever, or, if there was any, that it arose, not from the restrictive commercial system of England, but our own want of police? It would be a difficult matter to ascertain, of what police any unhappy manufacturers could be the objects, who, when corn was most plenty, as in this very year, and the preceding one, could not buy it. Thousands of whom were supported by charity. Or what police, in the most extended meaning of the word, could benefit the farmers, who, from want of all market, as agriculture and manufacture equally aid each other, and corn falling to the lowest price, were unable to pay their rents, and suffered nearly as much as the manufacturer.* Nor was this the casual poverty of one or two years, but the recurring

* See the Commercial Restraints of Ireland, by the late Right Hon. John H. Hutchinson.

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distress of many. In short, during this prattle of narrow-minded ignorance, the commercial pulse of Ireland stood almost still. Ministers felt the disorder, and would have prescribed, successfully perhaps, for it, but jealousy, as despicable as ill-grounded, prevented them. In vain were many noble efforts made in both Houses of the British Parliament, by Lord Nugent, Lord Beauchamp, Mr. Burke, Lord Ossory, in the Commons; by the Duke of Manchester, Lord Lansdowne, and the Marquis of Rockingham, in the Lords. With the Marquis Lord Charlemont corresponded, and aided all his efforts; but two or three manufacturing towns prevailed over Ireland, and its most enlightened friends.

When the people here found the session closed in England, and nothing substantial accomplished, they did not fold their arms in foolish despair. They were then taught, as distress will indeed effectually teach any nation or individual, that their best dependence was on themselves. They had recourse to that policy which Swift had in vain advised half a century before. They not only used their own manufactures, but entered into a non-importation agreement of any whatever from England. This resolution

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was embraced with the usual characteristic ardour of the Irish. The despondency of the manufacturers, of the lowest order, was changed to thanksgiving; some of the fashionable gentry, who had been more supine than others, were reanimated to a sense of their duty. The volunteer bands increased not more in numbers than in spirit. Lord Charlemont was seen everywhere among them. He mingled his mind with theirs, and was every where revered and followed.

Matters were now drawing to a crisis. The Irish Parliament met in October, 1779. The Lord Lieutenant's speech from the throne, did not say much, and the address in answer, did not, of course, presume to say more. Such addresses, as well as the parliamentary speeches that precede them, are too frequently, in point of meaning, exactly of a similar value with those "Verses by a person of quality," as some rhyming, and most feeble poetical effusions were termed at the commencement of the last century; both echoes; with this difference however, that the latter are the faded echoes of poetry, long since departed indeed, but, in its early existence, original and vigorous;—but the latter are the echoes, if the phrase may be al-

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lowed, of mere inanity. However, when genuine, parental care of a kingdom resumes its station in Parliament, such vanities dissolve into air. An address, of a different complexion from those I have just mentioned, had, towards the close of the session of 1778, been moved by Mr. Daly. Its object was to open the trade of Ireland, and, though negatived, it left its impression. It was determined by him, and his friends, (Lord Charlemont was one of them,) to renew that address at the commencement of the next session. Accordingly, an address was formed, and moved by Mr. Grattan, as an amendment to the answer to the Lord Lieutenant's speech, which I have now stated. To counteract that amendment, the ministerial speakers introduced much general expression as to the trade of Ireland, but the opposition could not be so deceived. It was resolved, that a positive unequivocal requisition, to be restored to our commercial rights, should be preferred by the House of Commons. Mr. Grattan's amendment was prefaced by a preamble, stating the necessity, and justice of our claims. Mr. Burgh, at that time Prime Serjeant, approved of the amendment, but condemned the preamble, and suggested one short, simple proposition. Mr. Flood whispered to him across the benches,—

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"state a free trade merely." Burgh instantly adopted the words, and moved, "That nothing, but a free trade could save the country from ruin." Mr. Grattan at first objected to withdrawing the preamble, as he not only considered it a necessary adjunct to any motion that could be made on the subject, but was afraid, by dividing the proposition, to make room for some adroit and successful parliamentary manœuvre, which would get rid of the whole. However, when Mr. Conolly, the brother-in-law of the Lord Lieutenant, and who, from that connexion, as well as his rank and situation, might, in the fluctuating state of the House, have commanded a majority, not only expressed himself strongly in favour of a free trade, but against the preamble, Mr. Grattan withdrew it, stating, at the same time, that he did so, in the full and entire expectation, that the resolution, as to a free trade, should be equivocally supported. Mr. Burgh's amendment was then put and carried unanimously. This is the history of that famous, and operative resolution.—When the House of Commons attended the Lord Lieutenant with this resolution, the volunteers of the Dublin district lined the streets through which they passed, as a mark of respect and grateful approbation. The Duke of Leinster, was, on that day, at their head. So

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perfectly correct, as well as spirited, had the conduct of the volunteer army been throughout the kingdom, that the House of Commons, almost as soon as it met, voted their unanimous thanks to them. Soon after, they passed a money bill for six months and no longer.

To detail the speech of the English minister, and the commercial resolutions which he moved in consequence of our claim of a free trade, would change the entire nature of this work, which professes to be not the memoirs of a nation, but an individual. It is true that the history of Ireland at this time, is in many respects the history of Lord Charlemont; but I should pass beyond all biographical limits, if I gave too much expansion to such events, however national and important, as he was not immediately and personally connected with. In the measures for obtaining a free trade, he took a most decided part, but as he did not often speak in parliament, others were necessarily more prominent. It is due however to the memory of that most amiable man, Lord North, to state, that his speech, on moving the commercial resolutions, was able, liberal, and conciliating. It contains the amplest information on the subject. The history of the navigation act, the woollen manufacture, and the

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manner in which we were excluded from both, are clearly stated.—The resolutions which re-opened the woollen trade to Ireland, and gave to us a freedom of commerce with the British colonies, on certain stipulations, were received in this country with joy and gratitude. Dublin was illuminated, and universal satisfaction prevailed.

If that satisfaction was not as permanent as some expected, the Irish are not to be blamed. The alteration of the Mutiny bill, which had been sent from hence, to a perpetual one, excited very general indignation; other impolitic acts were complained of. The spirit of the nation flamed higher than ever. Mr. Grattan not so much imbibing, as diffusing, a large portion of that spirit, and acting in concert with his friend, Lord Charlemont, moved a declaration of rights in favour of Ireland. The oration which he made on that occasion can never be forgotten by those who heard it. The language of Milton, or Shakespeare, can alone describe its effects. It "fulmined over" Ireland. When printed it was contrasted with the conduct of the House of Commons, and read with more avidity. Necessarily imperfect as the copy was, those who perused it, could not conceive

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how it could be resisted. The popular indignation now vented itself in angry, but justifiable resolutions, and variety of addresses. Parliament did not rise till September 1780. Lord Buckinghamshire was recalled the Christmas following. I cannot take leave of this nobleman, without stating, as I am enabled to do, by one who never spoke at random, (the late Lord Pery,) that his dispatches, in proportion as he became acquainted with Ireland, were just, accurate, and, in every respect, those of an honest man. But ministers paid little or no attention to them. We can account for this neglect, partly from Lord Buckinghamshire's want of support, either from great parliamentary alliance, or imposing talents, and much more, perhaps, from the daily augmenting embarrassments of the ministers at that time; but, not only to neglect a Viceroy, who had faithfully depicted the state of the country, but to blame him for every thing that was done, whilst he resided in Ireland, as they did, was most ungenerous, and no apology can be made for such disingenuous conduct. I well remember Lord Pery's words,—Never was man used worse than Lord Buckinghamshire.

The Earl of Carlisle came to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, at the close of December, 1780; a

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nobleman of high birth, polished mind, and graceful manners. To those of exalted rank, who pay real attention to literature, the best thanks of the community are due. Lord Carlisle has cultivated letters successfully, and the earls of Surrey, and of Arundel, had he been the contemporary of either, might have claimed him, not less from consanguinity, than poetic taste, and a love of the fine arts. If indeed the wits of Charles the second are entitled to full credit, Melpomene, during that Monarch's reign, could have exclaimed, equally with the unhappy queen of Scots, "Alas! what has that noble house of Howard suffered for *my* sake?" But "the Father's revenge," had not then appeared. It would have called forth a very different language, and the muse of severe tragedy must, I think, have not only justified, but applauded the criticisms of Johnson. Mr. Eden, now Lord Auckland, came with him as secretary. A gentleman the very reverse of Sir Richard Heron. Perfectly skilled in parliamentary language and management; of quick, as well as versatile parts, consummate talents for business, and correspondent industry, he was well calculated, not only to guide the nation in its newly-opened path of commerce, but to form such establishments, as would advance its progress therein, and enable them to improve what they had acquired. But,

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for such acquisitions a more pacific season was requisite. The nation called aloud for independence, and without a free constitution, they regarded a free trade as altogether insecure, and so far of inferior value. Lord Carlisle did not meet parliament till the October after his arrival. But the Secretary did not suffer the intermediate time to pass away unproductively. Some members, and, as it afterwards appeared, one or two leaders, were soothed into approbation of his measures. The plan of a national bank was agitated, and afterwards carried into execution. Other regulations took place.

Early in the spring of this year (1780,) began that acquaintance of Lord Charlemont with Dr. Haliday, a celebrated physician of Belfast, which was afterwards improved into the most ardent friendship on both sides, and only ceased with Lord Charlemont's life. The two following letters, though written at different periods, form the commencement of that epistolary correspondence between them, ample extracts from which will be given to the reader. It is in many parts, not less a faithful picture of Ireland, during a very busy, and agitated period, than of Lord Charlemont's life, his habits, and sentiments on various topics, especially the politics of this country. Haliday was a scholar, a man of pecu-

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liar and varied genius and talents. As a physician, universally esteemed throughout the North of Ireland, or a considerable part of it, and his medical skill was not less sought after, than his conversation, which was truly valuable. He knew mankind perfectly; but his wit, which was abundant, in no wise partook of that saturnine complexion, which too deep an insight into our frail nature, and a vexatious intercourse with the world, may sometimes generate, but will too often be found in company with a cold heart, and a vain mind, affecting that superiority to which it has no claim. He was as playful as intelligent; full of life and humour, candid, hospitable, and benevolent. As a politician, he was liberal and independent; and in a town, at that time much tinctured with republicanism, entertaining as he did, sentiments of the purest whiggism, he became extremely dear to Lord Charlemont. The two letters which now appear, are merely introductory to the rest, and the last should not have been given, if Lord Charlemont's testimony to the excellence of a late venerable character was not too pleasing to be suppressed. They both relate to the reviews, which took place, under his auspices, at Belfast.

"April 23, 1780.

"The extreme kindness of your invitation is

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no longer to be resisted; neither can my too well-grounded fear of being troublesome prevail against my ardent desire of being personally acquainted with, and I may add, of being obliged to a gentleman, whose general character is such as to rank him among those very few from whom I would wish, and rejoice to receive, obligations. I will then most certainly have the pleasure of accepting the favour you wish to confer. Mr. Grattan has been kind enough to consent to be my aid-de-camp, and shall think himself happy in an opportunity of being known to you. You have undoubtedly heard of the astonishing share he took in the late great day of debate. I call it a great day, because though not precisely in the manner we intended, we most certainly gained our point, and have laid a ground for going still further, in doing away the reproach of this country."

"Dublin, May 2, 1781.

"With cheerfulness, and with gratitude, I accept your kind invitation; may I add with exultation, and vanity; for indeed I am proud to be obliged to you, and shall ever look upon you as one of those very few, who, in conferring benefits, confer honour also. Nothing can give me greater plea-

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sure, than to hear of Mrs. Stewart's* amendment; yet still you say that she is in a precarious state. When you favour me with a letter, I intreat that you would be particular in your account of her, as I am, in the highest degree, interested in her safety, on her own account, on that of her worthy husband, and especially on account of that best, and most respectable of human beings, Lord Camden, whose life, I am convinced, depends upon the thread of her destiny. *Ille dies utramque ducet ruinam.*" In the winter, and spring of 1781, we find Lord Charlemont in London.

He had lost Mr. Beauclerk in the preceding year,† whose death he always lamented; but many literary, and respectable friends, still remained to him in London. Sir Joshua Reynolds was always dear to him; and a sketch of his character, as incribed by his Lordship, under a picture of Sir Joshua's, is inserted in the Appendix. At that eminent artist's and good man's table, which collected more literary and accomplished men than perhaps any other table in

* Mrs. Stewart, afterwards Countess of Londonderry.

† Mr. Beauclerk died in April, 1780.

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London, Lord Charlemont was a very frequent inmate. Boswell mentions his having passed a most agreeable day in his company, and that of some other gentleman, at Sir Joshua's, on the 30th of March, 1781, when a trifling incident took place, on which Boswell has enlarged, with his usual good humour,* but the relation of which was far from pleasing to Lord Charlemont. On the contrary, he expressed himself with some degree of anger on the subject, and more than once declared to the author of these memoirs, his disapprobation of the plan of a book, which, however lively and interesting, gave, without any consent whatever of the parties, their careless, unbended conversation to the world. Nothing, he added, could strictly authorize such a practice, for were it more generally adopted, all unrestricted intercourse in society would soon be put an end to. Johnson he highly esteemed, and honoured; but to raise up a literary monument to him, by setting in a note book, and afterwards divulging to the public, the casual expressions, or opinions, with all the petty incidents, whether of gaiety or asperity,

* See Mr. Boswell's account of that day in his life of Johnson.

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that took place in his company, was unjust to the society which was occasionally gathered round him. If it were possible to retain accurately any lengthened conversation, (which I believe it is not,) how much of its original grace, and vigour, must necessarily be lost! In this respect, Mr. Boswell has, and no wonder, particularly failed. How little, notwithstanding all his efforts, of the continued conversation of any society, eminent for its acquirements, and knowledge, has been given by him. He breaks off too often in the midst, and cannot pursue it. As to Johnson's conversation, it is highly curious, interesting, and instructive; but, as displaying those powers of logical ratiocination, for which he so valued himself, and is so extolled by his biographer, it is lamentably defective; for the greatest part of his reasonings, as they are called, is complete sophistry. If, as he said, most unjustly surely, of the Scotch, that Scotland was more valuable to them than the truth, a temporary conquest in argument, was to him, unquestionably, of superior consequence to its stability, or its efficacy. He once gave an instance of this, which is to be deplored. In arranging the defence which was to be made by Baretti, on his charge for murder, at the Old Bailey, Mr. Burke and he differed, and with

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vehemence, about some parts of it. By his own confession afterwards, there would have been no difference, had their been no audience. Now, if the defence which Johnson suggested had been adopted by Baretti, and failed; consequently perhaps, endangered his life, what could Dr. Johnson have said, for being at such a meeting, influenced by the applause of his audience? But, when victory was not his object, and he gave his opinions dispassionately, he was admirable. His remarks on the general business of life, and manners, cannot be surpassed; and, as a teacher, indeed, as Milton says, "teacher best of moral wisdom;" I cannot sufficiently express my reverence for, and my obligations to him. Lord Charlemont, as I have mentioned, cordially esteemed him, and had a sincere regard for his biographer, whose life of Johnson was, as his Lordship conceived, on the grounds I have stated, liable to great objections. The execution of it, notwithstanding its many faults, he thought excellent; but the general plan incompatible with the freedom, and indeed sacredness, of social intercourse.

The Volunteer reviews of 1781 and 1782 were particularly splendid. At Belfast there were not less than five thousand men in the field, per-

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haps more. The Volunteers were now, considering the time that they were embodied, remarkably well disciplined. In the course of the year 1781 an event took place, which peculiarly marks the gallantry, constitutional ardour, and noble loyalty which prevailed in the Northern army; and, had it been necessary to call it forth, the same spirit would unquestionably have been found in the South of Ireland. A rumour very generally prevailed, that an invasion of this country, by the French, was seriously determined on. Lord Charlemont finding that it obtained more credence than any report of a similar nature hitherto had, waited on the Lord Lieutenant, who acquainted him that there was every reason to consider it authentic: that an express had been sent to him by Lord Stormont, (secretary of state) stating a variety of particulars relative to the proposed expedition, the port from whence the enemy was to sail, and where they were then actually assembled; that the city of Cork was the meditated place of attack; and, in short, no doubt could remain of the intelligence received. Lord Charlemont stated to the Lord Lieutenant, that he would, with his Excellency's permission, set out instantly for the north, where he had no doubt such a spirit would be displayed, as would, in its effects, tend to baffle every effort of foreign

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hostility. The Viceroy warmly approved of his intentions, and early the next morning Lord Charlemont set off for Armagh, where he arrived at night. All the officers of his own corps, which consisted of a thousand men, two troops of horse, and two artillery companies, were at that time in the town, attending the assizes. Lord Charlemont called them together, stated the object of his journey, and desired to know what they would authorize him to say to the Lord Lieutenant. In a few minutes they desired their Lieutenant Colonel to speak for them, and their answer was precisely in the following words: "My Lord, till this instant you have never done any thing displeasing to your regiment, but now we must say, that you have not a little offended us. Your present application to us, is not only needless, but in some degree offensive to our feelings. We have unanimously chosen you our colonel, and in that quality, relying upon our spirit, and certain of our obedience, instead of applying to us, you should in the first instance have assured the Lord Lieutenant, that your regiment would immediately join the king's troops at Cork. You should then have sent down your orders, and we would instantly have obeyed, marched, and met you in the field." Lord Charlemont told them, that their

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kind reproof was one of the highest obligations which he could have received from them; but that he thought it his duty to speak to them previous to any other step being taken, and begged that they would draw up some resolution, which he might lay before the Lord Lieutenant. They unanimously exclaimed, "No resolutions! no resolutions! only have the goodness, my Lord, to acquaint his Excellency, that our regiment shall be as soon at Cork, as any troops in his Majesty's service: and we beg that you will never again use us so ill, as to make such an application to us, but answer at once for us in your own name, and command us always." The whole Northern army soon followed this noble example; all prepared to march, and declared their determination, on the slightest order from government, to go to the South, subject themselves to military discipline, and any of the king's generals that should command there. The only difficulty, Lord Charlemont said, was to controul this generous impetuosity, (the true characteristic of the Irish) so far, as not to deprive the north of all troops whatever. But, it is almost certain, that had any invasion taken place, fifteen thousand men from thence would have joined the king's army, and left a sufficient defence for the northern counties. The same

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ardour was universal throughout Ireland. It pervaded all ranks. When the youth at Newry prepared to leave that place, all the men who began to advance in years, gallantly formed a corps, into which no one under fifty, or who had not a wife and children, was suffered to be enrolled. They called themselves the Ladies' fencibles, and were for a long time embodied. Lord Charlemont must have felt no slight exultation, in representing this disposition of his countrymen to the Viceroy. He only requested, that Government would provide camp equipage for such corps as were not furnished with any. It was instantly ordered; but some months after the invasion was relinquished by the French, and, it may be presumed, that these preparations contributed not a little to its abandonment.

From the camp, to the peaceful shades of Marino, and his excellent library, was Lord Charlemont's usual transition in those days. Literature was his constant resource, aided by an agreeable and varied society. Except by a few, it cannot be said that letters were much cultivated at that time in Ireland. Yet, though the pursuits of a camp are necessarily incompatible, for the moment, with literary studies, the volunteer institution, so far from being formi-

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dable to such studies, eventually contributed to their extension. Almost every man of a liberal education throughout Ireland was now, occasionally at least, in the field, and many gentlemen of literary acquirements devoted no inconsiderable portion of their time to the camp, and such military knowledge, as, in their situation, they could obtain. The different ranks of society became more mingled. Those who were uninformed, frequently, often daily met those who were not so. Liberal intercourse took place, and many were ashamed of continuing ignorant. Reading became, though slowly, a fashion, and what was originally fashion, gradually changed into a favoured, and pleasing habit. It is indeed to be wished, that *that* habit was still more extended. But unquestionably, more books were bought, and continued to be so, after the voluntary institution was formed, than ever before in Ireland. To Lord Charlemont's library and society, every man of letters, when properly recommended, was entirely and unaffectedly welcome. Some of the heads of the university, or those who were connected with it, particularly so. Among others, Mr. William Preston, a young gentleman of true poetical genius, very extensive erudition, and independent spirit. Lord Charlemont became his patron, and his friend.

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At this time he aided his genius as far as he could, by diffusing a publication of his works throughout such circles in London, as might fan the blaze of his poetical fame. He sent several copies to some of his literary friends there. A letter of Mr. Horace Walpole's, (Lord Orford) otherwise not important, will sufficiently illustrate Lord Charlemont's attention to his friend, Mr. Preston, in this respect.

"Strawberry Hill, July 1st, 1781.

"I have been exceedingly flattered, my Lord, by receiving a present from your Lordship, which at once proves that I retain a place in your Lordship's memory, and you think me worthy of reading what you like. I could not wait to give your Lordship a thousand thanks for so kind a mark of your esteem, till I had gone through the volume, which I may venture to say I shall admire, as I find it contains some pieces, which I had seen, and did admire without knowing their author.—That approbation was quite impartial. Perhaps my future judgment of the rest will be not a little prejudiced, and yet on good foundation, for if Mr. Preston had retained my suffrage in his favour, by dedicating his poems to your Lordship, it must at least be allowed, that I am biassed by evidence of his taste. He would not possess

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the honour of your friendship unless he deserved it; and as he knows you, he would not have ventured to prefix your name, my Lord, to poems that did not deserve your patronage. I dare to say they will meet the approbation of better judges than I can pretend to be.*

"I have the honour to be,

"With the greatest respect, esteem, and gratitude,

"Your Lordship's

"Most obedient, humble servant,

"HOR. WALPOLE."

Parliament at last met, and on the first day of its meeting, Lord Charlemont, not forgetful of his fellow soldiers, moved, that the thanks of the House of Lords should be given to the Volunteers. The resolution passed unanimously; and a similar one was adopted by the Commons. Several members had now joined the ministerial standard, or were disposed to a junction. Mr. Flood, on the contrary, separated himself from administration, and was ironically felicitated by Mr. George Ponsonby, who supported Mr. Eden, on his departure from his long and lamentable taciturnity.

* This ingenious, and excellent man, Mr. Preston, is now no more. He died, truly lamented, in February, 1807. A great intimacy subsisted between Lord Charlemont and him.

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O lux Dardaniæ, spes O fidissima Teucrum,
Quæ tantæ tenuere moræ ?

If this, or any thing like it, was addressed to him, (I know not that it was) it no way affected his determination, which was now decidedly taken. He returned to his ancient, and able exposition of Poyning's law, spoke extremely well, and moved several just and patriotic resolutions, not one of which, though he had great support in debate, was successful. In return, he was deprived not only of the vice-treasurership, but his place at the council board. It is true, that a seat in the privy council was an adjunct to his official situation, but, as several continued there, though deprived of office, it was unwise to make him an exception. It did not, of course, diminish the force of his eloquence, much less his asperity, and considerably augmented the ministerial embarrassments. But one large majority now succeeded to another, and the last was generally more numerous than that which preceded it. To proceed without a majority is utterly impracticable on the part of any minister; but care should be taken, that the sentiments of that majority, and at least a very considerable part of the nation, should be in conjunction. A minister may fancy himself secure in numbers, but if the representatives of the people, and the people themselves, look

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totally different ways, without cohesion, or assimilation, it is impossible that things can remain long in such a situation. Lord Carlisle appears to have been justly sensible of this; and most strongly recommended to the English Cabinet a dereliction of all claims on the part of the British Parliament, to bind this country by any laws made at Westminster, as heretofore. But the people of Ireland looked to the conduct of their representatives, and began almost to despair that the dominion of the British legislature would be ever shaken off. Some of Lord Charlemont's friends held the same language. He however thought very differently, and rested his hopes on that which seemed to overwhelm them with despondency. He drew the most consoling augury from the conduct of the House of Commons itself; which, he said, would certainly end in the completion of all those objects, which it now perversely, and, in several instances perhaps, reluctantly frustrated. The majority ran so fast, that its fall might be almost confidently predicted; and he often said, that if such majorities had not been so marshalled and so drawn forth, the meeting at Dungannon would never have taken place.

END OF VOL. I.

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